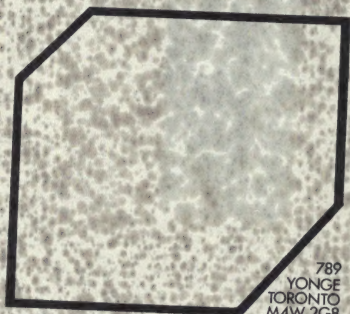


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GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA



THE  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

OF POLITICS, SCIENCE,  
ART AND LITERATURE



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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 1

## THE ROMANTIC COLONEL TALBOT

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

UNCONVENTIONALITY invariably exercises a charm over the mind; the unusual is always fascinating. A boy will revel in the extraordinary adventures of a Robinson Crusoe. A man will delight in the secret memoirs of a court favourite or the life-story of a self-made American millionaire. The mind forever craves the eccentric, the bizarre, the out-of-the-ordinary.

Canadian history, with all its crudities and imperfections and inadequacies, presents us with at least one extraordinary and unparalleled figure—a man, about whose memory a halo of romance is becoming ever more and more pronounced. Colonel Thomas Talbot, the intimate of princes, the friend of Britain's greatest soldier, the favourite of courtiers, the associate of rulers, the descendant of an ancient and noble family, by virtue of his apparently eccentric choice of a pioneer's life in the backwoods of Ontario, immediately arouses the interest of all lovers of the unusual. By the very contrasts in his career his name will live and become ever more and more attractive to a romance-loving generation.

The fame of the old pioneer has not remained unsung all the years since his death in 1853. He has been the theme of more than one author. Only recently a novelist has skilfully introduced him as a character in one of his books. The elements of many a good story cluster round the rude log castle on the shores of Lake Erie, where the Colonel exercised almost regal sway over a wide section of country. It is not from any apprehension lest the memory of the founder of the Talbot Settlement should sink into oblivion, that the present demonstration of the romantic elements of his life is undertaken, but simply because of the compelling force of his personality, which will ever stir the historical writer to pen commentaries on his unique career.

As Goldwin Smith was to the Canada of the latter part of the nineteenth century, so was Colonel Talbot to the Canada of the early years of the same century. Not that the two men were intellectually compeers, for Talbot was no scholar, but there existed a similarity between the positions occupied by both, which cannot fail to attract the attention of students of their lives. Colonel

Talbot, the young soldier, with all the glories of a military and social career before him, to the astonishment of his friends, forsook the life of court and camp and practically buried himself for the remainder of his life in the Canadian wilderness. Goldwin Smith, the student and professor of learning, with all England ready to pay homage to him, to the lasting surprise of his contemporaries, migrated to America, and from the standpoint of the world, buried his talents in a new and traditionless Canadian city. Both men established for themselves homes in Canada, to which all that was distinguished and powerful in the world of society invariably gravitated. No visitor of importance to the colony of Upper Canada failed to visit the Colonel at his Castle of Malahide, as at a later period nobles and scholars and diplomats, coming to the Dominion, never omitted to pay their respects to the Professor at the Grange in Toronto.

It is precisely this aspect of Colonel Talbot's career which commends him so forcibly to the interest of the modern reader of history. His services to the country as a pioneer, as a government land agent, as the founder of a wealthy and prosperous settlement, important as all these were, sink into comparative insignificance beside the figure of the autocratic and magisterial soldier of the old world, living on a plane of pronounced social superiority to all around him in the new world.

The mind naturally reverts to the Castle of Malahide, at Port Talbot, on the shores of Lake Erie, as to some feudal stronghold in the old land. In Canada its presence seems unreal and fictitious. With the exception of the seigniorial manors of Quebec, there is nothing of similar romantic interest in the whole history of the country. Yet, however clearly the imagination may conjure up the strange old place, however picturesquely the fancy may paint it, its reality must at best have been crude

and uninviting. Small wonder that when the old bachelor felt his end approaching and sent for a young nephew from the old land to live with him and be his heir, that young gentleman found the place intolerable and was glad to escape at the end of a year. Small wonder that visitors, while lauding its charming location, took no pains to conceal the discomforts of its appointments.

The Castle is described by the Colonel's biographer, Edward Ermainger, as consisting of a long range of low buildings formed of logs and shingles. The main building was divided into three apartments, the one to the east being a granary and store-room, the centre room a living and dining-room, and the room to the west the kitchen. A Dutch piazza, usually occupied by dogs and poultry, extended along the front of the building. Near at hand stood a second long, low building, containing bed-rooms for the accommodation of the Colonel and his guests. In later years another suite of rooms of more lofty pretensions was added for use on state occasions.

To this quaint place came governors and soldiers, statesmen and scholars. Had a register of its guests been kept, the brilliancy of the names recorded would have far outshone those of many a more pretentious domicile. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Aylmer, Sir John Colborne, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Chief Justice J. B. Robinson, were a few of the Colonel's noted guests, men who took a prominent part in the early history of the country. Among such as these he moved as an equal, and for the nonce lived once again in the cultured atmosphere of the old land.

It was in the spring of 1803 that Talbot landed on the site of his future home. From then until his death, fifty years later, he resided at Port Talbot practically continuously. An annual visit to Toronto, which he undertook in the wintertime, and a journey to England at still rarer

intervals, were the only breaks in the routine of his life. He adhered strictly to the scheme of existence which he had fixed upon when he sold out his commission in His Majesty's army in the year 1800.

His choice of Canada as the scene of his experiment in living, if such it may be called, was made early. He himself attributes the fascination which the country exercised over him to the reading at an early age of Charlevoix's descriptions of the Canadian wilderness. Then chance brought it about that the regiment in which as a youth of nineteen he held a lieutenant's commission, was ordered to Quebec for garrison duty. There, the following year, he met John Graves Simcoe, who was on his way to take up the duties of Governor of Upper Canada. A friendship was established between the General and the young lieutenant, and when Simcoe started out for the future seat of his government at Niagara, Talbot accompanied his party as military secretary. For three years he remained on the Governor's staff in this capacity, proving himself efficient, trustworthy and estimable, and incidentally acquiring an intimate knowledge of the country.

A story is told, with more or less variation, of a journey undertaken on one occasion by Simcoe to the region of the Thames valley. On this trip Talbot, by his energy, his sprightliness, and his wit, proved himself the life of the party. So energetic was he and so eager to do even the most menial work that the Governor had occasion more than once to remonstrate with him for undertaking unnecessary and sometimes undignified tasks. Once, on being asked why he did this, Talbot replied, "Why, General, I want to be inured to a bachelor's hall life in the forest." From this it is evident that the idea of settling in Canada had already seized on his fancy. That Simcoe was aware of this desire was apparent from his frequent refer-

ences in a joking spirit to the subject. At Kettle Creek, now Port Stanley, he pointed out a hill where he thought Talbot might find a suitable location for his home. "No, sir," replied the secretary, "I'm not ready to roost yet." But farther on, where ten years later he did actually build his "castle," he caught sight of a spot that charmed him. Hurrying ashore, he hastened up the hillside and set up a tent on the top, where, playfully acting the host, he received the Governor on his arrival. "Here, General Simcoe," said he, "will I roost and will soon make the forest tremble under the wings of the flock I will invite by my warblings around me." Spoken probably half in jest, this sally was truer than he anticipated.

During the interval of time elapsing between this visit to what was to be Port Talbot and his final landing there as a permanent settler, Colonel Talbot had a taste of active service on the Continent. At the early age of twenty-four, he received the command of the 5th Regiment of Foot, a rare distinction for one so young. With this regiment he accompanied the Duke of York on the disastrous expedition to Holland, where he distinguished himself by a breach of discipline, which, while it had no serious consequences, was, in the opinion of some, the real reason for his leaving the army. He had been ordered to march his men to a given point by a certain road, but finding it to be an exposed route, he took the matter in his own hands and led them by another less hazardous way. The Duke, who was his friend and admirer, reprimanded him in the mildest possible way for his disobedience, but it would seem as if Talbot never forgot the incident.

A great many reasons and explanations have been adduced for the extraordinary step which Talbot took when he sold his commission on Christmas Day, 1800, and announced his intention to a wondering world of



going to live in Canada. One conjecture is that he was in love with one of the royal princesses, and, because it was impossible for him to marry her, forsook society altogether. Another attributes his decision to a natural aversion to the corrupt lives of the men and women with whom he had to associate. Still a third would have us believe that, like his ancestor who established the family estate in Ireland six centuries before, he had dreams of hewing out for himself an even greater heritage in Canada, where he might exercise unbridled sway. Whatever may be the reason, and there is no authentic ground for any of them, young Tom Talbot's decision was at the time a nine days' wonder in old London, and one can readily imagine how society of the day discussed the matter curiously over its wine cups.

Underneath his eccentric resolve, however, there lay a vein of natural shrewdness. Talbot did not purpose forsaking all the comforts and pleasures of civilisation for nothing. He was well aware from his earlier experiences in Canada that a man with the proper influence could secure for himself vast tracts of land in that virgin territory. He was also seer enough to perceive that settlement would be rapid, and that, while the earlier years of his sojourn there might be arduous and even sterile, yet ultimately his position would be one of power and influence. With this picture in his mind he approached the authorities. As influential friends, he had not only his old officer, General Simcoe, but no less important a personage than H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. With such powerful backing, he was successful in securing a large grant of land in the townships of Dunwich and Aldborough for the purpose of settlement, the conditions being that for every settler he brought in he should receive two hundred acres of land, of which fifty acres would be conveyed to the settler and the remaining

one hundred and fifty to himself.

From time to time other grants were made to him, and he became eventually the Government's land agent, having in charge the control and regulation of settlement in the greater part of western Ontario. It is estimated by Mr. Coyne, who has given a great deal of study to the life of Talbot, that he received in all 540,443 acres of land as commission for his services.

But it is only in so far as these achievements reflect the character of the man that it is the intention of this article to proceed. That Talbot came to Canada under the circumstances thus outlined, that he took up his residence at Port Talbot, and that for many years he was actively engaged in the work of settling the country, must be taken as the groundwork on which some description of his life at Malahide Castle will be superimposed. A reader's curiosity is exercised not so much over his activities as a land agent, which may be paralleled elsewhere, but over the odd life he led, which in its way had no parallel.

To one who reads the story of Talbot's fifty years in Canada with any degree of attention, it must be apparent that there are two pronounced divisions in his life. There is the early period of toil and hardship, when settlers were few, when travel was difficult, when dangers threatened from the American soldiers and their Indian allies; and there is the later period, when the Colonel had attained a position bordering on ease and opulence, when he had no longer to labour himself, and when he wielded a genuine power over the settlement. In the altered circumstances of the two periods is to be found a reason for the inconsistencies, or, better, the change in his character, which became more and more noticeable the older he grew; and which will be referred to as the article proceeds.

From the beautiful day in May,

1803, that witnessed the landing of the high-born settler amid the charming scenery of Port Talbot, six years elapsed before the Colonel was able to attract settlers in any considerable numbers to his settlement. These were years of hardship and privation. Talbot was in such straits that he had to cook his own meals, serve his own table, and do all the necessary chores around his house, in addition to the more arduous work of clearing the forest—a task in which he performed prodigies. He also became expert at making butter and excelled in other pioneer accomplishments.

"I am out every morning at sunrise in my smock frock," he writes in a delightfully frank way to the Duke of Cumberland, "felling and burning the forest to form a farm; could I but be seen by some of my St. James's friends, when I come home to my frugal supper as black as any chimney-sweeper, they would exclaim, 'What a damn'd blockhead you have been, Tom,' but I say no; as I actually eat my homely fare with more zest than I ever did the best dinner in London."

This is the picture of the young settler, burning with enthusiasm, full of life and energy, clean-living and high-minded, a friend and a benefactor to the handful of worthy souls who had cast in their lot with him. He was to them not only guide, counsellor and friend, but spiritual adviser as well, for in the early days of the settlement, he was accustomed regularly to assemble the people on Sundays and read divine service for their edification, while he performed marriage ceremonies and even baptised the children, as some would have us believe. Until 1817, when the first store was opened in the district, the Colonel kept all the supplies for the settlement. He even went to the extent of building a mill, which was of great advantage to the settlers, saving the time required in carrying grain by boat to Port Ryerse, where the nearest mill was located.

In these early days he was, in truth, the settler's friend, and it is from these days that whatever is finest and best in his character is to be derived. An incident illustrative of the personal interest he took in the men who came to him to secure land has been recorded. In the autumn of 1818, two or three Highland immigrants arrived at Malahide Castle to apply for land. The Colonel received them hospitably as was his wont, and, after having arranged their business, provided them with dinner. Whilst they ate, he walked up and down the room, explaining to them how to build houses, clear the land and plant corn, and beseeching them to be industrious, sober, and peaceable. Then as night was falling, he fixed them up comfortably with blankets before the fire, and so gave them a kindly welcome to their new home.

The celebration of the Talbot Anniversary may be taken as the expression of the popular sentiment regarding the Talbot of this period—a sentiment which was alike spontaneous and gratifying, holding up the Colonel to the veneration of the people as the father and benefactor of the settlement. In its early form, before outside influences had come in to detract from its primitive simplicity and genuineness, it was such an event as gave to the history of that day the little variety it possessed. The day of its celebration was the great day of the year. Beginning with an ample dinner, at which the Colonel was always the guest of honour, it ended with a ball (at which he led off the first dance), extending far into the night. At the dinner it was the invariable rule to have but three toasts, the King's Health, the Day and all who honour it, and the Honourable Thomas Talbot, the founder of the Talbot Settlement.

The Colonel was accustomed to make a short speech in reply, which he always ended with an emphatic and affectionate, "God bless you all." One can well imagine the impressive-



ness of this recurring festival, and, while with the passage of time and its attendant changes, it became no longer possible to celebrate it in the old way and it was discontinued, still the memory of this important event in pioneer life will ever retain its interest for those who have a place in their affections for the olden days.

With the growth of the settlement, the Colonel's position began to alter. As an older man, he no longer presents the same admirable characteristics to the eye of the investigator. Prospective settlers, in place of being received with kindness and treated with hospitality, must needs approach the castle in fear and trembling as humble supplicants. The Colonel interviews them through a pane of glass in one of his windows, contrived to open and shut as desired. He becomes harsh and tyrannical. He loses whatever interest he ever possessed in religion and gives up attendance at church entirely. He becomes more and more addicted to the use of liquor.

The introduction of the contrivance in his window, through which he interviewed those who had business to transact with him, probably originated as a result of an attack that was once made on him by an irate settler. At any rate, it is one of those little curiosities of his life which will be forever associated with his memory. Doctor Dunlop, or old "Tiger" Dunlop, as he was called, who frequently visited at Malahide, believed that if one of the Colonel's levees with his settlers through the window were well reported, it would be quite as amusing as any morning session at Bow Street Police Court in London.

On occasion the Colonel did not hesitate to order his servant, Jeffery Hunter, to set on the dogs when some unfortunate individual displeased him. Once a Yankee came to him for land, but the Colonel refused his request because he had a dislike for Americans. The Yankee went off, but

had not proceeded far when he met an Englishman. On some pretext he persuaded the Englishman to change clothes with him, and then back he went to the Colonel in the garb of an English immigrant. Once again he made his plea, but the Colonel penetrated the disguise. "Jeffery, Jeffery," he called in his husky old voice, "set on the dogs, here's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

The Colonel was strict in his observance of business hours. He would on no account break his rule of attending to clients or others in the morning. Another of his peculiarities was to require notes of the Bank of Upper Canada, whenever payments were to be made to him; no other bank notes would be tolerated. And as for his methods of recording land grants, they were amusingly simple. He had a large surveyor's map on the wall of his living-room. Whenever a lot was to be granted to an applicant, the map was taken down by Jeffery and brought to the Colonel, who would thereupon enter the name of the grantee on the map itself. In this way he had a convenient means of posting himself at a moment's notice on the ownership of the various lots in the district. A transfer of lots was easily effected by means of an eraser.

While in later life the Colonel became a great tippler, there is this to be said for him that he would never touch a drop of liquor before eleven o'clock in the morning. Almost as remarkable as the movable window-pane, was the mark on the wall of his barn, which indicated by means of the moving shadow of the house the hour when he could indulge. He had no patience with abstemious people. Once when Sir James Alexander, an officer in the garrison at London, came to visit him, the Colonel noted at dinner that Sir James let the decanter pass by him untouched time and again. This raised his wrath, and after the meal was over he took Sir James aside and

said abruptly, "I have ordered your horses to be got ready; you will be able to reach St. Thomas before dark."

It is rather odd that Colonel Talbot took practically no part in public life. While he undoubtedly exercised an indirect influence on public affairs, on only one occasion did he come forward and assert himself in public. He did his share, it is true, to defend the country during the War of 1812, fighting at Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie, and later he served on the court martial at Quebec, which tried General Proctor. But as Legislative Councillor for his district, a position he held for several years, it is doubtful if he ever attended a session.

The occasion of his public appearance to pronounce upon a political question was in 1832, when disaffection began to be noticeable in different parts of the country. The Colonel was stirred by fears for the safety of the British connection and indignation at the agitation of the Reformers. He called a meeting, at which the loyalty of the Talbot Settlement might be vigorously expressed and the wickedness of the agitators be denounced in proper terms. The result was a triumph for the intrepid old soldier. It was probably to his mind the greatest event in his long and varied career. St. Thomas was the chosen place of meeting, and a space in front of the King's Arms Hotel was selected for the occasion. The Colonel was escorted into town by a band of musicians. Flags were unfurled on every flag-staff. The air was rent with cheers. The Colonel delivered an oration, in which he did not hesitate to denounce the black sheep which had got into his flock. When he was through, no other speaker had the temerity to utter a word. It was a demonstration of the commanding position occupied by the Colonel in the settlement.

But if the Colonel was not actively interested in politics, he was none

the less a figure of importance in the colony. When he went to York, as was his custom in the winter of the year, he was for the time being a social lion. His box sleigh, sheepskin coat and buffalo robes were familiar objects along the road to York and in the streets of the capital. There he mingled with the Government set, entertained and was entertained, and enjoyed all the privileges of a favourite guest. But his stays were always of the briefest, and, having made his report and handed over the money he had collected with scrupulous exactness, he took his departure.

Various people have recorded their experience as guests at Malahide. They all attest the excellence of the fare provided by the worthy Colonel. His wine, secured from a merchant in Montreal, was the best in the colony. So good was it, in fact, that he had difficulty at times in preventing his servants from sampling it on their own account. One summer, on his return from a journey, the Colonel, who was accompanied by one of his brothers, to whom he had been expatiating on the merits of his wine, ordered a supply from his cellar. What was his dismay to learn from his servant, an Irishman, that the wine was all gone. He demanded an explanation as to where it had disappeared, but was calmly informed that doubtless it had all dried up with the heat.

The picture of Malahide in the heyday of the Colonel's life was indeed a memorable one. The quaint group of buildings, in their charming surroundings, the crude, yet homely, furnishings, the guests of note round the board, the great fire in the chimneypiece, the regular matutinal levee through the window-pane, all the oddities of the Colonel's household, these are things which catch the fancy and live undimmed in the memory.

A touch of pathos surrounds the closing years of the old man's life.



In his desire to have one of his own kith and kin succeed him as lord of the manor, he sent twice for two of his nephews. The first deserted him after tasting the rigours of pioneer life for a season. The second so irritated the old man that the Colonel withdrew from the house, leaving him in temporary possession. After passing through an illness which almost proved fatal, Talbot crossed to England, where he paid a visit to his boyhood friend, the Duke of Wellington, now like himself an octogenarian. But his heart yearned for his old home, and, gathering up his remaining strength, he recrossed the Atlantic. In Macbeth, his estate agent, who had succeeded Jeffry Hunter, and to whom he bequeathed his pro-

perty, he found a faithful supporter. Malahide had been leased by his nephew to an English family, so he could not return there. He found an asylum in Macbeth's house in London, and there on February 6, 1853, he passed away.

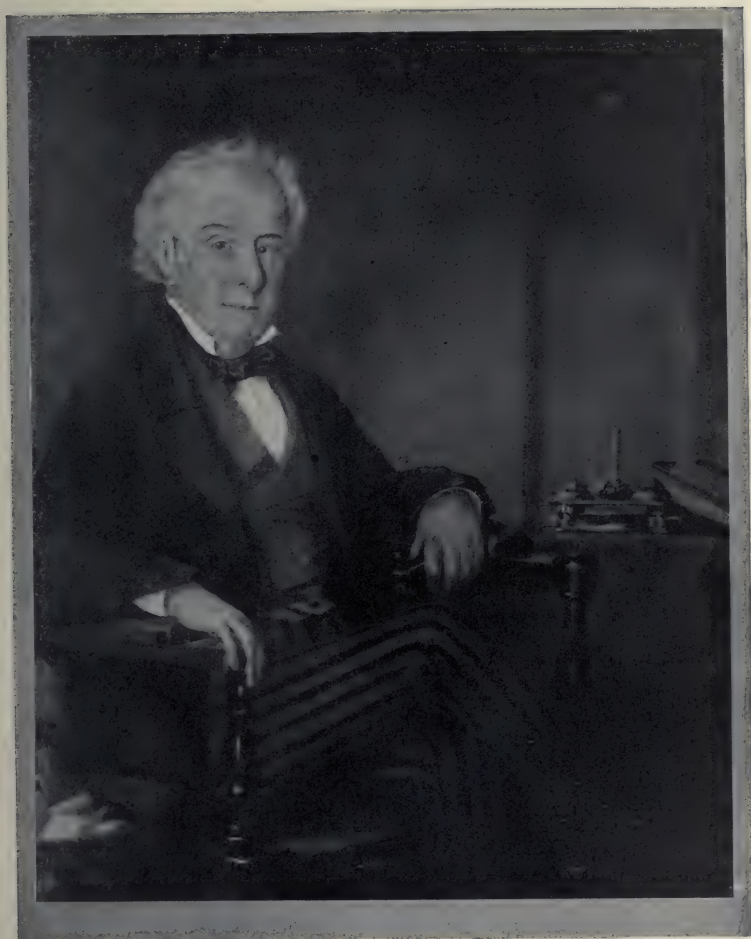
So terminated the career of one of the great pioneers of the early nineteenth century—admirable in its beginning, less worthy in its later portion, and pathetic in its close. No son inherited his broad acres; few friends mourned his death. He died as he had lived, independently and unafraid. And yet the story of this strange character will never die so long as there are those who honour the memory of the founders of the country.

## THE ROSE JAR

By M. B. RANDALL

MY Rose Jar, full of 'prisoned memories,  
 Fragrant of blossoming days, and garden joys!  
 These withered leaves which now I look upon  
 Are prophets to me of fresh leaves to come:  
 Upspringing blade and singing bird. Lo, then  
 Will put forth leaf and bud, the briary stem;  
 And full-blown rose will once more breathe delight.  
 So, rose leaves dry, I shall not mourn your plight,  
 But dream, while spicy odours me enclose,  
 That spring is coming—and the summer rose.





COLONEL TALBOT

FROM A CONTEMPORARY WATER-COLOUR SKETCH





PORTREE, ISLE OF SKYE

## SKYE: THE ISLE OF MIST

BY ADA MACLEOD

"From the lone sheiling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

ON the western coast of Scotland, where serried ranks of headlands face the scourge of the Atlantic, there lies an island famed in history and legend, and which from recent discoveries of mineral wealth bids fair to become of interest also in the world of commerce—Skye, "Eilean a Cheo." Its area is about one-half that of Prince Edward Island, which it resembles somewhat in contour and in its intersecting waterways, but it has only about one-eighth the population of that prosperous little province.

To the eye of the stranger accustomed to the rich fields of Canada, and who has just been journeying through the fertile, well-tilled Lothians, the first glimpse of the gaunt hills of Skye brings a sense of disappointment, almost of oppression. Here surely is a land austere and forbidding, where the nakedness of the rock-ribbed hillside is scarce covered by the scanty soil, where nature bears no largess for her sons and where man is doomed to an unceasing fight with poverty.

But this is on the outside. Once within the portal there steals over the spirit the magic of this land, the same glamour that old Dr. Johnson felt when he said, "I have tasted lotos in this isle, and am fain to forget that I have ever to depart." For the Highland country is very like the

Highland character, concealing under a rugged, sometimes grim, exterior unimagined deeps of tenderness.

In olden days the man from the south who wished to reach the

and who has chosen for his fine modern castle the sunniest, greenest spot in all Skye. Not so did the Macdonalds of old choose their dwelling place, but in the far north, where the



THE MACLEOD MAIDENS

ISLE OF SKYE

Hebrides had no choice but to travel by slow steamers round the dreaded Mull of Kintyre and up the wild west coast, but now there is a variety of routes, the most popular being the West Highland Railway, running through scenery of almost indescribable beauty, which one is able to enjoy to the full from the windows of the specially constructed observation cars. The route ends at Mallaig, where we embark for Skye on one of McBrayne's boats. McBrayne runs the "Allan Line" of the North, more than thirty of his red-funnelled steamers plying between different parts of the Highlands.

The first port of call is Armadale, the seat of Lord Macdonald, who owns the southern half of the island

breakers of the Minch dash round the cliffs of Duntulm. Here they built their eyrie and for many generations dwelt secure until at length they were driven forth, not by mortal hands, but by the spectre of one of their ancestors, Donald Gorm, who, after dying decently in Edinburgh, returned in shadowy tartan and dirk to haunt persistently the corridors of his ancestral home until the family fled in terror to Mugstot. In 1815 Armadale was built, a fine Gothic mansion where no ghosts walk, and in which is the famous stained glass window depicting Somerlid, the warrior, founder of the race.

Back and forth across the Sound of Sleat we zig-zag, calling at Glenelg; at Kyleakin, where the strait is



so narrow that the enterprising Danish wife of one of the chiefs of Mackinnon stretched a chain across and compelled passing ships to pay toll; at Lochalsh, another railway ter-

his spectacular fleet he sailed round the Highlands in the hope of overawing the turbulent Lords of the Isles and their still more unruly followers. Beautiful it is for situation, its white



DUNTULM CASTLE

ISLE OF MAN

minus on the mainland, where we see goods, mostly bags of oatmeal for Portree, taken on board, testifying to the excellence of the Skyeman's diet, if not of his farming; at Broadford, resort of artists, where Johnson drank innumerable cups of tea and Boswell got drunk; past the Islands of Scalpa and Raasay, where we catch the first glimpse of the splintered mist-capped peaks of the Coolins, and so onward till there loom above us the huge precipices that guard the entrance to Portree harbour. And we realise that it is now high time to be brushing up our Gaelic.

Portree, "the King's Port" is so called because it was the landing place of James the Fifth when with

houses, embowered in green, rising steeply in two tiers along the side of a magnificent land-locked harbour. Among the houses of the lower tier one does not care to linger, for an ancient fishy smell proclaims their uses, but on the breezy upper level will be found comfortable dwellings and good hotels, banks, Courthouse and Assembly Hall. Churches, of course, predominate where the shadings of creed difference are so minute as to prove a hopeless puzzle to the uninitiated. But the town is not wholly given over to the theologians, as there are Gaelic concerts and regattas, Highland games and rifle competitions, and once a year at least a "Skye Gathering" ball under the

very noses of the Seceders themselves.

But who would care to stay in Portree when one's eyes are on the mountains—Glamaig, the Coolins, and the "monstrous peak of Blaavin," when

mark the places where it was customary to rest the bier as it was carried shoulder high for miles in solemn procession, each passer-by adding a stone to the cairn as a mark of respect for



DUNVEGAN CASTLE

ISLE OF MAN

in one's ears is the sound of far-off torrents, and in one's memory echoes of ancient tunes and snatches of old song, tales of the Fingalians and Cuchullin, of Rory More, of Flora and her Prince, and all those

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago."

So we set forth on one of the highways leading from Portree. A cheery companionable sort of road it is while keeping within sight of the glint of the sea, but as it dips away inland over the silent wastes of moor it brings with it a weird sense of sadness as if the feet of the countless generations who have trod this gray pathway had left there much of their ancient burden of sorrow. These piles of stones at intervals on the roadside

the departed spirits. Every precipice has its tragedy, every foot-bridge its tale of drowning. In Canada we were wont to marvel at the credulity of our Highland forefathers and to scoff at their tales of visions and second sight and ghostly visitants, but here in the midst of these black peat-hags, riven chasms, and grisly peaks, as we listen to the same tales told by a venerable fellow-traveller, from every Celtic corner in our being there arises the witness that these things are true. Nor do we lose this haunting sense of shadowy presence until we see before us the reassuring curls of peat-smoke and emerge on a clustering group of houses.

There seems to be a peculiar harmony between these bits of cottages



and their surroundings which the modern and more pretentious "white houses" do not possess. They seem not to have been built, but to have grown out of the shaggy moorland.

woven tweeds among ladies of the upper classes in Britain has resulted in a large demand for home-made cloth from Skye, where the dyes exclusively used are the barks and lichens.



DINING-ROOM OF DUNVEGAN CASTLE

RAEBURN PORTRAITS ON WALL

their roofs of thatch, their walls of stone taken from the hill in the back-ground. The floor is of beaten earth, but in very few cases now will the open fire be found as of old in the middle of the apartment. The peat burns ruddily on a large flat stone, with a hooded chimney above it, at one end of the outer apartment or living-room. Over the fire hangs the crane, with the pot for cooking the potatoes or *càbhruich*. The coals are raked out on one side for frying the fish, and on the other for the boiling of the tea. The worth of the Skye-woman as a housekeeper is estimated by the multitude of bowls on her "dresser" and by the number of skeins hanging on her wall, which testify to her skill with the spinning wheel. The recent vogue of hand-

with their neutral, unfading tints.

In a recess in the wall are the treasured books of the household, and as we leave we glance at the unfamiliar titles. Most of them are records of century-old modes of thought and expression, but there is the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," and—witness, doubtless of some eager, wistful young spirit—the "Mill on the Floss" side by side with Boston's "Fourfold State" and the "Saints Everlasting Rest." Leaning against the cottage wall outside is the well-used *tairisgil* or spade for cutting peat, and if you glance up the hill-side you will probably see a bevy of strapping women descending, each with a heaping creel of peat upon her back. Middle-aged women they are—for the girls, and the young men,

too, are off to the South or to Canada—their faces a network of innumerable fine lines from long facing of the winds and driving mists, bearing their burdens for almost in-

Lennie's Grammar under one arm, and under the other the two peats which each pupil was expected to bring as his contribution towards the daily fire. With the passing of the



CUP, HORN AND FAIRY FLAG

RELICS PRESERVED AT DUNVEGAN CASTLE

credible distances with the ease of long practice. Before each door are patches of oats and potatoes, the soil manured with sea-ware, dug with the *cas-chrom* or crooked spade, and laboriously cultivated with hand-drawn harrows.

But a sudden turn of the road brings us in sight of the school-house, and a wonderful light comes in the face of my companion, for it is the same low building encircled with wild roses in which nearly fifty years ago he first learned to speak English. And the years fall off like a garment and he is once more a kilted barefoot lad playing shinty or racing down the brae with Gray's Arithmetic and

old school master there vanished much that was interesting from Highland life. His scholarship was usually of a high order and his influence over his pupils strongly marked. He served as scribe, as legal adviser, and very often as doctor to a whole township, and now, living in retirement and looking askance at the young teachers and their methods, he is still a perfect storehouse of local history and tradition. Laws regarding attendance at school are sternly enforced in Skye. A man in the west had seven daughters, and becoming weary of the job of getting them educated, kept some of them at home to work. Twice he was fined for his



neglect, but the third time, disregarding the summons of the sheriff, he found himself, on a Saturday, lodged in Portree jail. After meditating in solitude all Sunday and

Munro have also served to popularise the study of Gaelic, and among the aristocracy, especially lairds with Highland estates and their ladies, some have acquired considerable pro-



■ CROFTER'S COTTAGE

ISLE OF SKYE

burning the toes out of his best socks in a vain endeavour to warm his feet at the flame of the candle, on Monday he hurriedly capitulated and henceforth the cause of female education triumphed. Twenty years ago pupils were punished for speaking Gaelic even in the playground, but since that time, owing to various causes, there has been a great revival in the study of this time-honoured language. The Celtic Union (*An Comunn Gaidhealach*), modelled after the Welsh Eisteddfod and inspiring in its turn the Gaelic League of Ireland, was formed for the purpose of fostering the study of Gaelic literature, music and art. A *mod* is held every year in Scotland, at which a large number compete for the prizes offered for original Gaelic songs, stories, and recitations, and for the singing of solos and choruses. The writings of Fiona Macleod and Neil

Macneil have also served to popularise the study of Gaelic, and among the aristocracy, especially lairds with Highland estates and their ladies, some have acquired considerable pro-

And now we are on the narrow path between Bein-ligh and the shore, under the very shadow of the hill where, during the crofter agitation of thirty years ago, the *cailleachs* (old women) put to rout the fifty policemen with sods and peat missiles. The *Aird* below is an interesting spot, with its natural arches and hidden caves, where some of the crofters found refuge in this time of stress; its standing stones, marking doubtless the site of some prehistoric burial place; its mysterious ruined "dune" reared by the men of a forgotten race; and its famous "Gruagach" stone, a representation of the fair-haired sun god of the ancient

Celts before whom libations of milk were poured.

In this district of Braes outcroppings of coal are found, and the beautiful Island of Raasay just opposite has recently been purchased by a Glasgow firm, who are taking out large quantities of iron ore. At Staf-fir mining for diatomite is a thriving industry, and from the hill above Broadford three varieties of marble of a very superior quality are being quarried. It is a regrettable fact that as yet the marble workers have all been imported from Belgium and Italy, but it is hoped that soon the Skye people themselves will awake to the possibilities of this valuable industry.

Since the days when Scott, in his "Lords of the Isles," wrote of that "dread shore where the grim Coolins rise" the objective point of the tourist in Skye has been Loch Coraish and Glen Sligachan, the wildest spot in all Scotland, where within a four-mile radius a dozen grisly peaks more than three thousand feet in height rise like some shattered city of the Titans. In this dread wilderness many a savage clan battle has been fought, as that of Corry-na-Craich, the last fight between the Macleods and Macdonalds. Alastair Crottach, one of the chiefs of Macleod, rashly engaged himself to marry one of the daughters of Macdonald of Sleat without having first seen the lady, and it was not till after the ceremony when she arrived at his ancestral home that he discovered that she had only one eye. Angrily he sent her back at once to her father, mounted on a one-eyed horse, attended by a one-eyed man, and followed by a one-eyed dog. Such an insult could be wiped out only by blood, and right deep it flowed that day round the stone of Corry-na-Craich, where nine Macleods by the name of Norman lay dead, and the Macdonald was avenged.

But though Southern Skye has the Coolins and the tourist, it must not be forgotten that in the west is the

finest cliff scenery in Britain, and every inch of it steeped in history. So once again we set out from Portree on the highway leading west through "Macleod's country," this time perched high on the mail coach. And a right royal way of travelling it is while the sun shines and the sea breath comes softly over Loch Snizort, but one can easily imagine the plight of the shelterless young driver in "Skye weather" or in midwinter when the snow on these heights sometimes lies level with the hubs of the heavy wheels. In the stony stream of Snizort one notices an island, with a ruined Culdee chapel in the centre. This has been for centuries the burial place of the parish and surely never was cemetery more crowded. The ancient Romans buried their dead close to the public highway so that their spirits might be near the pulsing tide of humanity; but the Celt, with deeper imagination and an instinctive awe of the unseen world, laid away his dead on islands because it was believed that no spirit ever came back across running water. Trim villages are here, Edinbane, with gardens and the Skye hospital, and Skeabost, with its lime-washed stone houses nestling by blue Loch Snizort, the "Snow Fiord" of the Vikings. Better methods of farming seem to prevail in this locality, and the green fields, well-appointed hedges, and tree plantations on some of the estates are a revelation of what the soil of Skye can produce. Here is the Fairy Bridge, rendezvous of all the fairies in Skye, where they used to sit and charm the cattle, or with mocking laughter hurl their elfin bolts after the traveller, but never have they been seen or heard since the day when the shriek of the first motor echoed among the solitudes of Vaternish.

But if there is one spot in Skye where the ghosts of the past press close on the heels of the present it is at Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the Macleods, which has been inhabited for fully a thousand years. The walls

of the ancient portion are fully nine feet thick and originally the only entrance was through a narrow gateway from the sea guarded by a portcullis; but now there is a fine entrance on the landward side overlooking a noble forest, some of whose trees were set out by James the Fifth. The large entrance hall is hung with trophies of the chase from many lands, among them being heads of deer shot in the Rocky Mountains by the present chief while on a hunting trip twenty years ago in company with Earl Grey. He takes a strong interest in everything pertaining to Canada, and by virtue of our being clansmen from over the sea he received us personally and postponed a motor trip in order to show us the treasures of this ancient pile. In the older portion of the castle are the dungeons where many a prisoner, and on one occasion at least a lady of the castle, was starved to death. There may be seen the huge two-handed sword of Rory More, swung in many a battle; the original tattered flags of the famous 42nd or Black Watch raised in 1780 by General Macleod; the jewelled sword presented by Tippoo to this same leader (the jewels afterwards sold by some impecunious chief); lace and corsets (very much frayed) worn by Flora Macdonald; a yellow lock of Prince Charlie's hair; letters of Scott; paintings of Raeburn and Reynolds; and innumerable other articles of interest. In the Fairy Room up in one of the towers slept Sir Walter and Samuel Johnson, and one can imagine the puffing of the portly doctor as he squeezed up the narrow winding stone stair that led to it. The chief of that day offered Johnson possession of the Island of Isay if he would live on it for three months in the year, mount a cannon and make war on the owner of the Isle of Muck. In rounded periods the offer was declined. The greatest treasures of the castle, however, are three articles kept in a glass case. The first is the "Fairy Flag" of faded yellow silk, with "elf

spots" worked in red and gold. Tradition tells that an ancient chief of the clan had a fairy wife who was only allowed to remain with him for twenty years. At the end of that time the summons came to her at the Fairy Bridge, but before parting with her husband she left with him this magic flag, which could be waved three times, and each time the fairy folk would come to the assistance of the clan in distress. Twice has it been waved, once when hard pressed in battle, once in a time of cattle plague, and the third chance remains. But scarce the fairies themselves could wave it now, so gossamer-like has it become through age. Then there is the Dunvegan Cup or Chalice, a fine specimen of Irish work of the ninth century. It is of oak curiously embossed with silver, and bears the following inscription, evidently of a later date than the cup itself:

"Katerina, the daughter of King Neil,  
Wife of John M'Guiger, Prince of Fer-  
managh,

Had me made in the year of God 1493.  
The eyes of all hope in Thee, Oh Lord,  
And Thou givest them their meat in due  
season."

And there is the horn of Rory More, which, filled with claret, each chief on coming of age was expected to drain as a proof of manhood. As the horn held two pints and had to be emptied in one breath the task was no easy one, and for the latter-day chiefs the test has been modified by the filling-up of a large part of the horn. We do not know how the present chief proved his mettle at the age of twenty-one, but we venture to say that if he were called upon now to follow the tradition, the ancient horn would not be filled with liquor. He is a total abstainer and a tireless worker in the cause of temperance, even when his principles seriously touch his own pocket. For example, at Dunvegan Hotel, of which he is owner, three hundred gallons of liquor used to be sold annually. Now he has leased the hotel at one-half the

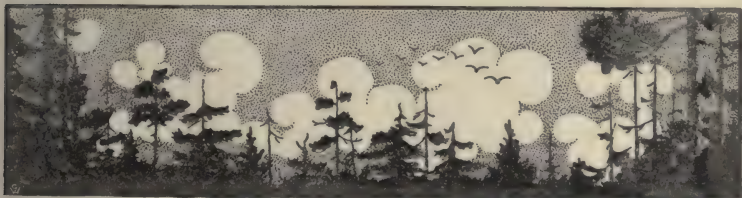


former rental to parties who run it on strictly temperance lines, and the thirsty tenant has to travel ten miles before he can indulge his taste for "Talisker." In all his efforts for the moral and material uplift of his tenantry the chief is ably seconded by Lady Macleod, the daughter of an English baronet; and in the light of the mutual relations that exist between this modern head of a clan and his people one can catch the spirit of all that was best in the old system.

In two churchyards in Northern Skye there sleep two women who have passed into the undying memory of the race, the one by reason of her misfortunes, the other by virtue of those qualities which have rendered her the personification of womanly courage and fidelity. The first is the hapless Lady Grainge, who, lest she should betray their Jacobite plots, was imprisoned for fifteen years by her husband and "the wicked" Macleod in Skye caves and on the desolate Island of St. Kilda. Her reason finally gave way and during her last years she wandered up and down among the kindly Skye folk and was laid to rest in the churchyard at Trompon. The other is the immortal Flora Macdonald, over whose grave at Kilmuir sweeps the wild "Norrawa wind," which she so often braved in her little boat, and at her head stands a great granite cross, tribute of a nation's affection. It would be interesting to pause at Kingsburgh and Monkstadt and all these scenes of

romantic history, but we have lingered long in Skye and so perforce we once more turn our faces homeward, following the old Storr Road over which Flora and the Prince wended their farewell way to Portree one summer evening a hundred and fifty years ago.

In the early morning we sail from Skye and as we take our last look at the mist-wreathed hills we wonder how we could ever have thought them arid and forbidding, for now we have climbed their ridges and drunk of their streams and basked on their springy heath, and to us they are as the faces of old friends. And under their shadow we have found a people warm-hearted and hospitable, for let a stranger have a little—ever so little—of the Gaelic, and it proves an open sesame to their homes and hearts. One quality in them impresses itself above all, a certain rocky steadfastness as of the granite hills. And in these days of elastic creeds, which are so often stretched to breaking point, it is a spiritual tonic to find a people who observe their Sabbaths and keep their ancient faith, and preserve undiluted their principles, sometimes even their prejudices. With such an inheritance of scenery and history, of simple living and moral integrity, it is not surprising that the Skyeman has ever been a force to reckon with, and has proved himself a weighty factor in the upbuilding of Canada and the Empire.



# THE ANNEXATION OF OUR STAGE

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

SOME months ago I was discussing with a very intelligent and apparently somewhat talented Toronto girl the question of a theatrical career.

It was not my fault. I did not raise the subject, and never would. I know perfectly well that I know nothing about a theatrical career, except that some of the nicest people I ever met were in process of going through it. I know nothing about any career, as a matter of fact, except that of journalism, of which dramatic criticism is a small and unremunerative by-path. But a great many people still believe that a dramatic critic spends his entire time, when he is not asleep or sitting in an orchestra chair (or both), in associating with players and stage managers and authors in that glamorous realm known as "Behind the Scenes." They look at us as if they saw us "trailing clouds of glory" from that loftier sphere as we walk along the street. And they come to us for information about the perils and rewards of acting and the hygienic effects of tights or decolletage on a draughty stage.

I repeat that I know nothing of all these matters, and never discuss the question of a theatrical career if I can possibly help it. It does not matter how the discussion here alluded to arose, nor how it terminated. The point of interest about it lies exclusively in one remark of the intelli-

gent Toronto girl, which, when I thought it over later, seemed to embody the protest of a young nation against the present condition of its stage.

"Do you know," she said, "that if it were possible to pursue a theatrical career here in Canada, in my own country, I would enter upon it to-morrow? As things are, the chief cause of my hesitation is the fact that I must go to a foreign country in order even to get an engagement; that I must play most, if not all, of my time in that foreign country; that I must make New York my headquarters; go the rounds of the New York managers, rehearse in New York, act the plays that New York wants, and by the time I get anywhere in my profession everybody, myself included, will have forgotten that I ever was a Canadian. It isn't fair!"

And is it fair, when you come to think of it?

If this Toronto girl had desired to take up any other art known to humanity, she could have practised it to her heart's content in Toronto, and if she were clever enough she could have made a good living at it, and could have remained with her own people all her life. Doubtless she would have had to study abroad; but that does not denationalise one. As painter, as writer, as musician, as sculptor, as poet, she could have held an honoured place in the community

and helped to build up the culture of the nation to which she belonged. Only as actress was she obliged to expatriate herself. The nearest she could have come to that in Canada was the poor and unsatisfactory and half-way art of "recitation." And by the way, there are a lot of clever Canadian girls wasting their time on this infantile pursuit and announcing to bored audiences that "Curfew shall not ring to-night," who would be giving good impersonations in the legitimate drama if the way thereto did not lie beyond their means, beyond their courage, beyond the limits of their country and the helping hands of their friends.

There was a time when our brightest young people of both sexes and all vocations used to drift across to the big American cities. We have changed all that in every other walk of life. One must need big scope, indeed, if the Canadian field is not big enough now. There will always be a certain number of vaulting ambitions to whom leadership among ninety millions of people is more alluring than leadership among nine millions; and these will continue to drift across the line (except in so far as they will more and more go to England) until Canada is numerically, as well as potentially, one of the great nations of the earth. But I am talking about the ordinary people, who go in for an artistic career because they like the art and not because they expect to win undying fame. There are many such to whom the high-pressure life and dollar-saturated atmosphere of the big American centres is repellent, who would rather earn two thousand a year in Toronto or Montreal and save a fifth of it, or bring up a family in comfort, than earn five or ten thousand in New York and have to spend every cent of it in keeping up appearances. And there are some (and the number is growing as our national consciousness grows) who would rather be in Toronto or Mont-

real just because they are among their own people, because of a certain flag and certain songs, and because of a tune that is played at the end of the show and that brings everybody to his feet. Let us not wholly overlook or despise this latter class.

Canada is the only nation in the world whose stage is entirely controlled by aliens. She is the only nation in the world whose sons and daughters are compelled to go to a foreign capital for permission to act in their own language on the boards of their own theatres. The only road to the applause of a Toronto theatre audience is by way of Broadway. The Montreal girl who wants to show her own people that she can act must sign an agreement with a New York manager.

Is it not time that Canadians thought themselves of this matter and took steps to amend it? I am not concerned to denounce the American theatrical trusts, syndicates, or whatever you like to call them. They have done good work for the American stage, and in the present state of economic development in the United States they are the only machinery by which a large part of the country's theatrical business could be carried on. What is chiefly wrong with each and every one of them is that they are all aiming, not at giving better shows or even at doing better business than their rivals, but at putting their rivals out of business. None of them can get it out of their heads that the theatres of the United States should be one vast monopoly, and that anybody who is trying to get a share of the theatrical trade should be exterminated. That is bad for art and bad for the United States; but I am not concerned even with that. The Americans are quite competent to look after it themselves.

What I am concerned with is the fact that Canada is included in the area for which these vast organisa-



visions are fighting; that Ontario is as much tributary to the offices on either side of Broadway as is Minnesota, and that British Columbia is parcelled out like New Jersey. It was against this condition in matters of trade that Canadians revolted, at considerable self-sacrifice, but with excellent ultimate results, a generation or two ago; and, though our utilitarians are too blind to see it, it is quite as bad for our national life that our arts should be administered from foreign soil as that our industrial needs should be supplied by aliens.

Americans with whom I have discussed this matter pooch-pooch the idea that there is any need for a separate Canadian stage. Imbued with that sublime continentalism which still prevents most of our neighbours from seeing that there can be anything on this continent that does not arise out of the Declaration of Independence, they assure us that if there were a Canadian stage it would merely be a feeble imitation of the American. They tell us that our mentality is the same as their own, that our social and economic conditions are the same, that our plays and our acting (if we had any) would be the same.

Under all these broad assertions there is a stratum of truth and a stratum of untruth. It is true that at the present time we have no plays of our own, for the excellent reason that we have no machinery for producing them; and it is true that we manage to rub along with the supply of plays that our neighbours send us, for the equally excellent reason that we have to. It is true that we are, like the Americans, very new, rather crude, very materialistic and a trifle pleased with ourselves. But we are not Americans, in spite of the fact that we live in North America. We are not, as the Americans are, upon this continent for the purpose of carrying out certain vast experiments, of testing certain far-reaching theories concerning man, property and the State. The Americans de-

cided to abandon all the traditions of the Old World as being outworn and useless; many of us Canadians (I speak in a hereditary sense) are here because we did not believe in those experiments, and because we did not want to abandon the traditions of the Old World; and all of us accept the best of those traditions, the social and economic and political traditions developed in the British Isles, as being amply good enough for the conduct of affairs in our particular section of this continent. The American mind looks on American life as an inventor looks on a new machine, which he has just completed, and the workings of which he finds absorbingly interesting; he is quite sure that if he doesn't like the way it runs he can fix it up. The Canadian mind does not conceive of Canadian life as a thing absolutely apart, quite new and different; but rather as a part of the natural development of the human race, as a section of Life in general. Conceived in that way, it is much too big and automatic a thing to be tinkered with. The popular American play deals with trusts and civic "rings" and new "fake" religions and the tariff and the income tax and the Supreme Court and the Senate. The popular Canadian play does not exist, but I cannot imagine any Canadian wanting to put the Cement Company or the Manufacturers' Association or a Montreal alderman or the Winnipeg segregation district or the Farmers Bank into a play; we are interested in all these subjects, but not in that way, not as subjects of art. And if we are not profoundly interested in our own problems when they get on the stage it is preposterous to expect us to be interested in those of the American Republic.

As a matter of fact, our difference from our neighbours in point of theatrical taste is becoming obvious to us already, however unwilling they may be to see or admit it. The

performances which make the deepest impression upon a Canadian audience, out of those which Broadway kindly permits us to see, are those which are nearest to the best English standard; those which make least impression are those which are most acutely American. "The Nigger," sent up here by a centralised management, which does not know Canada from Kansas, merely disgusted Canadians. "The City," undoubtedly the strongest play that the United States has produced, made but little impression. I am far from declaring that our taste is identical with that of England; that were as foolish as to assert that it is identical with that of New York. There is much about the English drama that rather wearies us, chiefly its eternal concern with the leisured few and contemptuous disregard of the very existence of the working many. One reason for the enormous success of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in Canada, and to a lesser extent in the United States, too, was the fact that it dealt with people who were not socially superior to everybody in the audience. But the English drama is our drama to a far greater extent than is the American, and the more the American stage neglects the English drama and exalts the American, the more will Canadians have occasion to revolt against the monopolising of the Canadian stage by American bookings.

One of the first things to be done for the rescue of the Canadian stage from this unpatriotic condition is a thing which is beyond the power of Canadians to promote, except as some of the more influential of us can make representations to the dramatic authors of Great Britain. This is the abolition of the practice of selling the Canadian rights along with the American rights to the same New York producer. It is at this moment impossible for Canadians to see any one of half the most important plays produced in London

in the last ten years without the consent of Mr. Frohman, while the other half are controlled by other gentlemen only a little less conspicuous on Broadway. Mr. John Edward Hoare, in a recent article on "A Canadian Theatre," named six leading English dramatists, four of whom are absolutely unknown to Canada, while the other two are known only by comparatively early works—Galsworthy, Granville Barker, Besier, Arnold Bennett, Barrie, and Pinero. Barrie is the great drawing card of the British drama on this continent; and Mr. Frohman owns Barrie for America, body and soul, pen and output. He owns most of Pinero. As to who owns the other four I do not know; but I do know that if they have any commercial value for America their Canadian rights have been sold long ago. The chief hope for Canada would lie in the possibility that the new English writers may have no American value, the American public being too absorbed in its own drama to pay much attention to anybody else. In that case there would be a possibility of some enterprising Canadian securing the right to give their works in Canada alone—a possibility which would be contingent upon his being able to find theatres to give them in and people to perform them.

Canada is becoming a large and theatre-loving country in these twentieth century days. It should not be difficult to persuade the English dramatist that it is worth his while to hold back his Canadian rights when handing his American rights over to a Broadway producer, and to sell the former only to somebody who will undertake to give him a certain number of performances in the Dominion. For if the American contempt for English plays goes on increasing, and the Canadian appreciation of them remains constant while the Canadian theatrical field continues to grow, we shall end by having the more profitable half of

the continent so far as the English author is concerned. And as soon as the Canadian performing rights of everything worth performing are no longer held in the grip of Broadway, there arises the possibility of a Canadian producing business, specialising on plays which the Canadian public want, and, at the same time, affording the opportunity of Canadian employment to my young Toronto friend who started all these wandering thoughts. In ten years we shall have

as many theatre-goers in Canada as the United States had when it produced Edwin Booth—for the percentage of theatre-goers to population is treble what it was in those puritan days. Is it possible to believe that we shall still be an appendage of a foreign stage, that Canadians who seek to follow one of the noblest and most national of arts will still have to seek permission in a foreign city, of an alien "trust," in order to do so?

## TO CLAUDE DEBUSSY

(On hearing his "*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*")

By J. D. LOGAN

I HEARD one cry: "Long, long has Pan been dead,  
The mystic music of his pipes for aye  
Is gone, and with their silence that dream-play  
Of moods in ancient men, which in them bred  
A pagan peace, and over Nature shed  
The beauty of a super-world and day.  
Now dull is Life and Earth turned ashen gray  
In grief for magic joys forever fled."

And I replied: "Nay, nay, for now dwells one  
Whose music—strange, remote, unearthly, rare—  
Is weird as light in glades that veil the sun,  
And soft as sea-foam, fragile as gossamer.  
In him the ancient God re-lives as man—  
DEBUSSY, tone-symbolist—the modern Pan!"







# THE GATEWAY OF THE INLAND SEAS

THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE  
WATER-BORNE COMMERCE OF CANADA

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

AUTHOR OF "OUR INLAND SEAS," ETC.

ALTHOUGH the industrial history of the Lake Superior country and that of the commerce flowing through the waterway connecting the inland ocean with the lower lakes may be said to have had its beginning with the stirring events in the explorations of the early French *voyageurs*, which occurred in the second half of the seventeenth century, that part of the narrative covering the actual development of the material resources of the vast region is a chronicle of modern times included in a period within the memory of men still living. In the early days the ardent missionaries and crafty fur traders pushed forward in birch bark canoes and frail *bateaux* to the north country, and extended their conquest to the farthermost limits of lake and river navigation. A little later Jean Talon, who was probably the most efficient intendant that the French kings ever sent to America, caused Daumont

Saint-Lusson to make an expedition in search of copper mines along the shores of the inland ocean and to take formal possession of the whole interior for the king. It was a long and eventful journey of Saint-Lusson and his companion, Nicholas Perrot, from Lachine to the coveted goal, Sault Ste. Marie, and at the end all the Indian tribes roving around the lakes were invited to attend the great ceremony of taking possession.

What a royal pageant it must have been that the hardy *voyageur*, Saint-Lusson, had prepared on that eventful day, the fourteenth of June, 1671, at the foot of the Sault Ste. Marie. There were present four Jesuits—Claude Dablon, Gabriel Druilletes, Claude Allouez and Louis Andre—and fourteen tribes, with their chiefs. On the top of the hill had been erected a large cross, and a post of cedar had been planted bearing the royal arms. When Father Dablon had blessed the cross, Saint-Lusson

advanced with drawn sword, and, raising a sod of earth, proclaimed in a loud voice:

"In the name of the most high, mighty, and redoubted monarch Louis

this on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. Vive le Roy."

Eight years after this stirring scene Cavalier de La Salle, in *Le Griffon*, which was the first vessel



FREIGHTERS IN LOCK AT CANADIAN "SOO"

XIV. of that name, most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this place, Saint Marie du Saut, as also of lakes Superior and Huron, the Island of Manitoulin, and all other countries, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous and adjacent thereto, both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered afterwards, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the north and west, and on the other by the south sea; declaring to the nations thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs; promising them on his part all succor and protection against the incursions and invasions of their enemies; declaring to all potentates, princes, and sovereigns, states and republics, to them and their subjects, that they can not and are not to seize or settle upon any part of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of his most Christian Majesty, and of him who will govern in his behalf; and

ever to unfurl sails to the winds of the inland seas, displayed the Fleur-de-Lis over the fresh waters he hoped some day to bear the "riches" of a new colony to the shores of France. But the settlement of the wilderness depended upon something more than the craving for conquest, and for nearly two hundred years the trapper and fur trader held undisputed sway. The great and powerful fur companies were opposed to growth of settlements and colonisation of the Northwest, as civilisation would bring about the depletion of the almost untrodden forests and extinction of fur-bearing animals. The practice of the Hudson's Bay Company for centuries was to bring in hardy Scotch lads, and to train them in the vast wilds of northern Canada

to become expert trappers. By encouraging them to marry Indian girls and raise families it was easy to attach them to certain localities or districts for life, where they generally proved most valuable retainers, or semi-official agents, in training the native Indians in trapping

could send their furs and their value was credited against articles bartered for. The chief trappers enlisted for a term of five years, and were not allowed to leave their prescribed district without permission. It was a most perfect system of peonage to which the hardy men of the forests



BELOW THE LOCK GATES, CANADIAN "SOO"

and dealing with the company for articles of subsistence.

The unit of value of the time was a beaver skin. Certain numbers of inferior skins, such as muskrats and rabbits, were worth one beaver skin, while, on the other hand, more valuable skins, like the silver-gray fox, for example, were worth so many beavers. No money was used, the representative emblem or check for a beaver skin being a peculiar water-marked goose quill made in London, which could not be counterfeited in that country. Upon bringing in his furs to the warehouse at Sault Ste. Marie, or elsewhere, the trapper would receive so many goose quills. These he took to the company's stores, where he exchanged them for clothing, ammunition, food supplies and articles of merchandise, as he chose. Traders who did not come to the post annually

were enured by lives of exposure and hardship.

Although France left her footprint deep in the sands of time and history of this north country, and developed the highest capacity in art and literature and ethical culture, she was slow to develop industry, and slower still to develop transportation. All the natural resources of the earth existed thousands of years ago as they exist to-day. The rocks flowed rivers of oil, the mountains contained all the valuable minerals and the coal and thousands of things that are now used as if they were new. Even the Romans, the Greeks, the Egyptians and the Assyrians built ships that could be sailed with safety on smooth seas, but they had not the wit, with all their culture and with all their genius and capacity, to devise such a simple thing as a canal lock. As one looks



at a canal lock one wonders that any man having to sail over a river with falls would not instinctively conceive the idea of getting over it by a lock. Yet it was not until the sixteenth cen-

whenever necessary. Then and even as late as the early years of the eighteenth century the cost of carriage by every conveyance then in use was simply enormous. A bushel of Indian



NORTH-WEST FUR COMPANY'S LOCK, (RESTORED)

BUILT IN 1797-8. DESTROYED BY  
UNITED STATES TROOPS IN 1814

tury that Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, discovered and published to the world the plan of a lock for navigation.

Transportation has become such a dominant factor in the life and progress of America that few stop to think how modern it all is, or seek to draw comparisons with the old methods. Well within the century have the steamboat and locomotive become the carrier and hauler of the products of the earth, of the forest, and of industry. What a change has taken place since the old *voyageurs*, on their way from Montreal to the missions and posts at Michilimackinac, Green Bay, and Sault Ste. Marie, went up the Ottawa and across to Georgian Bay, portaging their boats

corn by the time it reached Grand Portage, about thirty miles above Fort William, was valued at twenty shillings sterling, and, according to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was the cheapest article of provision the fur companies could feed to their men. For the same sum ten bushels of corn can now be purchased in England, after having been carried a thousand miles from the interior of America, and across the Atlantic. In those days eighteen bushels of wheat were equal in exchange to a barrel of salt, and one bushel of wheat to a yard of cloth.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Fur Company were keen rivals in power

in the Northwest, and competitors in securing the valuable products of the wilds. In the early days of trade in the north country, the trappers and fur traders found the sault, or rapids,

leading trough of timber framed and planked, 300 feet in length, eight feet, nine inches wide, eight feet high, supported and leveled on beams of cedar through the swamp, is constructed to conduct the water from the canal to the



POE LOCK, ST. MARY'S RIVER CANAL

SHOWING LOCK HOUSE

of the St. Mary's River, with its descent of eighteen feet in one lineal mile, an insurmountable obstruction to free navigation. The North-west Fur Company's post was located on the north or Canadian side of the falls, and, in order to gain some advantage over their rivals, this company in 1797-98 constructed a canal with a single lock close to their warehouse. A description of these works was given by Captain Bruyeres, of the British Army, dated September 10, 1802:

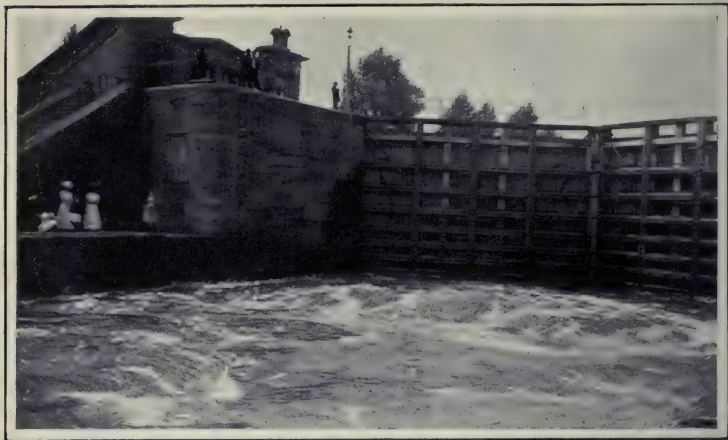
"The landing is in a bay immediately at the bottom of the fall on the nearest channel to the land of the north shore. A good wharf for boats is built at the landing, on which a storehouse sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, is erected. The wharf is planked, and pathways made and planked all around it. Close to the store a lock is constructed for boats and canoes, being thirty-eight feet long, eight feet, nine inches wide. The lower gate lets down by a windlass; the upper has two folding gates, with a sluice. The water rises nine feet in the lock. A

lock. A road raised and planked twelve feet wide for cattle extends the whole length of the trough. The canal begins at the head of it, which is a channel cleared of rocks, and the projecting points excavated to admit the passage of canoes and boats. This canal is about 2,580 feet in length, forty-five feet in width, with a raised bridge or pathway of round logs at the side of it twelve feet wide for oxen to track the boats through the swift current of the upper rapids. About 170 feet from the upper part of the canal a storehouse is built, thirty-six feet long, twenty-three feet wide. An excellent sawmill for two saws is constructed and placed in a line, with the lock parallel to it."

Although this roughly-constructed canal, with its diminutive lock, was in use for a number of years, no mention of it is found in the historical archives of the north country after 1803. It was entirely adequate to accommodate the trade of the region as carried in the canoes and *bateaux* of the period, but the lock was destroyed, excepting its timber floors

and mitre sills, in 1814, by United States troops from Mackinac Island under the command of Major Holmes. In time the canal became choked with debris and finally filled with

red men said, the god Michabous (the great Hare) first found the second dam and broke it down completely, leaving no obstruction of rapids or whirlpools. Proceeding fur-



WEITZEL LOCK, ST. MARY'S RIVER CANAL

SHOWING DETAIL OF LOWER GATES

mud and driftwood cast in by the swirling waters. The remains of the old lock were unearthed, however, in 1889 by Joseph H. Steere, Joseph Cozzens, Provincial Land Surveyor, and E. S. Wheeler, General Superintendent of St. Mary's Falls Canal. It is to the credit of Francis H. Clerque that these remains have been preserved surmounted by stone walls, but flooded to prevent rapid decay of their once stout timbers.

The Indian name of the town and rapids in the Ojibwa dialect is "Bawiting," meaning "the river is beaten into spray," or "Bagwiting," meaning "the river is shallow." It is related that the Indians believed Lake Superior to be a huge pond made by beavers, and that its dam was double. The first was at the place called by the French Saut Gaston (later Ste. Marie du Saut), and the second dam was five leagues down the river. In ascending the stream, the

ther he came to the first dam and, being in haste, only walked on it to tread it down, thus forming the falls and rapids there. The banks of the perfectly wooded region were then absolutely unspoiled by the axe or devastating fire. The forest was unbroken, enormous, beautiful in the extreme. The river was leaping with fish, and the woods were full of deer, bear and small game; and the beaver were everywhere.

Settlement of the northern wilderness during the first half of the last century was slow, and the struggling hamlet of Sault Ste. Marie, although the first permanent settlement on the continent west of Montreal, was as remote from the outer world as a place of abode on the shores of Hudson's Bay would be to-day. What traffic there was between the cold and forbidding region about Lake Superior and the lower lake settlements, was laboriously carried over



the portage by waggons drawn by oxen; but afterward a rude tramway upon which cars were run, served the purpose. But the discoveries of rich copper and iron deposits in 1843-44 along the shores and in the islands of the inland ocean, started immigration to that section, and by 1849 about 1,600 explorers had settled in the wilderness. In 1851, 12,600 tons of merchandise, machinery, copper and bloom iron passed over the portage, to the value of \$1,675,000.

The first ship canal, known as the State Canal, was built on the American side of the river in 1853 to 1855. A wave of land speculation was then sweeping the country, and the State of Michigan, having a grant of 750,000 acres of land along the shores of Lake Superior, was able to contract for the construction of this most important waterway. It was a little more than a mile in length, sixty-four feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet on the surface of the water and thirteen feet deep. There were two tandem locks of masonry, each 350 feet long, seventy feet wide, having 11½ feet depth of water and a lift of nine feet. Charles T. Harvey was superintendent of construction. Although the excellence of the engineering work would have caused the locks to endure for a century, in thirty years they had become inadequate by limitation of size to float the then existing type of lake vessels, and in 1888 they were destroyed to make way for the great Poe lock.

The Weitzel lock, 515 feet long, eighty feet wide, narrowing to sixty feet at the gates, with seventeen feet of water on the mitre sills when the upper pool is 601.9 feet, and the lower pool 584.4 feet above mean tide at New York, was built by the United States in the years 1870 to 1881. During the same period the depth of the canal was increased to sixteen feet, the mean width to 160 feet, and the stone slope walls were replaced with timber piers having a vertical face. General Orlando M. Poe was

the engineer in charge of the district from 1870 to 1873, and General Godfrey Weitzel, U.S.A., from 1873 to 1882. Alfred Noble was the engineer in charge of construction.

The Poe lock, 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and having twenty-two feet of water on the sills, was built by the Government from 1887 to 1896. General Poe was in charge of the district to 1895, and E. S. Wheeler was the engineer in charge of construction. The canal was deepened to twenty-two feet at that time, and has since been enlarged at a cost of \$3,000,000, to dimensions: 1 3-5 miles length, 500 feet width at upper entrance, 270 feet at basin, 108 feet at lock gates, and 1,000 feet at lower entrance, and has a depth of twenty-five feet throughout. Hydraulic power under pressure of 115 pounds for the Weitzel and 200 pounds for the Poe lock is used to operate the lock machinery. The total expenditure on these works, including the present projects (of new canal and locks), reaches \$30,000,000, a sum which has been returned a hundred-fold in direct saving to the people at large.

The water-borne commerce of Canada now exceeds 20,000,000 tons annually, and is moved in a navigation season of about 240 days. The whole of Canada is thoroughly awake to the vital importance of cheap transportation, and the Dominion has contributed a large share of engineering skill and money to the present deep water navigation of the unsalted seas. As a matter of fact, Parliament has appropriated within one hundred years for such improvements, a sum equal to that expended by the United States for a like purpose above the chasm of Niagara. In each case it is something like \$100,000,000, and the future will demand and will warrant still greater expenditures to keep pace with the wonderful development of the north country, made possible by these very improvements. For many years Canada shared the advan-

tages accruing from the American canals, but as they emerged into manhood they determined to lend a helping hand in improving the upper lake waterways, as they had already

Marie, Ontario. This very interesting work was undertaken in 1888 and completed in 1895, the waterway being opened to navigation on September 9, of the latter year. The canal



SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL

VIEW OF LOCK AND UPPER APPROACH

brought about adequate navigation around Niagara and the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The culmination of this policy will be the completion of a great canal system of such a comprehensive character that will hereafter enable Canada to compete successfully for the transit trade of the great Western country and the development of cheap routes of transportation with the principal markets of the world. The enlargement of the Welland or the construction of an entire new canal at the Niagara frontier, and the realisation of the Georgian Bay-Montreal Canal project, together with a new and larger lock for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, will bring about these results.

By far the most important canal in the waterway system of the Dominion, in point of tonnage and influence upon freight rates, is the remarkable ship canal around the falls of the St. Mary's River, at the thriving little city of Sault Ste.

is  $1\frac{1}{8}$  miles long, 150 feet wide, and twenty-two feet deep, and, like the American canal, is open to the trade of the world without hindrance or tolls. The great lock, which is the longest now in use in the world, is 900 feet long, sixty feet wide, and affords a depth of water over the mitre sills of about twenty-one feet at low stage datum. The Honourable Collingwood Schreiber was chief engineer of Dominion canals, and W. G. McNeill Thompson was the engineer in local charge of construction work.

This great canal, with its immense lock, which was built at a cost of \$5,000,000, now carries the greater portion of the Lake Superior commerce. The part it plays in this freight movement is well illustrated by percentages; since in 1909 it amounted to forty-eight of the total, while in 1910 it increased to fifty-eight per cent. The total tonnage passing both canals at the Sault in

1910 was 62,363,218, of which the Canadian canal carried 36,435,557 tons. The rapid increase of tonnage passing this canal is due to the fact that its lock affords about eight inches greater depth of water than the famous Poe lock, for which reason nearly all the 500 feet and 600 feet ore carriers and coal barges now load for this lock. It means an additional cargo capacity of from 1,000 to 1,200 tons for each, as for every inch of increased draft over twenty feet of the huge freighters, about 150 tons may be stored in their holds. The average number of vessels of all classes passing the three locks of the Sault Ste. Marie canals is eighty-four daily, and of these twenty-seven were locked through the Canadian canal and fifty-seven through the American canal.

Electricity generated by water-power is used for operating the Canadian lock, which requires about eight minutes, the average time, including the movement of the vessels in and out, being twenty-three minutes. A force of about sixty men, divided into three watches, controls all movements of vessels through the canal, and the expenditures for operating and the repairs amount to about \$70,000 yearly. No investment ever made by the Government has returned such splendid dividends in the form of direct benefit and saving in a huge transportation bill—that of a constantly increasing commerce flowing between the West and the East. What greater returns the people will derive from these improvements to navigation of their free natural waterways in the inland seas, the most optimistic of public men do not now attempt to estimate. The expansion of lake commerce and the prosperity of the Provinces has assumed such a permanent character by

its very momentum, that conservative minds can scarcely realise the magnitude of the progression or gauge its future.

The canals of the St. Mary's River practically include those parts of the channels through the river, which have been improved through shoals of rock, clay, boulders, sand, and limestone. At the time the State Canal was constructed the available depth of water over these obstructions did not exceed twelve feet, but the first appropriation for the improvement of the river channels was made by the Congress of the United States in 1856. The Lake George route, which is partly through Canadian waters, was first improved for twelve feet draft, this work being done in the years 1857 to 1869. The depth was increased to sixteen feet by 1883. The Hay Lake route, with its notable cut through solid rock, was opened to commerce with a draft of twenty feet at mean stage of water in 1894. Betterment of the channels has been continued every year since, so that the dredged areas now total thirty-four miles in length, with a least width of 300 feet, increasing at angles and critical places to 1,000 feet, and affording a depth of twenty-one feet at lowest stage of water.

The work on the Middle Neebish channel under four contracts has progressed rapidly to completion, and the last section at Sailor's Encampment was finished in the fall of 1910. The improved channel is 300 feet in width and has twenty-two feet of water over the rock at low-water stage datum of Lake Huron. The deepening of the channels of this great water highway will relieve much of the congestion to traffic of the two constantly passing processions, both night and day, of the splendid merchant marine.





# OTTAWA

## SOCIETY AND THE DUKE

BY H. T. BRANCH

WILL the coming of the Duke affect the social life of the Capital? It is always wise not to play the prophet but the inquiry raises questions into which it may be well to look closely, so far as may be done by one who though not now a resident of Ottawa has been able to keep fairly well in touch with passing events. As yet the Duke is little known in Canada. His brief visits in the past have not bred intimacy; time has been inadequate. The Duke has been son, brother and uncle of great British sovereigns, and, as all the world believes, has been loyal to each and worthy of each. His nephews and nieces fill the thrones of the world — England, Germany, Russia, Spain and Norway; a daughter is Crown Princess of Sweden, and yet another niece is Crown Princess of Roumania. But perhaps these later-named and more diminutive royalties were better omitted in recounting his claims to social rank. On the whole it may be safely said that we have never had so well-connected a Governor-General.

From the reports we hear, the Duke resembles his nephew King George in the simplicity of his tastes and his pleasures, a tribute to the soundness of the splendid British schools—the army and the navy—in which they were respectively bred.

No Duke has yet reigned at Rideau Hall, and a Duke of Royal blood is therefore more than one notch above the customary level. The extent of

the influence emanating directly from Rideau Hall on the social life of the tiny Capital naturally depends somewhat on the idiosyncrasies of the reigning governor, and doubtless on those, too, of the lady of Rideau Hall, for the social realm is of necessity peculiarly her domain. Within a generation there have been Lornes, Lansdownes, Stanleys, Aberdeens, Mintos and Greys; and now there are or are about to be—Connaughts. In the case of the Lornes there was royal blood on the lady's side, and the exactions of etiquette, imaginary or otherwise, were somewhat severe; but that was a generation ago. In the case of their various successors, there were shades of difference, nothing vital. Each was an excellent type of the class which has furnished pro-consuls from the days when England's empire was limited to Ireland, and, somewhat precariously, to France; it is a class, too, it is true, which nowadays we are asked to regard with feelings hardly other than scorn and derision. As to this last aspect of the matter, the situation is saved for the moment in the case of the new Governor-General by the fact that the Duke who comes, topping in birth the list of all who have preceded him, is of blood royal; and it is a curious fact that the throne, so near which the Duke has stood for many years, appears at the moment, amid ruder shocks than the social system has sustained since the days of Cromwell, to be yet rooted firmly in the af-

fections of the people. The new viceroy, too, comes happily, because of the wise principles which have guided the reigning family since Victoria ascended the throne — without the taint of partisanship in a struggle of intensity and bitterness rarely seen in British politics, and of which there are many signs that we are only at the beginning; it is only fair to add, as to the excellent nobleman who is leaving us, that his presence here in Canada prevented Earl Grey also from being implicated in the strife.

One may pause for a moment to conjecture as to what would have been the feeling in Canada or any other one of the great over-seas dominions if, instead of sending a Governor-General of the type we are now at once losing and gaining, Britain had sent us one of the five hundred peers which were to have been, under certain circumstances, created. Such a contingency did not arise, but such an appointment must surely have reduced the office of an overseas viceroy to a level which would be pitiable indeed, yet perhaps laughable to lighter spirits. With this escaped danger in mind it is not difficult to picture conditions under which the Dominions might thus become inextricably entangled in the process of re-casting to which the British constitution is now being subjected. It is on such slender threads the fate of empires forever hangs.

But to return to the Duke and Rideau, which we have left far away. Cable dispatches have declared that the Duke will be able to stay with us but for two years. Just why the ordinary five-year term — shortened by custom to four years and prolonged in Earl Grey's case to six years — should be so reduced, we have not been told; but we may surmise. King George loves to travel, to visit the distant realms of his broad Empire. His consort has been declared Regent in the event of his death and would doubtless be so declared in the event of his absence in far places. But

supposing the Queen is with him, in India, say, as is in fact at present proposed. There is none to be Regent, and the absence of the only near relative to the King might add to the anxieties that may, as we have lately seen, fall heavily on the sovereign. So it is that talk has already been heard of the committee which will rule England in the name of the King when the King and Queen are in the remoter Empire, and because the King's uncle is also to be abroad, and the Prince of Wales is a youth. A committee, of course, may do as well as a king or a duke, but who knows? and who shall the committee be? It is perhaps because of such points that the Duke is to be permitted to remain in Canada for not more than two years.

There is another and less important point of view from which the limitation of term is to be regarded, though it is an aspect which perhaps more closely concerns us at the moment. The five-year period might have permitted and induced the erection of a vice-regal dwelling somewhat more creditable to the dignity of the Dominion than is Rideau Hall. The shorter period of two years is not sufficient for more than the customary renovation for a new occupant, a little painting, whitewashing, recovering of furniture, so to speak. The writer is not, of course, informed whether or not anything more considerable would have been in any case undertaken, but it is an admitted fact that the present building is a poor affair, speaking moderately. In common parlance around Ottawa it is termed "a shack" and actually it is a rambling unshapely structure, with odd corners which have been added from time to time, and the whole of which has been in continual need of repairs. Recurrent rumours there have been of plans looking to the erection of a palatial mansion somewhere to the north of the present building with an extension of the already large and pleasant grounds in-

to the charming suburb of Rockcliffe, but gubernatorial influence — if it is a gubernatorial project — is limited, and, moreover, by the time the plans are evolved the end of the allotted term is within sight and the old Hall gets a new lease and a new coat of paint.

The marquesses and earls of the past have made the best of the present premises, and so it must be with the Duke. The interior is, of course, (as I have heard) most comfortable and has been hospitably opened by successive governors to the citizens of Canada's Capital. Canada's Capital, however, is a little place; now, it is true, nearing the rank of 100,000 population, but until lately a mere village, and visitors from distant points, other, of course, than those coming as or with members of Parliament, have been few. The people of the Dominion generally cannot be expected to exercise themselves greatly about a place they will for the most part never see, and in fact they will never become aware that any change is desirable.

As to Ottawa itself, examined socially, what can be said of it? Sir Wilfrid Laurier years ago declared it was his desire to make Ottawa the Washington of the North. He was speaking of Ottawa physically, of course, not politically — equally, of course, let us not fail to add. Yet the political and social aspects of a political capital which is not also a metropolis are much bound together. The White House is the official residence of the executive of the United States, as Rideau Hall is that of the executive of Canada; the one is the seat of vast authority and consequently of endless strategy and intrigue and incessant activity, the other has none but its social side, as we would wholly wish it. Again, Washington has its ambassadors; it is the home of the official representatives of the powers of the world, great and small. Princely mansions house distinguished diplomats and brilliant retinues,

and each of the greater nations has created a pleasant social circle forming each a tiny part only of the cosmopolitan maze of Washington. Of all this Ottawa has nothing; foreign nations do not send ambassadors or ministers to a colonial capital. A few countries have made Ottawa the centre of their consular service; that is all we have as compensation, and the regulations which govern such matters have not in the past — let it be whispered gently — permitted consuls to be officially recognised at Rideau Hall. One of the few matters dealt with effectively, as the press reports, at the recent Imperial Conference is understood to have been this particular point, and the regulations have been made more elastic; this will no doubt be comforting at any rate to the hitherto disconsolate consuls.

Then, as to Ottawa, although without its ambassadors' row, there are, of course, the features of government, parliament, civil service and the — well, yes, the rest of the people. What is the social outcome? It would be difficult to describe it in a word, unwise, probably, to make the attempt. The smallness of the population causes the official elements to bulk somewhat largely in the little social world of Ottawa. One hears dimly through the cables, sometimes sees less dimly in English novels and even biographies, pictures of the part played in British politics through adroit social manipulations and otherwise by ladies of high rank or whose husbands hold high office in Britain, and it has been sometimes asked if these have their counterpart in Canada. One must not go too deeply into such a point. So far as the general public is aware there are no great leaders of society in Ottawa, apart, of course, from the ladies of Rideau Hall. Cabinet Ministers' wives and sisters do their part nobly, it can not be doubted. Often it happens that their husbands are not men of wealth and the salaries attached to



their offices are not more than adequate to the maintenance of a modest equipment in these days of swiftly moving prices; sometimes it is true there have been Cabinet Ministers who have had wealth thrust, like Malvolio's greatness, upon them, but that is another story. I must not wander; more rarely there has been wealth before and apart from office. It is, of course, on the ladies that the burden of the social world falls, which I suppose exists after all for them. Sometimes the ladies before their residence in the Capital and the promotion of their husbands to seats in the Government, have been admirable in many things, but not exactly leaders of fashion, and the transition has been sometimes trying. But it would be disagreeable if not actually rude to attempt too close a view from this standpoint.

What of the civil service from the social point of view? The public estimate of the public service is, it is to be feared, not edifying, and is too obviously entangled with party politics. Perhaps, as we are told, the service is being gradually lifted above this unpleasantly low level, and will in the times to come point the way more directly than it has done in the past to careers of honourable distinction. Socially, in the meantime, it is a factor of the slightest, and it will matter little to it, presumably, what particular grade of British nobility holds sway at Rideau Hall.

Then there is the rest of the public. It was computed recently that Ottawa contained thirty millionaires. I do not know them intimately, socially, that is to say, but the fault is not wholly mine. The proportion of those entitled to rank with the wealthy may be estimated on this basis. If thirty millionaires then how many semi-millionaires and so on? Wealth does not, of course, exactly represent society, in Ottawa or elsewhere, but it is hard to separate the two and harder still for those who have not wealth to be in the swim.

Unofficial Ottawa contains, no doubt, the average proportion of agreeable, refined and well-to-do people whose incomes are provided by the professions and upper business strata — these things will stratify, be Demos strenuous as he may, but there are apart from the political leaders few men in Ottawa of national repute or who have won fame in any direction, be it law, medicine, church, education, literature, journalism, finance. Ottawa has no great university, no great college, no great newspaper, no great shop even, it is said by those who should know, and it is somewhat deficient, truth to tell, in the class of citizens who are called great, great, that is, in any other sense than as mere employers of labour. Sir Sanford Fleming is a conspicuous exception, but Sir Sanford is an octogenarian. Perhaps Sir Wilfrid Laurier should now be in the same count. He is one of the few unofficial politicians who live in Ottawa. In a sense he is official, of course, particularly now that the leader of the Opposition is salaried. In any case, the leader of the Opposition, whether Mr. Borden or Sir Wilfrid, would be a great citizen and redeem Ottawa from the charge of being a desert of mediocrities. It is partly as a consequence of all this that Ottawa has no outstanding social figure beyond the strictly official list, and partly also because Rideau Hall inevitably dominates the situation and dims some lights that might otherwise burn brightly enough.

It should be noted that Ottawa has a considerable French population, about equal in proportion to the French population of the Dominion as a whole. In officialdom the proportion is fully maintained, but society has been almost wholly Anglicised, the French element adding no more than a little piquancy or sauce, as it were. Ottawa is in fact a sort of by-product of the two provinces, having to be made almost from the beginning, owing to the quarrel as to the site of the Capital, and pays the penalty

in various ways of the greatness to which in this case it was born. It is without historic shrine, has no breath of literary atmosphere. Groups and coteries of kindred spirits there are, of course, cultured, kindly men and women, but hardly representative of society proper. Bridge, and afternoon bridge at that, seems to be the one essential qualification for entrance to Ottawa society; this, however, it is only fair to add, is not a regulation from Rideau Hall, where cards are seldom played, or even an influence working downwards from the gubernatorial circle.

The session lasts half the year, nowadays. Half the members, perhaps, bring their wives—half the time—and the couples are scattered through the smaller hotels, the apartment houses and the boarding-houses. Some are said to be valuable additions to the social world; some are known to be not so. Rideau Hall exists after all particularly for these—Government and Parliament—and is generous in the opportunities it gives them for commingling together and for meeting official and unofficial Ottawa. There are during the parliamentary season many dinner parties at Government House, carefully selected lists — they may be read in the press any day — with a liberal representation of members and their wives — when the members have wives and bring them, a sprinkling of Ministers, Senators and officials, duly wived or sistered, so far as possible, and some Ottawans proper. During the best of the winter months, January and February, there are Saturday afternoon skating and tobagganing parties, and parliamentary party and citizens meet here on the freest and easiest basis. In the case of the Greys, the Governor-General and his daughters became excellent skaters and joined freely in the sport. Occasionally there are other gatherings, midway between the formality of a dinner party and the wholly informal skating party. There may be a lec-

ture, or for the younger element a dance, the guests to which are sometimes hastily telephoned; now and then a garden party in the spacious and beautiful grounds. On the whole formalism and etiquette are reduced to a minimum, save, of course, at the functions which are purely official or reach the dignity of state ceremonies. It is not likely the Duke of Connaught will make or encourage any serious modifications of existing conditions. The obeisance, when it is really made, may be more profound, but to tell the real truth, many do but nod, men or women, and probably the Duke will let it pass.

Of the official dinners held at the opening of Parliament, on the King's Birthday and occasionally else, one can, of course, speak only from hearsay, but I am told they are rigidly formal; without speaking, of course, though the King's health is drunk. The muster is something more than a hundred, including Ministers of the Government and judges of the Supreme Court, such Lieutenant-Governors as are within easy distance — probably all are invited, the higher military and naval officials and the chiefs of the service generally. Of the State ceremonies which most interest the public the drawing-room held at the opening of Parliament is by all means the most imposing and has most intimate bearing on actual social doings. Here the attitude of vice-royalty is definitely assumed. The debutantes of the season, whether from Ottawa or elsewhere, so far as the privilege is desired, are formally presented to the Governor-General and his wife by ladies who have been through the ceremony themselves. On this occasion at least a nod will hardly do for a bow or a courtesy. Those who dislike doing homage to this slight degree prescribed seldom come. One nervous young debutante a few years ago sat plump on the floor in front of the countess of that day. But accidents will happen. The aides of the Governor-General are much in

evidence on such a night. The arrangements for presentation are, I think, made carefully in advance. The etiquette of official precedence is exacted, the dresses of the ladies are gay and costly, following also some prescribed rules. The scene is brilliant and not without dignity. There is also a State ball during the season, necessarily (from its name) somewhat official in character, but less formal.

A Governor-General and his family, it will be seen, need to be gifted with infinite tact and a large measure of the best qualities of human nature to carry the vice-regal ship safely through these difficult shallows. So far none has come to grief, and the new family shortly to be ensconced at Rideau Hall is not likely to break the tradition. This is the only prediction which I venture to make.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS

**L**AND of last hope and latest victory,  
 Great warden-warrior of the Western gate,  
 Holding with steel-shod hand the sea in check  
 To lead it, humbled, to thy harbourings!  
 Conceived in torment of Titanic strife,  
 Rugged of feature, but of gentle heart,  
 For in each deep division of thy hills  
 Lie haven-valleys, hope and happiness.  
 Long was the treasure of thy heritage  
 By the elusive, unguessed twilight veiled,  
 For at the cloudless dawning of thy day  
 In the dull East old Gaspé's sunset dies.  
 Last art thou, latest born and loveliest,  
 Where, as a giant child, thy body lies  
 Blue-bathed in the Pacific, crowned above  
 With sun-gold gossamer on silver snows.  
 God guide thee onward! Thee, the latest born!  
 And from the mighty marble of thy youth  
 Chisel a manhood, stalwart and serene,  
 Worthy to bear the sceptre or the sword.  
 Let it be strong and virile, tender too,  
 Filled with the spirit of thy gentleness,  
 Eternal justice and eternal truth,  
 As, age by age, time's tireless legions pass!



# THE FAERY MAY

BY CLARE GIFFIN

AND now at last we were ready to attack Hugh of the High Wood in his castle. For five years he had made us trouble in every way that he knew, and those ways were many. So that even when we at Queen's Rest were able to sleep in peace without fear of midnight attack, we no less spent uneasy days, for he drew away our men-at-arms with lying promises, and filled our villains with discontent, he lost no chance to bring us into ill-repute with King Stephen.

But now there was fair prospect of revenge, and an end of night-time watching and daytime planning; our spies had well assured us that Sir Hugh was in his hold, and though he had a strong band with him, we trusted well that ours might be the stronger, and rode forward in good heart. Down the hill from Queen's Rest, along, and a little up the valley, up the hill and through the High Wood, past the ruined keep there, that Hugh had deserted for his stronger hold, new-built by the King's aid and favour. Towards that hold we came now, riding cautiously down the long hill from the High Wood. Below us, singing a faint song in the darkness, the river ran around the sides of a little islet that lay midway in the stream, and on that island was the New Tower; the river was its moat, and its walls were high, and full three-score stout men-at-arms helped its master hold it, yet rivers can be forded and walls scaled, and there were four-score of us riding together.

Those who kept the ford we slew and those at the water gate likewise; silently, and without it seemed, giving any alarm. The outer wall we scaled with ladders, and so won easily the outer court; for the warders at the gate fled within to give the alarm. Yet there remained strong walls to be over-passed, and the castle was, by now, well aroused. Lights twinkled here and there along the walls and in the casements of the keep; there was, too, a great noise of men running and shouting, clang of armour, and clash of weapons. But all was still pit-dark, till Wulf the Saxon lighted a great torch that cast an unsteady red light over the outer court and showed us the height of the wall that we must scale. Then, sure that our ladders would be long enough, I bade him put out the torch that the defenders might know as little as need be of our numbers and our plans, and taking twenty of our stoutest men crept softly, keeping always in the shelter of the wall, to the side of the courtyard opposite the great gate. Here was less noise, and we placed the ladders against the wall. And all the while we could hear Wulf and the others making a great ado, shouting and battering at the great gate. So we quietly climbed the wall and dropped down into the inner courtyard, and so creeping in the shadow of the wall came almost to the gate of the castle, where the defenders were massed, while noise as of a besieging army came from without the gates. And we lay quiet beneath the wall and watched.

For we knew now that we were lost beyond a doubt. There were full three times as many men in the castle as we had counted on; Normans all, as I judged from their speech, sturdy knaves, and well armed; and stranger yet, their leader was not thin, scowling Hugh, with his wolf's snarl, but a great knight, with a voice like a trumpet blast, towering high above the tallest of his men.

"St. George!" I whispered, Squire Roger lying next me; "What knight is he?"

"Bertrand of Auvray," he told me; "And, as I live, we are no better than dead men; I saw him at Rouen in a passage-at-arms. None stood against him there, and, in truth, they said he was the best knight in all France; he has been at the Holy Sepulchre——" he stopped to take breath for further praises, but I interrupted him.

"Where then is Hugh?" I asked, for the suddenness of it all had put my head in a whirl. Roger only grunted something that I did not hear; but then the whole thing came to me: Hugh had gone, as indeed we had heard that he meant to do, to wed the Norman lady to whom he had been betrothed for the last three years; meanwhile he had persuaded this Bertrand of Auvray to hold his castle for him, and, that we might rush on our own destruction and the more effectually undo our house, he had deceived us into this attack. The device was, as the matter stood, in a fair way to succeed. The only thing that seemed to lie open for our decision was whether we should go on and die fighting, or go back owning ourselves baffled. And even while I weighed the matter in my mind, this was settled for us, for looking back we saw a band of men moving along in the shadow of the wall between us and our ladders.

With a great shout I drew my sword, and we all rushed head-foremost into the knot of men who were

drawn up by the gates. So sharp and unlooked for was our onset that, though they were many times our number, they drew back so that in the first rush we won almost to the gate; yet a second charge, and we pushed further in among them, and I was close to the gate. I turned my back to the fight and began to undo the bolts. Our men at my back saw what I would do, and gave me space, and a moment's time. It was scarce enough, for out of the tail of my eye as I drew the last bolt, I saw that but two of the little band behind me still fought. I flung the gates open and my men rushed in, just as Bertrand of Auvray made towards me through the press.

Swiftly I turned to face him, parrying as I could the strokes of his great sword. Around us raged the general fight, the men of Queen's Rest, unequal as they were in numbers, holding their own for the time, though I knew that that time must needs be short. I had never fought with the like of Sir Bertrand, unbelievable in strength, tireless, swift. Yet at last he gave place a little; enough to make me press him harder still; there were but seven left of my men, but the defenders were now likewise few, and there might be hope. More and more fiercely I pressed Bertrand, but he seemed firmer now than before he had given way; firmer, and fighting with stern, upflung face, teeth set, and nostrils wide. His blows fell in quick, tireless lightnings; yet after an age of battle he fell back once more, and I counted four of my men fighting in a ring of foes; I pressed him hard, strained every power to the utmost, for there was little time now. Blow after blow—met and returned; should I ever ride out from Queen's Rest again of a May morning? He aimed one fearful blow, missed, and then my sword swung high into the air, and fell with my last strength in the blow; and it cleft, in falling, helm and head so that he fell dead at my

feet. And I, stopping not to draw out my sword, took up a great battle-axe that some dead man had let fall, and went to help Wulf where he alone of all our Queen's Rest men, kept up the fight. The sky eastward behind the castle was wan now with dawnlight, the Tower black against it. Then even as I struck the first blow, I saw Wulf totter and fall. Right and left I struck about me with the great axe, for they were few indeed now, when without warning a blow from behind crashed down on my helmet and I fell, as it seemed, into endless depths of night.

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I opened my eyes to see in the half light Sir Lancelot of the Lake, all clad in shining mail, stopping to greet the Lady Guinever; around her as she rode were many maidens, green-clad, and one singing; about them were flowers and birds, and the spring sunlight shone through the young green of the branches of a great wood. How I had come there I knew not, but I guessed that I had won to that Avalon, whereof many fair songs have been sung, and I was well content to lie at ease and let the world go its way, though I, a simple knight, and, moreover, one defeated should win thither I could not think. I closed my eyes for a moment, and then opened them to see what other goodly company filled that sunlit wood. And this time I saw a long, narrow casement, with waving green without, against the spring blue and within a lady who sang softly while some work lay idle in her lap—work that lay along her white gown in a stream of colour, green, and gold, and purple, and red, all mixed and blended wonderfully. Against this her hands lay, white and slim; her hair, the darkest I have ever seen, fell in two long braids, and the long lashes of her lowered eyelids swept her cheek. For a while I lay and gazed at her as I had at those others, wondering dimly who of

all storied ladies she might be—Oriana, Aude, Iseult? I heard the words of her song—

In my heart's still garden  
Sprang roses red;  
Love was my heart's warden  
Till summer fled—  
Fled and left the roses  
Mere withered leaves;  
Now as daylight closes,  
Love sits and grieves.

As she finished, she sighed and bent over her work. I looked about me once more, and, turning, saw Lancelot and the fair queen still standing as before; then dimly I realised that I was in a high, dark-walled room, and that knight and queen were but figures in a fair tapestry. I turned quickly lest the latter vision should prove likewise some sick fancy, but she still sat before the casement singing softly as she worked. So, content, I closed my eyes and must have slept, for when I opened them again the sunset shone red through the casement, and the lady was gone; then I heard footsteps and a faint rustle of trailing garments, and she stood beside me, looking down at me.

"Art better?" she asked softly after a moment.

"Yea!" I answered, and then was fain to close my eyes for very weakness, so had my strength left me.

"Your shoulder was hurt," she went on, "and there was a great wound, an axe blow, as I think, on your head——" Her voice quivered with a faint note of horror.

"But where am I? How came I here?" I asked, remembering that I had no idea where I might be.

"Do you remember that you came against Hugh of the High Wood at the New Tower?" she asked; "you and your men? You filled all the courtyard with cries and weapons and blood——" She put her hands before her face as though to shut out a memory, "and when I dared look down once more at sunrise—ah, I shall never forget it!—but I and my maids went out, and brought in such as lived; you only have we saved, the



rest were hurt past cure. Oh, why will you do these things?" she cried. "Surely it had been better for them to live! In this glad springtide, too! See," she pointed to the window, "it is almost May! Dost think they did not love life? All of them, your men and ours, and that great knight of France?" She was silent and I saw the tears glittering in her eyes; I tried to speak to thank her for her care, but my voice failed me; she bent over, and fed me slowly from the dish of broth she had brought. Then I tried once more to speak, but she stopped me with cool fingers laid against my lips, and then passed out like the sunshine; and I lay and watched the fading light, and thought of the goodly company who had fought in the courtyard, and could never see the Maytime again. Somehow I had never thought of it so before!

Thus thinking, I fell asleep, and next morning was awake ere she came to me bringing with her all the sweetness of the spring morning.

"I am better," I told her as she bent over me; and then, because I had been wondering not a little, now that my senses were come back to me, I asked:

"And you? I knew naught of a lady at the New Tower."

"I am Hugh's sister," she answered simply; "and now you must not try to talk; I will tend your wounds, and give you something to eat, for you are weak—weaker than you think, indeed."

I did as she bade me and did not speak; truly, I had enough to think of! Sir Hugh's sister? What had I heard or dreamed that the words brought back to me? Beyond doubt I knew that in the five years since I and my father (while he lived) had held Queen's Rest so hardly, there had been no sister of Hugh's at Queen's Rest. And yet—and yet—what was it that I could dimly remember hearing when newly come home from my life as a page at court?

Whatever old, dim, memory was there was overlaid by the doings of those years of strife and, in my weakness, I must perforce let it go; only it haunted me like some unlaidd ghost, and I think I sighed, for the lady who bent over me ceased her gentle tendance for a moment, and gave me a sip of wine, bidding me rest meanwhile.

Afterwards I lay long, trying in vain to call back that old tale. When I opened my eyes again, the afternoon sun was beginning to creep into the casement, and she was sitting there with her work; I must have slept, for more of my strength had come back.

"Sir Hugh's sister——" I mused aloud, and she looked up at the words. "Is it not many a year since you were at the New Tower?"

"I have never been at the New Tower before," she said quietly.

"Then 'tis seven years at least that you have been away," I cried, "for 'twill be so long, come this St. John's Day, since Hugh came here."

"'Twas seven years on Monday since I last saw the High Wood," she said; "and on that Monday I came hither to find my brother away, and a strange knight in the New Tower; then as though my welcome were not already cold enough, you must needs come that very night and add strife and bloodshed to loneliness! Art not ashamed?"

"Ashamed?" I cried, for it both hurt and angered me that she should reproach me. "Ashamed? Whose blame is it? Did I not think your brother here, and come to fight out our quarrel fair and knightly? Did I know aught of this French knight or of you? The shame be on him who set the trap for us, as he has set many another. Good sooth, I am sorry that you have come home to a house of wounds and bloodshed, and yet more that you have had aught of care in tending me. Indeed, if you put me without your gates even now, I doubt not but——" here my

strength failed me, and I sank back ere I could finish the foolish and ungrateful boast I would have made.

But she, wisest and kindest, as well as fairest, of all ladies I have known, only bent over me, and fed me like a child from the bowl of broth that a waiting maid brought in, and said no word till she had finished. Then she laid her hand on my brow, and said softly:

"You must lie quiet, Sir Richard, and in a little you will be riding out again in the May weather, with your wound forgotten." Then she went to her place at the sunlit window, and took up the many-coloured work; and after a while she sang softly and, as I thought, happily to herself, while I lay and tried to remember an old story that ever escaped me; and then o'erwearyed, thought not at all, but only gazed at her wondrous fairness till I fell asleep.

Three weeks longer I lay in that upper chamber at the New Tower, and day by day my strength came back, though but slowly; for my wounds had been very deep, and, but for that lady, as skilful as fair, I should have died miserably in the court of the New Tower, and the old quarrel between our houses would have ended as Hugh meant that it should; for my father, dying a year before, had left me sole heir, and there was none of our line to follow me; no doubt but the king would have given the manor to Hugh, who had deserved it well of him. Turning these things over in my mind put me in a fever to be up and doing once more, for well I knew that Hugh would not stay in France forever, but would be home in good time to take his vengeance while the time was ripe. But my haste only wrought fresh harm, for, essaying to walk to the window, one day while my nurse was out, I fell and opened my wound afresh, so putting all back and making a bad matter worse. And all that weary time the lady of the New

Tower tended me with skill and patience so great that I could have worshipped her. One day, the third after my misadventure, she was sitting at the casement with her work, singing meanwhile for my pleasure that half sad little song that had been on her lips when she had first made festival for mine eyes. And suddenly we heard below a great noise in the courtyard, and a voice that I knew well shouting out orders.

We waited silently, and a moment later Hugh of the High Wood stood in the doorway looking into the quiet room, where the afternoon sun lay in a broad stream across the colours of the tapestry in his sister's hands. I saw her face grow pale as she rose to greet him.

"What welcome have you for me, brother?" she asked, tremulously, ere he could conquer his wrath so as to speak; "I have been away a many weary years."

"Scant welcome, so you bring this fellow here," he snarled. "Why is he not in the dungeon, or, better still, on the gallows?"

"He was wounded," she answered half-carelessly, "and I, thinking no harm, tested my skill on him; but now that you are here——" the rare smile that I had learned to know finished her sentence.

"Now that I am here I will make short work of him!" he cried. "But that is not all. How do I know that you are indeed that little maid who was lost seven summers ago? All thought that you were drowned in the Black Mere, and now you come again, no one knows whence. Tell me or——"

What threat he would have made I do not know, nor did I hear then the story that she had to tell, for she stopped him ere he could finish.

"Come away, brother," she said softly; "this is no story for strange ears; come with me, and I will give you all proof you can ask!"

He went out with her half-unwillingly and with backward glances that

boded no good for me. Once they were gone I staggered to my feet, for I knew that unless I could call up sudden strength the end was come; but I fell back on the low couch, lost for a moment all sense of things, and came back only to hear Hugh's voice in the door:

"Yea, I am satisfied, and most glad that you are returned to us; 'tis a strange story!"

Then she passed before him into the room, and I saw her face knit into a maze of thought; then she turned to the scowling man behind her, and waved her hand gaily towards me.

"And will you give me half his ransom?" she asked; "faith, I have earned it, for but for my nursing he had been meat for the kites."

"But that 'twill pleasure me to see him die a dog's death," he told her. "I should chide you that you did not let him die where he fell; as to his ransom, 'twould be paltry at the best, and I ever put vengeance above gain. He shall hang ere sunset!"

"Hang, brother? A knight?" The horror in her voice was real, and her face, half turned towards me, was white. "Oh, you cannot, you will not. I cannot think that you will slay him! See," she turned towards me, drawing his gaze perforce with her own, "see, he is weak, wounded, at your mercy! Oh, deal knightly by him as, I am assured, he would deal by you. There has been enough of bloodshed between our houses; let there be peace now! See, I beg of you on my knees to grant him life. He is helpless, his wounds not healed; it is your own honour I beg, for it would be foul shame on our house to slay him now. Ah, brother, if only for my sake grant me this!"

She was kneeling, looking up into his face, and saw, as I did, the yet blacker shade that fell over it. When he spoke his voice was like the snarl of a wolf.

"So that was why you saved him and let Bertrand of Auvray die! The

best knight in Christendom let die on the stones, while a whining dog like this lies in my lady's chamber waited on soft-footed, and tended as though he were Arthur and Lancelot in one! To please you, forsooth, because you love the enemy of us all, I am to let him go! Nay," and he swore a fearful oath, "hang he shall, and that ere sunset!"

She lifted her white face again, pleading so that even I who knew him wondered that he should deny her.

"Oh, brother," she said, "and I have offended you in aught, punish me. Truly, Sir Bertrand was past any tending when he fell, for his head was cleft in twain; otherwise, blithe had I been to use my skill in the service of so good a knight. And for what else you accuse me of, I swear that this knight, Sir Richard, has been as far from offering me love as I have been from giving him mine unsought; there has been no word of dalliance between us, but such talk only as might be between any gentle knight and lady, who, being enemies, may yet be full of courtesy. Ah, brother, keep him at least till his wounds be healed, and then decide your quarrel, by battle if it must be so, but at least let him die knightly, as he has fought."

"He shall hang!" he growled, "and you, if you would escape a convent cell, speak not for him again. Out!" He pointed to the door.

Then she turned, white and wrathful, and faced him without fear.

"Ay, drive me out," she cried; "drive me and all others out ere you dishonour our name and our blood; for very shame think, think twice, ere you, a knight, do this villainy to knighthood. Where are your vows, where is your honour? To set on one man, weak, wounded, unarmed, here in your own hold were disgrace enough; but to hang that man, and he a knight, were black shame. That you dare do it, I know; and that you would slay or imprison



me, your sister, I know; but remember this: that times change and kings change! How will you answer for this villainy when the Count of Anjou rules in England?" Without a word more she passed out, and left him standing in a maze of fear and hate.

"Witch! Devil!" he cried. "You shall suffer for this!" Then he turned to me in a blaze of fury. "Out!" he cried; "the dog of Anjou shall indeed howl for you in vain, but shall make no weapon of you against me. Though I may not hang you, you shall starve alone on the hill, food for kites, as surely as if you had hung on my gallows; and none may gainsay me when I put whom I choose out of my hold. Out, ere I slay you!" He pulled me from the bed, and I faced him, swaying drunkenly.

"Your sister?" I gasped; "I will not leave her to your deviltry."

"If sunset finds you within these walls," he made answer, "I will slay her with my own hands. Wilt go?"

"Aye!" I sobbed, broken as I was, and then, as he flung out of the room, dropped sick at heart upon the pallet where I had lain for three weeks, unknowing, in Heaven, and prayed that I might die quickly, and that she had not come to love me as I did her.

Then a gray-bearded servitor came in with coarse raiment and put it on me, and took me out of the castle and across to the side of the river opposite Queen's Rest, and there left me. The country here was desert for miles, laid waste all in the late wars, and there was neither food nor shelter for many leagues. So I lay down, not far from the river bank, where I could at least see the walls wherein she dwelt. And then weakness and the pain of my wounds brought back the dark.

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It was night, with a high wind and only here and there a star when I

came back to life and to the touch of soft fingers on my aching wound. Sir Hugh's sister was bending over me, and wonder of wonders, was singing softly and not unhappily; what miracle was this? I did not speak for very fear lest I break some dream, till at last she spoke softly:

"Art stronger now?" she asked. "Nay, do not speak yet, but let me raise you ever so little, and drink this." She put a cup to my lips, and I drank therefrom a cordial so wondrous that in a moment new life seemed to come back to me; the cold that had chilled my limbs was gone, and the weakness that had made all things seem but dreams was gone with it.

"I am sound even now," I said, rising to my feet, and standing firmly before her, glad in spite of fears.

She gave a low laugh of delight.

"'Tis a wondrous cordial," she cried; "but I have yet another medicine for you, and one no less to your taste."

Then she showed me lying near by a fair suit of armour; even in that faint light it shone silvery, and so fine were the links that it slipped softly as Eastern silk through my fingers. I cried out for joy as I went over it piece by piece and found all perfect; no king in Christendom wore mail as fair.

"I will be your squire, if you will put it on," she said; and straightaway I was clothed in that goodly armour, and over it a surcoat wrought with rich figures.

"Is naught lacking?" she asked, as I stood, clothed in her gift, and strengthened by her tending.

"Naught," I answered, truthfully, "for which I, unworthy, dare ask."

"Nay!" There was a hint of laughter in her asking voice. "Nay? I should have said that a good charger should be found for so fair a knight. The moor is wide and very desolate!"

"I shall find a way," I told her, yet not altogether as hopefully as I could have wished.

"No need!" Then she gave a strange little call, and a great horse came out of the night and stood beside her, with its noble head against her breast, gazing at me with wide, faithful eyes.

"'Tis your master, Aldebaran!" she said to the great, gentle creature as she gave me the bridle reins; then to me, as I stood in wonder: "Wilt not mount him? He is yours." Then as I still hesitated: "Wilt not do so much for me?"

I swung into the saddle, and sat there utterly amazed; she, meanwhile, was busied with something on the ground; at last she gave me a packet.

"Here is food," she said, "and wine, and more of the cordial that I gave you; but of that, take no more than seven drops, and that only in utter need. And now, eye you set out, I have yet one more gift, the best of all, for it is for the lack of whereof all these others might be useless, so heed me well! Henry of Anjou is King in England!"

I could not speak, so did joy that my enemy was crushed, and sorrow that I must part from this, my enemy's sister, fight within me.

"Art not glad?" she asked; "Twas little more than a chance blow when I spoke so to Hugh. Yet, but two hours after they cast you out, came this word by a swift rider, and so Hugh must needs go softly till he sees his way more clearly; thus it was that he had scant time to watch me." She laughed again low and happily, and I could bear no more; I lighted down from the horse and knelt at her feet.

"I love you," I cried; "I love you! So you will come with me to London, I will go and that blithely, and for you will I do right knightly as long as I live. But failing your love 'twould have been better you had left me here to die; for you send me forth into the world as into a desert, lacking the bread and wine of my soul, and in that waste you bid me wander unarmed, with wounds un-

tended and unhealed. I will go if you so will, for body and soul are yours, but 'tis even so that I must go if you withhold your love." In the darkness I heard her laugh a little, sob a little, try to speak and falter; then I rose up, glad of the strength she had given me, and took her in my arms and she said no word of denial. Then after a moment she drew away from me and spoke.

"Do you truly love me?" she asked; and then, when I would have held her once more, she put out her hands and I took them and held them at my lips while she went on: "I must tell you all; all that I told Hugh. You know they thought me drowned in the Black Mere. But that spring day I was carried away into Faery, and there have I been these seven long years; there they taught me all healing arts, and gave me that cordial whereof you made proof to-night. And when the seven years were over they let me come back that I might see flesh and blood once more, and they told me this: that I must let none kiss my lips, for then would I forget all my life with them, and might never win back to that land; that I might bring with me a knight, if he desired to come for love of me; and that I might have meanwhile three gifts of their giving. So this night have I taken my three gifts that I might make all safe for you; and now, I may if I choose, go back whence I came, for you have not yet kissed my lips; and you may go with me if so be that you love me enough. Indeed, I have often thought that I would fain return; for there is neither strife nor bloodshed, but all the land lies quiet among deep hills, with four fair rivers flowing into a calm sea; and summer heat nor winter cold may not blight it, but always 'tis May time. A place of soft singing and sweet flowers, a forgetful land, where there is no strife, nor the memory of any sorrow; where love need not end in weeping. And it is for you and me to choose whether

we shall go there or stay here, where there is naught but strife and parting." When she had finished I stood silent a while, weighing many things, then at last:

"Naught but strife and parting?" I said slowly. "Yea, many things! Many things most fair! Knightly honour and loyalty; true love such as ours; sorrow, whereby we are made fitter for joy; work for us all; God's battles to be fought, this land so waste and desolate to be made fair; this people so oppressed to be delivered. Ah sweet, though your land of Faery be so goodly, is not this of England more in need of men?"

"Then you love me not!" Her voice shook all my heart, and made my thought of duty seem an unworthy thing. "Remember that if I go back to Faery I shall see you no more, for I may come back no more; and I must there forget all this our love, for there is no sorrow remembered. I shall be happy—happy—and you, alone!" I bowed my head on my hands and the great waters went over my soul ere I spoke again.

"I love you! I love you!" I cried in despair, because I saw what I must bear so clearly; "I love you! and shall through all the ages; and you

must think me but a churl, who, having taken all things at your hands, can leave you for a dream—a dream of this dear land at peace, quiet and secure; of this waste a place of fields and gardens. Perchance I shall never see it, but I may not give up the fight. And you, oh sweet, since you cannot come with me, as, indeed, I dare not urge you, knowing the world whereinto I go, go back to the good land of forgetfulness and peace; and would that I, like Arthur, might win there, when my work is done! So till that day, farewell!"

Then I did off that goodly armour, and laid it on the steed's back, and so, without the fairy gifts, I came to my lady where she stood silent, looking earthward; and I took her hands and, kneeling, bowed my forehead on them, and said one prayer, and then, being too heavy of heart to speak, rose up to go on my way.

Yet had I not gone ten paces when she was at my side and her hands sought mine. I stopped and faced her as she stood trembling and trying to speak, then divining what she would have said, I took her in my arms and kissed her lips. Then I did on the fair armour and set her before me on the great steed, and we rode away towards London.





# THE ART OF ART RESTORATION

BY E. J. PHILLIPS

IN the consideration of relative value of service to humanity, the artist runs the biographer and historian a close race. Architecture, sculpture, and the graphic arts have all enriched man's store of knowledge, and advanced world-wide culture and refinement. The world hails as great the man or woman who contributes the best thought that is in them, and in some manner strives to create an object of art that will survive the all too brief span of mortality.

One of the great misfortunes is that the relentless process of dissolution, so inseparable from all material things, has conspired with every common disaster to defeat the highest ambitions of genius toward perpetuity. Thus many priceless art treasures, as viewed in the light of to-day, have succumbed to fire or flood or neglect, or have been ruthlessly destroyed by the ignorant in quarrels, personal and national, the very detail and cause of which have long ere this been completely forgotten. Yet, from the fragments that remain, it may sadly be judged of what infinitely greater value the objects destroyed might have proved.

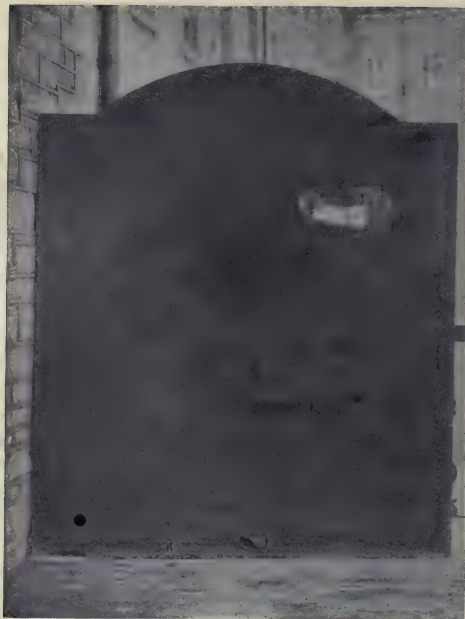
The careful preservation of art treasures is a debt humanity will ever owe to her men of genius, and in recognition of this fact, the work of art restoration plays an important part, for its aim and ambition is to repair the ravage of time and accident, and keep ever fresh the revelations of genius.

The practice of restoring and

cleaning oil and tempera paintings, water-colours and valuable prints has been recognised as a legitimate branch of the fine arts. Work of this nature is being done in Canada at the present time, thus focusing public attention upon a most valuable, though little understood, accomplishment. Mr. J. Purves Carter, an English artist, with an extensive record in this line, has restored a portion of the collection of paintings that is the property of Laval University, Quebec, and the comparing of the illustrations of some of these paintings, "before and after," may serve to adorn this review of the restorer's work, and possibly point the moral.

The real need of careful preservation of art collections may be said to be an idea of recent growth, as compared with the centuries of art production. The first definite record of professional restoration in England was in the early Victorian era. A portrait of Richard II., hanging in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, originally painted about the year 1300, was successfully restored by Mr. Henry Merritt, who obtained the appointment of official restorer to the Royal collections. At the time of its discovery, this panel was covered by another painting in oil, of much less historical value than the original. When it is considered how few portraits of notable men prior to the Renaissance are in existence, the true value of this gift to posterity may be appreciated.

Signor Raffaele Pinti, official



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT. BY VAN LOO  
BEFORE RESTORATION

restorer to the National Gallery, under Sir Charles Eastlake, was a great artist and antiquarian, and was responsible for the formation and preservation of many of the important art collections in England. He was a large contributor to the South Kensington Museum, where many masterpieces and specimens of rare antiquity from foreign countries are due to his work.

Sir Frederick Burton succeeded Sir Charles Eastlake as director of the National Gallery, and under his direction, the first complete and definite plan of restoration was accomplished. The application of glass to preserve pictures was first made about this time. Sir Frederick Burton was a gentleman of deep learning in antiquity and art, as well as an eminent painter, and the great im-

portance of complete precaution in the way of restoration and preservation, seems to have deeply impressed his mind.

The National Gallery is celebrated for the present beautiful condition of its pictures, but previous to the 'seventies, many of its valuable examples were in a most delapidated condition, dingy, undecipherable, and covered with the grime of many years. The pictures in the Louvre and other art galleries of Europe may be said to have been almost totally neglected. The marked improvement thus accomplished in the National Gallery was quickly followed by similar work in the art centres of the Continent, and, coincident with this, the many private collections in England were brought into desirable condition. This work is now



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT, BY VAN LOO

AFTER RESTORATION

considered an inseparable adjunct to the collecting and care of art treasures, and has been followed by many precautions to insure safety from destruction most valuable collections being now housed in fire-proof buildings.

Signor Raffæle Pinti died in 1881, but his art has been continued by Mr. Carter, who was his pupil and assistant for many years.

A glance at the illustrations will give the reader an idea of results

accomplished. The altar piece, "La Sainte Famille," also called "The Repose in Egypt," by Van Loo, 1705-1765, was found after the disastrous fire, which occurred in Laval Seminary Chapel some nineteen years ago, to have been badly burned and blistered, and so discoloured as to be almost unrecognisable. It was also torn, as the "before" illustration plainly indicates. The first thing to be done was to take off inch by inch the old back lining, which had been





PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE  
BEFORE RESTORATION

put on before the painting left France. This ultimately accomplished and the large hole bridged, the question was how to move the picture in its charred condition to place it on the new canvas. The difficulty was overcome by the restorer making two canvas frames of the same size, and getting the picture between them sandwich-like, so that it could be turned up and down. When the new canvas was ready, with a wet preparation spread upon it, which was to fasten the back of the altar piece, it could then be slid off the large stretching frame onto the new canvas without touching it with the hands, and afterwards pressed with heavy, hot irons and made perfectly flat and smooth, and ready for the next step in its restoration, which was the cleaning of it.

When this was reached a new difficulty arose, as the painting had accumulated the smoke and grease from the altar candles of some hundred and fifty years. This had been varnished from time to time, and was now baked by the intense heat from the fire, and formed a thick, dense layer of black bituminous matter, which entirely concealed the painting. To remove this, it required constantly dampening with preparations and careful scraping—the scrapings resembling so much pitch. Gradually the beautiful work began to come to light again, and, with patient and watchful labour, all the colours were brought out in their pristine charm, so that at last the painting has assumed, as near as age will permit, its original state, and truly a work of the greatest beauty



PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE  
 AFTER RESTORATION

and poetry. The composition is magnificent. The group of the "Holy Family" is entirely lighted by the light emanating from the Divine child Jesus, as He reposes in ecstasy on the arm of the Blessed Virgin, and receives the light of the Holy Spirit and the Eternal Father and the Angelic Host.

Much the same elaborate process has to be followed in many cases of restoration, and it may readily be understood that infinite patience is an asset absolutely indispensable to one who would essay such a difficult task.

The portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1769-1830, and President of the Royal Academy, is an admirable example of almost magical recovery of lost beauty. This is a canvas thirty-four inches high

and twenty-eight inches wide, and is a life size, small three-quarter length. She is dressed in white and wears a scarlet scarf. Lawrence painted many portraits of Mrs. Siddons, who, it scarce need be mentioned, was one of England's greatest actresses.

Much of the serious import of a painting may be lost, owing to its poor condition, as is shown by a study of the "Crucifixion," by Nicholas Poussin, before restoration. The figure of Mary Magdalene at the foot of the cross was found to be quite obliterated. The restored picture reveals an exquisite work. Nicholas Poussin was a French artist, on whom Sir Joshua Reynolds bestowed the highest ecomiums, comparing him to the immortal Raphaël. The original documents clearly prov-



THE CRUCIFIXION. ATTRIBUTED TO POUSSIN  
BEFORE RESTORATION

ing the authenticity of this painting have recently been discovered in the archives of the Hotel Dieu, at Quebec.

The total number of paintings so far restored at Laval is eighty out of an entire collection of some four hundred works. It may be a matter of interest to many to learn how it came about that such a valuable collection of antique art should find its way to Canada. At the time of the French Revolution many priceless paintings were rescued from destruction in Paris from the Royal Palaces and churches by Monsieur l'Abbe Desjardins, who was then Vicar General of Paris, and lived for some years in Quebec during the Revolution. Large numbers of the rarest religious and historical works were sent over from France, and to-

day, after more than a century, the Province of Quebec, finds itself heir to many priceless masterpieces. The authorities of Laval are now reconstructing a modern fire-proof art gallery and museum, and at an early date will possess a shrine of antique and modern art equal, if not superior, to any on the continent.

The humorous side of the restorer's art is told in the story of the before and after pictures, from what proved to be a half of a painting by Andrea del Sarto. The complete picture, doubtless, originally represented a mythological group, Mars, Venus, Cupid, and the two dogs of war held in leash. This lower half of the masterpiece is in the possession of Mr. John F. Gleeson, an art collector, who resides in St. John, N.B. Before the picture was cleaned, only





THE CRUCIFIXION. ATTRIBUTED TO POUSSIN  
AFTER RESTORATION

the boy and centre dog were visible. The balance of the picture was a painted-in background in dark brown. The cleaning process was commenced at the lower left hand corner of the canvas, and judge of the restorer's surprise when the outlines of a foot came into view. After much labour the picture was duly revealed, and it was seen that the ruthless hand of some destroyer had cut the original in half. It is understood that the only other del Sarto on this continent is in the collection of Mrs. George L. Bradley, of Washington.

One may indulge in endless speculation as to the reason for this van-

dalism, but it is only on a par with much crime of a similar nature that has robbed this and succeeding generations of many masterpieces.

With this thought in mind it is a cause for congratulation that able artists are labouring patiently to repair such dissolution and damage to antique art as they may.

The work being done in England, the United States, and Canada is an actual example of the great benefit the world is deriving from the labours of truly skilful art restorers. That this labour of love in the cause of better art is to be most highly commended will be the unanimous verdict of all thoughtful persons.

# ON THE RIFLE RANGE

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

"NO, I'm not an Englishman," said Corporal Maddox, snapping out an empty shell and laying his rifle down carefully on a clump of dry heather. "I'm from the Canadian North-West."

He threw himself down beside his rifle, and, producing a bulldog briar, thanked me for a match. He puffed in silence for a minute, his far-seeing gray eyes fixed seaward, embracing an expansive sweep of channel, from which the belching smoke of several steamers, crowded with pleasure-seekers from Liverpool, Blackpool and Dublin, shot upwards, the chug chug of their paddles sounding rhythmically distinct in the stillness of the summer afternoon.

The smoke of recent rifle fire lay heavily about us, mingling pungently with the waftings of coarse tobacco from the clays and briars of some seventy recumbent men, the satisfying scent of my own cigar and the faint aroma of a Turkish cigarette which Fred Stansbury, the captain of the assembled company, was lazily puffing into rings; his upturned, clear-cut profile silhouetted cameo-like against the gorse strewn heather of the moor-land, whilst the clarion notes of the last bugle command, "Cease firing," still hung in the air, recalling the "marking" squad from the rifle butts, their returning steps crunching the heather, and their rumbling chatter growing each moment more distinct.

Castletown, where stood the tiny barracks of my detachment, lay two miles behind us, whilst below us,

fringing the beach, reposed that gayest of all summer resorts, Douglas, whose floating population carried from the ports of Western England, Scotland and Ireland, has been roughly estimated at some twenty thousand souls a day, going and coming in one endless stream.

My regiment was stationed at Pembroke Docks, on the Welsh coast, and my own particular company was doing detachment duty at Castletown, situated pleasantly, as everybody knows, in the Isle of Man.

My duties in this quiet post were far from light, the only other officer of the company being a married man, who took full advantage of his seniority by relegating to me the irksome daily drills, instruction and inspections; his wife and social duties claiming the greater part of his attention and throwing me for want of society more or less on my own resources.

My daily contact with them had resulted in my taking a more than passing interest in the men and more especially in the corporal at my side, whose voice and general bearing bespoke a vague superiority. He had been but lately drafted to the company and kept himself, I noticed, strangely aloof from his fellows, and it was distinctly with the view of learning something of him that I had drawn him into conversation this afternoon; the free and easy military etiquette of the rifle range permitting me to unbend and, in the periods of rest, indulge in social intercourse.

"The Canadian North-West?" I

ventured at last, interrupting his reverie and anxious to draw him out. "That must be a big, wild country."

"I should say it was, sir," he replied, lying back on his elbow and preparing to give me his undivided attention. "A big country, a wild country, and a country to be proud of. You've never been through there, sir, I suppose?"

"No, I have never had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic and have read nothing of the country. I have been observing you since you joined the company," I acknowledged, "and wondered what could have driven you to enlist."

"Well—er—er you see—er," he stammered, and his brows contracted to a frown. "That is—er——"

"Oh, I know it is none of my business," I broke in hastily. "You have private reasons no doubt, and I have no desire to force your confidence. I naturally felt a little curious about you, that is all."

"Thank you, sir," he said, the frown relaxing, "I know you take an interest in the men and the men like to know it. Maybe you'd like to hear where I came from and what brought me here? To enlist in the army, I mean," he added hastily.

"Very much, indeed," I assured him. "I should like to hear something of a wild country like that. We know little of the great Northwest over here."

"So I believe," said Corporal Maddox, his gaze again turned seaward. "Except for sport not many like you would think of going there. Folks don't go there much for pleasure, sir."

"And I suppose there is plenty of game there still?" I ventured.

"Plenty, sir," he said, his hands clasping his knees and a now idle pipe. "Plenty for those who like rough shooting, but, of course, the people in the States are finding out what a great country it is and are coming across by the thousands now, so I guess the game won't last long.

When civilisation comes in any game worth having has to go, I've noticed, and things are booming up in that country right now. Maybe you think it strange that I should have hiked out now that the boom is on, and maybe it is, but if it be so as you'd care to listen, sir, I'll tell you why." I assured him that nothing would please me better, and, stretching myself comfortably, begged him to proceed.

"My father," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his briar against his rifle stock, "my father was a New Englander, born in the State of Massachusetts, and was of old Puritan stock; a hard-shelled Baptist, and had only two opinions about everything—right and wrong. There was never nothing between. He was a man that kept to himself, and, tho' you wouldn't think it, was a great one for books.

"The possibilities of the Northwest struck him, I guess, and somehow he drifted that way, along with a cousin of his, and one place being 'bout as good as another in them days, they pitched themselves for good and all at McCleod's Fort, on Peace River, and invested what money they'd brought in cattle.

"Alberta wasn't anything like what Alberta is now, of course, but even then Edmonton was a town, and, being in there for something or other, a trip maybe, they naturally goes to the Baptist Church and meets the women folks.

"Well, they met the girls they married there and took 'em back to McCleod's Fort and made a home. Rough and ready and lonesome it was, there's no use talkin', but still it was a home.

"My mother was Scotch descent and the girl his cousin married was pure French, who'd come with her folks from Montreal, and from what I heard, tho' I never seen her, she was a beauty."

"A rough sort of life for women, I should think?" I ventured, the



corporal having come to a pause to turn and gaze scowlingly to his right. Following his gaze, I could see nothing to excite the malignant expression, save the recumbent figures of men in uniform, and gathered that in my surmise I was mistaken.

"Of course, it was," he agreed. "The roughest kind, and maybe my father and his cousin ought to have known better, but you know what it is, sir, when folks is young and thinks little of what's going to happen.

"In the first year I was born and from what my father told me, they never wanted for nothing, as the land was rich and the placer mining, which they followed after the grain was in, panned out as much gold as maybe would open people's eyes who'd never seen it. Long trips they made for that, going often as not down to where the Loon River joined the lake, and cashing it into a bank that had opened in Fort Vermilion, so that with one thing and another they had things coming their way until five years later his cousin's wife gave birth to a girl, and, being severe that winter, and her health not what it should be, my father made my mother take her and the baby into Edmonton.

"Well, perhaps as you don't know, sir, that was the year of a big epidemic in them parts, brought in by the Indians, and my mother and the cousin's wife took it and died. A terrible thing it was for the two men, being left all alone like that with the two young children on their hands, but they stuck to it and got a squaw to nurse us, and as we grew up my father took it on himself to teach us. I was going on sixteen and my cousin about ten when her father was drowned in the Great Slave Lake, where he'd gone on a hunting and fishing trip with a doctor from Fort au Tremble.

"As was natural, I suppose, sir, growing up together and all that, we was like brother and sister, and it

wasn't till about three years ago, when she was coming on twenty and I was three years younger than I am now, that I began to think different. Though I never knew it then, she was sentimental, and being half French, had, I guess, a Southern temperament. She had grown into a beautiful girl, sir, such as you don't see in the cities; strong and straight as a dart, with a complexion and a mass of wavy black hair that ninety-nine women out of a hundred would sell their souls for, and eyes that you'd never forget if you once looked into them.

"My father, of course, idolised her, and Jeanette (her mother christened here that), Jeanette had only to ask for anything, and no matter what it was we saw that she had it. She never asked for nothing unreasonable, I must allow, but the best that money could buy in the way of clothes and such like was none too good for her, and, though we lived in the wilds, as it were, Edmonton being quite a distance and no other town of any size near, yet I've seen girls what considered themselves high-toned right here and in London, that wasn't a bit better rigged out than what Jeanette was."

"And I suppose you married her?" I suggested, ever prone to see the logical ending of any story I read or heard.

"Well, I'm coming to that, sir," said the corporal impatiently, "but, as a matter of fact, I did. It ain't a love story I'm telling you, and if you'd like to hear me out I think you'll understand how I came to enlist."

Begging his pardon for the interruption and promising not to offend again, I asked him to proceed.

"We was, as I said, sir, like brother and sister, and more often than not, whenever I'd go off hunting after a deer or maybe birds she'd go, too, and as good a shot as you'd meet in a day's march was Jeanette, whether with a rifle or a

shot-gun, it didn't matter. Well, one day, in the fall it was, we'd gone down the river, about half-way to Fort Vermilion, and we was after a deer we'd tracked two miles or more, when just butting through a gap in the river bank he came full tilt towards us.

"Jeanette raised her rifle; you know I always gave her the first shot; and the buck swerved to go back, I guess, when before she had him covered, a shot rang out from across the river and down came Mister Buck, shot clean through the head. I called a "hello" and wondered who was coming to claim the buck, as there wasn't many hunting up in them parts but trappers, and all of them around the country I'd met more or less, and a bit surprised I was to see a feller step out from the bank who I'd met doing some trappin' at odd times, but not much lately, through him working in a livery stable at Edmonton and tendin' bar and such like, and I was wondering what had brought him so far, when out stepped another beside him, and if ever I was astonished in my life, I guess I was when I saw him. I'd seen pictures of fellers huntin' in Europe, in books my father had, and many a good laugh I'd had at their get-up, and there, right in front of me, was the finest picture of the lot.

"He was an elegant lookin' feller, I'll admit, and, though I couldn't help laughing when I saw him for the first time, yet the clothes seemed made for him somehow and him for the clothes."

The "marking" squad falling in to return to the target butts warned me that the period of rest would soon be over, and so I informed the corporal.

"I'll tell you as short as I can, sir," he continued, "as I'd like you to judge if I've done right."

"Well, I hailed him over, of course, to claim the deer, and, naturally, we tried to make him feel at

home. He was English, he told us, and out hunting through the Northwest for pleasure, and had taken the trapper feller from the livery stable to show him some sport.

"We spent the rest of that day together, and when Jeanette asked me if we wouldn't invite him to home for a spell, I naturally saw no harm, and in a day or so he drove over with his baggage and guns from Edmonton on a buckboard. My father made friends with him at once, and took more trouble to make things pleasant for him than I'd known him to do for anyone. He never tired of listenin' to the stranger's talk of Europe and great places and fine people, and from the way he talked you could see he was a swell and knew everything about everybody that was anybody, and I was as much stuck on him myself as what my father and Jeanette was, until one day I found a letter he'd dropped outside the barn. He told us that his name was Stockton, Fred Stockton, and that he was a barrister by profession, and as all his baggage and things were marked with the letters F. S. we never thought to doubt his word, yet when I picked up that letter addressed to another name that wasn't Stockton, I couldn't help thinking that he had reasons maybe for calling himself by a name that wasn't his own.

"It was none of my business, of course, and I slipped the letter into a shooting coat of his that was hanging behind the barn door and never said a word about it to my father or Jeanette, but the name on the letter I've never forgot. It wasn't addressed to no barrister, sir, but to an officer in the army, with the name of the regiment he belonged to, and when I came to study him after that I could see that he had military stickin' out all over him. For nearly a month he stayed with us, and we treated him as one of the family and sometimes we'd all go hunting together, or maybe him and my father

or just him and me, and, of course, we'd always take Jeanette along, and if my father and me was busy he and she would go off alone, and I'd never seen her so happy as she was in those days just then."

The corporal's fingers were embracing his pipe at the moment, and I noticed the stem break suddenly with a crack. He stamped the pieces into the heather with his heel and after an imperceptible pause, brushed his hand across his eyes and went on.

"It was more'n four months after he'd left before it was brought home to us what villains men can be and what things can go on under your very nose when you don't expect it. I was a rough man up there on the Loon River, and maybe to a girl like Jeanette not much to look at, never having shaved my beard or paid any heed to my clothes and such things, and it's them little matters that appeals to girls, sir, before they gets their proper sense, and the comparison between me and Stockton, as he called himself, must have been awful to a girl like what she was. About a month after he went a change seemed to come over her, and as day after day went on she seemed to get more quiet, and I could see that she was losing flesh, and it was then that I found out that it was no brother's feeling that I had for her, but that what was hurting her, whatever it was, was hurting me, too, and one day, four or five months later, I told her, and asked her was I good enough to marry her.

"Was I good enough! Was any man good enough, as I thought then and as I think now; was any man good enough to marry Jeanette? I can't tell you, sir, what she said or how it all came about, but, of course, I wouldn't let it rest until she told me, and she wouldn't have told me, I guess, if she hadn't given up all hope then. He'd promised to come back to her in a week, or maybe two, and to marry her and take her to

Europe, but had begged her to say nothing to her father or me until he'd made the arrangements, knowing we'd take it badly, and, of course, as that seemed reasonable, she believed him.

"A trusting girl like she was, sir, and loving him as she must have done, had no call to know that men can be the blackguards that some of them are, and her temperament being such as it was, I guess she never paused to think, and then, of course, she was as innocent as a child."

The corporal's voice was growing strangely husky, and, begging my pardon, he reached for his canteen and gulped a modest drink.

"I made up my mind to say nothing about Stockton to my father, sir," he continued, "and, knowing but one thing to do, I did it. In the state of mind she was in, poor girl, she had no other way to turn, and I made her let me tell my father that we'd fixed it up long before, and as soon as we could we went over into Edmonton and got married."

"But do you mean to say," I interrupted, "do you mean to say that—er—that—"

"Oh, I know what you're trying to say, sir," broke in Maddox fiercely. "Yes, I did, and any man who knew Jeanette would have done the same.

"The worst of it all was that my father got to know. He was no fool, the old man wasn't, and when he'd got the thing into his mind there was no holding him. Wrong was wrong, he said, and right was right, and we was one as bad as the other, though, of course, he never suspicioned that we'd done it to save her name or that that villain Stockton was mixed up in it in any way. What the old man couldn't understand was why we hadn't got married before, and though he raved and carried on and drove us from the house, I wouldn't let Jeanette tell him; it was bad enough for her without that.

"Well, sir, of course, I'd a good bit of money saved and my father



made me take everything that belonged to me, and whatever money that her father had left, and I took her over into Saskatoon, near the Pasquia Hills, meaning to go down to the grain country later and make a home for her and the child and try and make her forget. Maybe, sir, I had thoughts of winning her love, too, but if so I never let her know it. There wasn't much we had to say to each other, her thoughts being with him, I knew, and maybe loving him all the time, though him a villain, as she knew him to be then. There's no accounting for women, sir, and when they love, they—well—they love; that's all."

The corporal's voice trembled and I could see that the eyes gazing towards the sea were moist and blinking—I touched him on the arm.

"You did what few men would have done, Maddox," I said, more than moved myself. "What you did was noble."

"Noble nothing!" he retorted fiercely. "You didn't know Jeanette, sir, that's all. I've often thought that I hadn't done enough. Maybe if I'd taken her way over into Winnipeg or somewhere where there's a hospital and good doctors, that they might have saved her, but the feller at Saskatoon told me that that wouldn't have made no difference, and maybe it wouldn't, as her heart was broke—and—and—oh, well, sir, what's the use of goin' on. I—I buried her and the child together; his child and her. Yes, sir, right over there in Saskatoon, I—I buried them together."

"When that was over and done with, of course, there was nothing to do but to go back to the old man and try and get him to patch it up and maybe try and get him to go back to the States or something like that, but the break-up of the home had been too much for him, sir, and when I found him, it wasn't at McCleod's Fort I found him, but down in Edmonton in the churchyard."

"Dead!" I exclaimed, astonished.

"Yes, sir—he'd died. Never left a word, he hadn't, about forgiving me or nothing, but—but maybe he knows now, sir, and maybe he's lookin' for me to do what's right. Them things you never can tell, sir; but who knows?"

"And what did you do then?" I asked.

"What was there for me to do but what I've done?" said the corporal, his drawn face now white with tense passion. "I realised on every stick and head of cattle I had and on what the old man left and didn't rest day or night till I'd found him."

"Who? Stockton?" I queried, though I knew that for the determined man beside me there was only one "him."

"Yes, Stockton, as he called himself. I found him, and found that he was a married man all the time, and—and—oh, well, sir, what's the use. It was meant that I should find him, and I have."

"If he's an officer in the army, of course, that would be easy," I ventured, vaguely fearful, I know not why, as to what might befall the other man should the corporal meet him in his present humour. "But you should remember, Maddox, that there are some things that no man must do. I'm no parson, corporal, but the Scripture says, 'Vengeance is Mine,' and, apart from that, as a soldier, your first duty must be to respect the law."

"I've thought of all that, sir," said Maddox, drooping his head almost to his knees, as one who is devout. "And I know, too, that vengeance is arranged in Heaven, but there's instruments used for all things, sir, and I'm an instrument. No, don't tell me all that, sir," he growled, shaking his shoulder free from the hand I had placed there. "It's no use; you didn't know Jeanette, sir! You didn't know Jeanette!"

His head fell forward and the pent-

up sobs shook his frame, and as I leant forward to offer words of sympathy, feeling more than sorry for the confidence I had evoked, the bugle call to "fall in" sounded, and all was bustle around us.

I hooked my sword belt, and, pushing his rifle towards him, bade the corporal to join his squad.

Calling to the bugler to sound "Commence firing," Captain Stansbury approached me, and, twirling up his blonde moustache, exchanged a joking pleasantry.

"Here, what's this man doing?" he queried sharply, as his eye fell on the corporal, recumbent at his feet, apparently lost to his present surroundings and his body shaking with pent up emotion. "Here! Didn't you hear the 'fall in?' Get up!" and to emphasise the command, Fred Stansbury applied his toe sharply to the corporal's boot.

"Jeanette! Jeanette! went ringing down the moorland, as with a hoarse, bellowing cry, the corporal

sprang to his feet, and as Stansbury staggered back, mayhap he realised, for his face went livid, and he tried to draw his sword, but even as he made the feeble attempt at resistance, he must have known it was futile.

Three times the corporal's rifle butt caught the defenceless head, the last blow crushing it to the heather, and, as he turned to wrench himself free from my too-late restraining grasp, I met the eyes of an exultant maniac.

Breaking roughly away, he plunged blindly down the hill, and as I started in pursuit the company to a man joined in the chase, but madness lends wings, and he gained at every step.

At last he stopped, and, raising both arms aloft, called loudly twice, "Jeanette! Jeanette!" then falling to his knees, hungrily mouthed the muzzle of his piece, ran his fingers down its stock towards the trigger, and, as I sprawled heavily to clasp him, the shot rang out.



# THE THEFT OF THE YARDINGTON TROPHY

F. J. DEE AND D. H. DEANE

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR ARTHUR LESLIE, C.B., D.S.O., Major Desmond, Captain Furber, the adjutant, and a few officers of the White Lancers were sitting in the ante-room of the officers' mess, enjoying a smoke and a drink, after a hard morning's work in the saddle, when the door opened, and Brash, the usually imperturbable officers' mess sergeant, stepped into the room. Everyone noticed how pale the man looked and waited eagerly to hear him address the Colonel.

Halting the regulation three paces from the C.O., and without waiting for the Colonel to speak, he gasped out:

"I beg your pardon, sir—but it's gone."

Upon the Colonel's inquiring what had gone, he managed to blurt out the astounding information that the Yardington Polo Trophy, a huge gold cup presented for competition among the Lancer regiments by the Earl of Yardington, himself an old member of the White Lancers, had disappeared from its resting-place in the cabinet, which contained the mess plate, in the dining-room. Everyone in the room, except the Colonel, seemed to have been stunned by the terrible news. Sir Arthur removed the ash from his cigar, and, looking at Brash, a quiet smile hovering on his genial face, remarked:

"You must be dreaming, Brash, or perhaps Major Hunter has had it

sent down to Slocum's, the jewellers, to be cleaned. He was speaking to me of doing so some time ago."

"No, sir," replied Brash; "because the lock of the cabinet is busted open, and Major Hunter told me only yesterday that he had decided not to have the cup cleaned until just before the Old Comrades' Dinner."

Whilst the sergeant had been speaking the Colonel's face had assumed a more serious expression, and when Brash had finished he said, addressing the officers present:

"Gentlemen, Major Desmond, Captain Furber and I will go to the dining-room and see if this thing be true. Probably we can find some explanation of the affair; but in the meantime, keep what you have heard to yourselves. Publicity will not help us in solving the case, if there is a case, and gossip would do the regiment incalculable harm."

So saying, he left the room, accompanied by the officers he had named, leaving the others to discuss the catastrophe from all points. Seymour, the senior subaltern, decided the cup would be found, declaring that it had been cleaned by an over-zealous mess servant but this confident assertion was promptly rejected by all the others, who scented a mystery and looked forward to it as something which would enliven the monotony of barrack life in the sleepy old town of Barchester.

When the Colonel reached the din-



ing-room, a glance at the cabinet revealed that the place usually occupied by the Yardington Trophy was indeed vacant.

Brash, having recovered his self-possession, and feeling very important at being able to make the Colonel listen to what he was saying, showed the injured lock of the door. As a matter of fact, the lock had not been "busted," as Brash had said. The tongue or bar of the lock had simply been sawn through with an exceedingly fine instrument, the door opened, the trophy removed, and the door again closed—appearing as if it had never been tampered with. Nothing in the nature of a clue was visible, not even the small dust which would naturally have fallen from the bar of the lock in the process of sawing; and the most careful search of the room by Major Desmond and the adjutant failed to reveal anything else.

The Colonel at once despatched an orderly to Major Hunter, the mess president, who, on reporting to him and receiving the news, dispelled all hopes by declaring emphatically that he had not sent the cup to be cleaned, nor had he given any order for it to be cleaned by any of the mess servants.

The orderly was again despatched to summon every officer of the regiment to the mess, and Sir Arthur returned to the ante-room, where the officers who had already heard Brash's announcement were anxiously waiting the Colonel's verdict. They were, however, doomed to a long interval of suspense—until the officers had all assembled, and the adjutant had reported:

"All officers present, sir."

The Colonel rose, looking, in his blue serge, well-fitting blue riding breeches, with the familiar double white stripes of the White Lancers and elegant jack-boots and spurs—the very beau ideal of a British cavalry officer. His face wore a look of pain at the misfortune that had befallen his beloved regiment, and the

row of active service ribbons on his left breast bore eloquent testimony to the fact that he had seen much service with them.

For a moment he stood silent, looking over his officers as if he hesitated to break the news. Then his voice broke the stillness, in that tone that could electrify six hundred men on parade, and those officers not already "in the know" surmised that something had happened to upset the "Chief."

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have called you here this morning to tell you that the Yardington Polo Trophy has been stolen. I shall at once apprise Scotland Yard, and in the meantime must ask you to maintain strict secrecy with regard to this unfortunate affair, as, if it should be noised abroad, it will hamper the investigation and do the regiment a lot of unnecessary harm. Of course, it is needless for me to ask you to assist the police to the utmost of your ability, or to impress upon you that the Yardington must be recovered at all costs. That will be all. Thank you, gentlemen."

Picking up his staff cap, crop, and gloves, he added: "Desmond, Hunter, and Furber, I will ask you to meet the Scotland Yard man with me. As soon as he arrives I will notify you when I should like you to come to my quarters. I will wire the Yard at once, and shall expect their man on the seven-forty-five to-night."

He then left the mess and ordering his dog-cart was soon at the Barchester General Post-office, where he handed in the following telegram:

"C. I. D., Scotland Yards, London.

"Despatch man immediately to White Lancers, Barchester. Report me on arrival.

"LESLIE,

Commanding White Lancers, Barchester."

Meanwhile, the ante-room was the scene of much animated discussion; all kinds of impossible theories were aired, debated, and rejected; whilst

in his quarters, in another part of the same building, Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard sat behind locked doors, coolly weighing and appraising the much-talked-of Yardington Polo Trophy.

A little over the five-foot-ten mark, well proportioned, and of soldierly bearing, young Bernard was not the man you would have been connected in any way with "The Great Yardington Mystery," as it afterwards became known. He came of a good family, the Bernards of Rowington, in Cheshire, and had about three years' service to his credit with the White Lancers. A good horseman, well liked by his men, and favourably thought of by his superiors, Bernard had many qualifications to enable him to rise high in his profession. Yet, here he was—with the missing cup in his possession! Sitting in a big lounge-chair, he held the cup thoughtfully between his knees, and smiled broadly as he cogitated upon the commotion its disappearance had caused.

"Well, my beauty, in the words of my esteemed tutor in crime, dear old Rags, I have turned the trick."

So mused this promising young officer, of whom his Colonel had, only the day before, spoken of to the G. O. C. as "a coming youngster, sir; wish I had more like him."

"I can't possibly get leave to run up to town, even for a day or two, but I think I have a little ruse that will throw dust into the eyes of our friend from Scotland Yard."

So mused Bernard. But here his soliloquy was cut short by the sound of spurred boots coming along the corridor. Springing up, and hastily shoving the cup under some cushions in a cosy corner, he just had time to noiselessly unlock the door and throw himself carelessly upon the cushions in the cosy corner, when in came Seymour, the jovial senior subaltern.

"Well, Roddy, how comes it you are not downstairs inventing theories

about the beautiful mystery we are confronted with?"

"My dear Seymour, I have concluded that the Yardington was removed by a much too clever man for me to ever hope to catch, so I am not worrying about it at all. Detective work is not in my line."

"Oh, come, Roddy; I thought this affair would rouse even you out of your wonted calm. Just fancy the dear old Snowbirds (the nickname of the White Lancers in the service) falling a victim to a burglar. The cup must have been lifted right under our very noses, too, for Brash declares it was in the cabinet while we were at breakfast this morning. Oh, well; I suppose it's in town by this, and is probably being melted down by some rascally receiver. But staying here talking nonsense won't get me ready for lunch, so I'll be off to change."

With this, Seymour marched out of the room, and Roddy, immediately locking the door, proceeded to put a little scheme into execution for the safe keeping of the cup, until he could get it into "Rags's" possession. Having completed this and cleared away all signs of his recent employment, Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard rang for his servant and proceeded to change into mufti.

A few minutes before seven o'clock the same evening, clad in the smart blue and white mess dress of the "Snowbirds," Roddy descended to the ante-room, and, ordering a sherry and bitters, joined his brother officers in the all-important conversation concerning the Yardington Trophy.

The entrance of Major Hunter, the senior officer, who dined in the mess (Sir Arthur, being married, of course, dined at home) put a stop to further mention of the great topic, and dinner was then announced.

"The King" had just been toasted, when Brash appeared and whispered to Major Hunter, who rose

and apologised for the abrupt departure of himself, Major Desmond, and Captain Furber, who, he said, were required at the commanding officer's quarters. These officers then left the room.

As it was surmised that their departure was caused by the arrival of the detective, speculation was rife amongst the junior officers as to the probable recovery of the "Yardington." Their sporting instincts being aroused, several bets were placed, one of ten to one in guineas offered by the junior sub. in favour of the recovery of the cup within three months, was promptly booked by Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard.

Sir Arthur Leslie's quarters were situated about five minutes' walk from the mess; and the three officers, who had thrown cloaks over their mess dress, were soon in the presence of their C. O., whom they found in conversation with a short, thick-set man, with a pointed beard, who had evidently expressed a preference for his meerscham to one of the Colonel's cigars, and who favoured them with a quick glance as they were announced by the butler.

Coming forward, the Colonel introduced his visitor as Detective Sergeant Morley, of Scotland Yard.

"Your prompt arrival, gentlemen, relieves me of the necessity of boring Sergeant Morley with further small talk," began the Colonel; "and his reputation is an assurance of his desire to get to business at once."

The detective blew a cloud of smoke, smiled, but made no comment.

"Now Sergeant Morley," the Colonel continued, "the loss of the cup was reported to me by Sergeant Brash, our mess caterer, at about eleven-fifteen this morning, just after our return from work. Brash, I might inform you, has been in the service for years, and the officers have the fullest confidence in him. In the company of the gentlemen now present, I went to the dining-room, and

found the facts to be as Brash had represented them—the bar of the lock sawn through, and the cup gone. Calling my officers together, I communicated the news to those who had not already heard it, enjoined secrecy, and requested them to give the authorities every help towards recovering the trophy. I then wired your headquarters. I felt it necessary to have my senior officers here to meet you; and Captain Furber, the adjutant, represents the single members of the mess. These gentlemen will, I am sure, render you every assistance in their power."

"Very good, sir," replied Morley, continuing to blow great clouds of smoke. "Will you be good enough to give me a description of the cup? The photographs I have seen of the famous 'Yardington' are not sufficiently fresh in my memory to be of much use."

Sir Arthur lit a fresh cigar, and, settling himself comfortably in his huge chair, began:

"The Yardington Trophy was presented by the Earl of that name, on his elevation to the peerage, and consequent retirement from this regiment. It was given for competition amongst the polo teams of the Lancer regiments throughout the service; was won the first two years by the 23rd, who lost it to the "Duke's Own," who retained it only for one year, and who were deprived of it by us. We succeeded in keeping it for three years, whereupon the cup became the property of the regiment. This cup was originally the property of the present Earl's father, to whom it was presented by the Maharajah of Brah Matha for services rendered during the late Earl's vice-regal administration in India. It was of pure gold, standing about fifteen inches high, and being supported by a model of an elephant, whose howdah formed the base of the cup. The Yardington arms were engraved on its front, the lower parts being surmounted by platinum shields, bearing the names



of the regiments by whom it had been won and the date of their victories."

"Very interesting," broke in the detective. "What was its probable value?"

"Its intrinsic value," replied the Colonel, "at a conservative estimate, would be at least four hundred guineas, but its historical interest and exquisite workmanship made it practically priceless. That is about all the information I can give you. I will leave you to your own devices. You will, of course, have full access to any portion of the mess or barracks during your investigations, and may consider me at your disposal, if I can do anything to further the elucidation of this mystery."

Sergeant Morley, who, during the conversation had been making occasional memoranda, closed his notebook, remarking: "With your permission, Sir Arthur, and if these gentlemen have no information to supplement your account, I should now like to see the burgled cabinet."

Sir Arthur rose, preceded the others to the hall, and, having been assisted into a light cover-coat by a footman, led the way to the mess. Without disturbing the officers in the ante-room or the billiard-room, the party made their way to the dining-room, conducted by the deferential Brash, who regarded the detective with the distrust of an old soldier for the mere civilian. The lights being turned up, Morley stepped to the cabinet. After a cursory glance at the door, he fitted a lens to his eye and carefully went over all the parts nearest the lock. The floor next claimed his attention; then he opened the door for a most precise examination of the severed edges of the lock. Taking his penknife, he inserted the blade behind the portion of the tongue still remaining in the lock and prised it out, putting it in his pocket for further reference. The windows of the dining-room looked out upon the officers' garden, and to

these he next turned his attention. A short inspection, however, sufficed to satisfy him that the thief had not entered the room that way; and, having completed his investigations, he asked the Colonel if he might have a few minutes' private conversation with Sergeant Brash.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Brash, take Sergeant Morley to your own room; he is a Scotland Yard officer, and I wish you to help him to the best of your ability."

"Very good, sir," was the veteran's reply. "If Mr. Morley will accompany me, I shall be pleased to tell him all I know."

Before leaving, Morley informed the Colonel that he would not trouble him further that evening, but did not say that he had as yet found any clue.

The officers then left the dining-hall, and Morley accompanied the old soldier to his room, or "bunk," as he himself described it. On arriving there, Brash, whose reserve toward the "civv" seemed to have melted away with the discovery that he, too, was a sergeant, summoned one of the mess waiters and ordered liquid refreshment and cigars for his guest.

Comfortably ensconced in big arm-chairs, one on each side of the fire, the pair settled down for a long conversation about the mystery, with Morley as investigator and Brash, as it were, on the stand.

Morley, who had produced his ever-ready meerschaum, opened fire with:

"Now, Sergeant Brash, before asking you anything, I would remind you that, should any of my questions appear personal, I am only doing my duty—only trying to get at the bottom of what appears to me, at first hand, a very pretty case, also a particularly uncommon one. So far, the only thing I have decided is that the 'Yardington' was lifted by no ordinary criminal, that it, by one already known to the police; and my reason for reminding you of my duty was to

enlist your sympathies for a man who may have an unpleasant task before him; for I may want to know something about some of your own people, that is, not particularly the officers, or your mess staff, but any one in the White Lancers."

"That's all right, Morley; if the Colonel says I'm to help you—well, I'm going to do it. And, besides, you seem to be a decent sort of chap for a policeman, so go ahead."

"Well then—here's the first shot," laughed the detective. "What time this morning do you remember positively seeing the cup in its place?"

"At eight o'clock, when the officers were at breakfast."

"Are you sure that at that time the lock had not been touched?"

"Ah," replied Brash, "that I could not swear to, for I never looked at the cabinet any closer than you usually do at something you have seen every day for years."

"How many years' service have you?"

"Eighteen this month."

"How long have you been employed in the mess?"

"Let me see——" Brash showed signs of becoming reminiscent. "I came into the mess the year we relieved the 4th at Aldershot. That was—yes, I've been caterer for nearly nine years."

"Have you made any changes in your staff recently?"

"No. The last change was when young Chalmers, of 'C' Squadron replaced Jones, of 'D,' about a year ago."

"Is Jones still in the regiment?"

"No," replied Brash. "He left—time expired, last May, and sailed for Canada."

"Of course," suggested the detective, "your staff are above suspicion; that is, you don't know any one of them likely to try this kind of a game—do you?"

"Certainly not, sir!" retorted Brash, "or they wouldn't be here, I assure you."

"Now Brash," good-humouredly replied Morley, "don't forget my little appeal before we went into action."

Some two hours were spent in this manner, then the detective left barracks for the Barchester Arms, not a bit the wiser for his lengthy examination of the old cavalryman. On his arrival at the hotel, he took the opportunity, whilst signing his fictitious name of James Lenster, of running through the register in the hope of observing some signature that had a familiar look or sound, and spent the rest of the evening in the hall of the hostelry, studying the patrons of that popular house. He was not rewarded, however, by the sight of any known cracksman from London or elsewhere; and Morley's knowledge of the members of that craft was pretty extensive.

By this time the news of the robbery had leaked out, and the evening papers were making much of the "Yardington Mystery," a fact which caused no small gratification to Morley, who had no objections to being in the press as the investigator of what promised to be a case of widespread interest.

To hark back to Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard, whom we left in the dining-room, where he had just booked a bet against the recovery of the stolen cup—that worthy, after the adjournment of the officers to the ante-room, soon found an opportunity of slipping away to his own rooms, where he sat down and composed the following epistle to Major Ragglesdon, Leicester Chambers, Newbury St., London, W.:

"Dear Rags,—Will you come down and dine with me next guest night, Friday, the nineteenth? You will have seen by the papers that we have lost the 'Yardington Trophy' at last. A Scotland Yard man is here, working on the case; he arrived this evening, and we are anxiously awaiting the result of his investigations. I have devoted very little attention to the affair, but can hardly credit that the cup has passed out of the possession of the old 'Snowbirds' entire-

ly, but notwithstanding my hopes, and to add a little sporting interest to the case, I accepted a bet of ten to one, in guineas, from young Romore against the cup being recovered. Well, don't fail to turn up on Friday, there's a good chap, as I have a good thing I want to let you in on. I will meet the five-thirty from town and shall expect to see you.

"Yours as ever,  
"RODDY."

Morley spent the next morning with the local police authorities, mapping out a plan of action, and before noon the town was placarded with printed handbills, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for information which would lead to the recovery of the cup. This notice was also inserted in the local and London papers. The mystery afforded much delight to the wits of the White Lancers, and one very regimental squadron Sergeant-Major was called out of bed at twelve-thirty or thereabouts by a would-be humourist, who told him he was wanted in his squadron rooms at once. Fearing that some tragedy had occurred, he dressed and hurried over, to be confronted by the newest recruit, who had been detailed by some of his older comrades to meet the S.S.M. immediately on his arrival, and to inform him that Private Williams was suspected of having the "Yardington" Cup concealed in his mess tin, and would the S.S.M. have Private Williams's kit searched? The S.M.'s words are not for publication. This, and several other practical jokes, made the mystery a source of much fun to the regiment, and numerous remarks, complimentary to the author of the crime, were heard, the audacity of the theft appealing greatly to "Tommy's" love of sport. The first real move on the part of the police was made at Morley's suggestion—that the officers' quarters be searched; and this, reluctantly consented to by Colonel Sir Arthur Leslie, was done during a parade at which every officer was present, except Major Hunter, who had been detailed by the Colonel to accompany the police officials. Every nook and

cranny in each officer's room was searched, Roddy's included, but at the end Morley and Inspector Thomas, of the local force, were compelled to declare that they had drawn blank.

So matters stood, the police working hard, but failing to find any clue, until Friday, the evening of which was guest night.

At a few minutes before five-thirty Lieutenant Bernard drove up to the Barchester railway station, and, handing the reins to his groom, sauntered to the platform to await the arrival of Major Ragglesdon. The train was punctual, for a change, and almost before it had stopped Roddy was shaking hands with his confederate.

The Major was a man of about forty-two, standing well up to five feet, eleven. As a yeomanry officer he had had a distinguished career, having gone out to Africa, where he served through the whole campaign, and received the D.S.O. He was at present on the reserve of officers, and had a comfortable little flat on Newbury Street, a moderately furnished stable, and a reputation which gave him the entree to the best country houses. A mania for revolver shooting added to his popularity. His appearance rather favoured the navy, his clean-shaven face being bronzed and weather-beaten.

Bernard and "Rags," after the usual greetings, strolled to the end of the train, where the Major secured his uniform-case, and in less than twenty minutes were at the barracks. As they descended from the dog-cart Bernard's man appeared and took the uniform-case, with instructions from Bernard to lay the Major's mess dress out in his room. The two then repaired to the ante-room, where Ragglesdon was introduced to the few guests who did not already know him. In a little while the pair ascended to Bernard's room, where they found everything ready for a quick change into mess dress. During this operation



Ragglesdon touched on the real object of his visit by remarking:

"Now, you young reprobate, I'm not questioning your cleverness—don't think so for a moment—but I must say I am curious to know what you have done with the 'Yardington'."

"The same curiosity at present possesses our friend Sergeant Morley, of Scotland Yard; but don't get impatient," returned Bernard. "Sufficient for the day is the good thereof. However, it may interest you to know that the much-sought-for cup is within reach of your arm."

To this Ragglesdon replied with a glance around the room, and, failing to discover the object of his search, he said:

"All right, Roddy, have it your own way."

The two friends having now finished dressing went down to the billiard-room, where they found the conversation turning on anything but the cup, which seemed to be ignored by general consent. Meanwhile, the Colonel had arrived, dinner was announced, and "Rags" proved the very life of the table—his genial personality and pointed anecdotes going far to dispel the semi-gloom, which, owing to the loss of the cup, had for some days overcast the White Lancers. After dinner the bridge players foregathered in the card-room, and some of the youngsters started an uproarious game of pool in the billiard-room, whilst others derived pleasure from the strains of the regimental band. "Rags" was in great demand all through the evening, and it must have been close on three o'clock before he and Bernard retired. They were awakened at eight a.m. by the entry of Bernard's servant with hot coffee and shaving water.

"Have the cart round at nine-thirty sharp, Brice," said Bernard. "Major Ragglesdon wants to catch the nine-fifty for town."

Thus dismissed, Brice left the

room. Ragglesdon again brought forward the subject of the cup, remarking:

"Now, youngster, perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me as to how you managed to keep the 'Yardington' concealed through all this fuss."

"My dear Rags," replied the youngster, "I have kept it concealed, as it were, by not keeping it concealed. In fact, as I intimated to you last night, the 'Yardington' is one of the most conspicuous objects in this room, but it is, of course, slightly disguised."

Stepping to the mantel-piece, the Honourable Rodney Bernard reached down what appeared to be a huge plaster of paris cup, studded all over with mosaic work of parti-coloured pieces of china. He then stepped to a little table, producing a small hammer from one of the drawers. With this he gave the cup a few smart taps, which caused the plaster of paris to fall away in pieces, revealing the much-discussed "Yardington Polo Trophy."

The first thing Ragglesdon did was to lock the door, the second, to take Roddy by the hand.

"Well done, young 'un! That's the best yet! But why did you not let me take it back to town as it was?"

"Because," answered Roddy, smiling, "I want to account for the disappearance of that piece of ware from my room, and in a manner to excite no suspicion." Unlocking the door and ringing the bell, having first deposited the "Yardington" in Ragglesdon's portmanteau, which was then closed and locked, he placed his foot on the plaster of paris scattered about the floor, crushing the various pieces out of all semblance; and when the mess servant answered his ring, told him:

"Oh, Chalmers, Major Ragglesdon has had an accident with one of my ornaments. You might sweep up the pieces, will you?"

The servant departed, to return a few minutes later with a dust-pan and brush, with which he soon removed all traces of the broken ornament. When he had again left, the two resumed their toilets, and Roddy, anticipating the natural curiosity of his guest as to how he had managed to obtain the cup from the cabinet, began:

"Well, Rags, old chap, I will now let you on as to how the game was worked. As you know, I have had my eye on the 'Yardington' for some time, but could not think out a sure plan for getting it. At one time I thought of giving the mess servants a little chloroform treatment, but they are all decent fellows, and I hardly think that kind of thing playing the game. It rather takes away from the flavour of the sport if you make too sure of your opponents. So I waited for an evening when I knew the mess would be quiet. This came last Monday evening, when, by pure chance, all the fellows—that is, all the single members, who are the only ones who use the ante-room and billiard-room, were out. I was orderly officer, and when I went out on 'visiting rounds,' which I purposely delayed until about twelve-thirty a.m., at which time I knew that the fellows who weren't in would not be coming back until morning. I called the mess waiter on duty for the night and told him to put me out a whisky and seltzer to drink when I came in, and that he might go to bed. 'Visiting rounds' here, on account of the orderly officer's having to do the remount stables, which is some little distance from the barracks, takes about three-quarters of an hour, so I knew that the waiter would be asleep before my return. When I came back, about ten minutes past one, I went up to my room, got into an old suit of plain kit, with rubbers over my shoes, so that, in case of a surprise, I might break away through a window, leaving them to think that the mess had been broken into by an

ordinary burglar, and, slipping my electric torch and wire-lock into my pocket, I stole downstairs. Everything was perfectly quiet, and in a few minutes I had sawed the tongue of the bar of the lock entirely through, and was back in my room again. Before leaving the cabinet, however, I carefully blew away the fine dust that had fallen from the lock——"

Here Ragglesdon broke in with:

"Why did you not take the cup then?"

"Can't you see?" replied Bernard. "Had I lifted the cup then, it would probably have been missed the first thing in the morning, and as I was probably the last officer that any of the waiters would have seen on the previous night, I should naturally be an object of suspicion and investigation by the authorities. Of course, I desired to avoid this, so left the 'Yardington' in its usual place until morning, trusting to luck that nobody would notice that the lock had been tampered with. Well, the next morning I purposely went down to breakfast late, so late, in fact, that I knew the mess servants would be at their own breakfast, and that one of them would bring my whole order on a tray, together with my morning paper, and then go back to his own meal. It fell out precisely as I had anticipated. I ordered my breakfast, and as soon as I had finished it I tiptoed across to the cabinet and removed the cup. I placed it in the morning paper in such a way that, holding the handle of the cup between my thumb and forefinger, the paper hung down over it, completely concealing it. This done, I closed the door again, and walked out boldly and hurriedly along the passage and upstairs to my room. Had I met anyone he would only have seen that I was carrying a newspaper. Having entered my room, I placed the cup in my service kit-box, the keys of which I always carry with me. I narrowly escaped a wiggling from the adjutant

for being late for parade that morning, but as I very seldom offend in that respect he let me go unscathed. It was not until our return from the field, about eleven o'clock, that the loss of the cup was discovered. As soon as I could get away I went to my quarters, where, thanks to my hobby of clay-modelling, and the help of a little plaster of paris and a few china cups, which I had procured for the purpose, I was soon able to transform the famous Yardington Trophy into the very respectable piece of mosaic-work that your clumsy fingers so unfortunately deprived me of. Now, Rags, it's up to you to get the cup to town and convert it into cash, of which commodity I am running short."

The two then descended to the dining-room. After enjoying a good breakfast, Major Ragglesdon said good-bye to the officers present, and, accompanied by Bernard, went over to the orderly-room for the purpose of paying his respects to the Colonel before leaving. He found that officer in conversation with Sergeant Morley, who had come to report to the Colonel his intention of returning to headquarters, having failed to obtain any clue to the perpetrators of the crime. As they entered the office, in response to the Colonel's beckoned invitation, Major Ragglesdon said:

"Well, Sir Arthur, I have come to thank you for one more pleasant evening spent with your regiment, and, as I am catching the nine-fifty, you must not delay me; but I could not go without seeing you."

"Quite so, Ragglesdon," replied the C. O. "I am glad to see you keep up your acquaintance with the old 'Snowbirds,' but, as you say, you haven't much time for that train. Oh, by the bye—here's Sergeant Morley, of Scotland Yard, who has had to confess himself beaten by 'The Yardington Mystery,' and who is going up on the same train. Would you

mind giving him a lift to the station, Bernard?"

"Delighted, sir, I am sure," replied Roddy; and Ragglesdon chimed in:

"I shall be glad of Mr. Morley's companionship to town. I am always glad to talk with detectives—they are such clever beggars, and always have a good yarn or two."

With this remark the trio—Bernard, Ragglesdon, and Morley—left the office and climbed into Roddy's dog-cart, the two friends sitting in front and Morley at the back, quite oblivious of the fact that, within a few inches of his feet, the "Yardington" lay secure in Major Ragglesdon's portmanteau.

The station having been reached, and his passengers having alighted, Roddy shook hands with them, then, wheeling about, was soon back in barracks, where he promptly allowed the cup to slip from his thoughts altogether, being absorbed in the many duties incidental to the lot of a subaltern cavalry officer.

A few days after he received a letter from Ragglesdon, which ran thus:

"Leicester Chambers, Newbury Street, London, W.

"Dear Roddy,—Enclosed please find cheque for one hundred and eighty pounds, your share of the proceeds of our late gold mine. With great good luck I disposed of it for three hundred and sixty pounds—which goes to prove that its value is greater than was generally supposed. Sergeant Morley proved a very agreeable companion the other day; but he was occasionally much downcast that the 'Yardington Mystery' had proved entirely beyond him. He said he had never worked on a case that provided such an absolute lack of clues. He also complimented the artist—or so he called him—who got away with the cup, and said that, whoever he was, he deserved all he made out of it. I am inclined to agree with him—aren't you? I am thinking seriously of another investment. Should like to see you when you next come to town. Regards to all the White Lancers.

"Yours to a finish,

"RAGS."



# FUNDY'S TIDES AND MARSHES

BY WILLIAM BROUARD MACKENZIE

LOOKING east toward Nova Scotia we see mile after mile of brilliant green meadow land, dotted with barns away to the foot of the upland. The blossoming hay, the sweet perfumed grasses, and the wild-flowers peculiar to salt marshes are waving in the summer breeze, like billows of the ocean. The shadows of the clouds go drifting over the great marsh and are lost beyond the distant hills, which rear their crests against the sky. To the left, among the foothills, nestles "Frosty Hollow," where shaded stream and swirling pool have been made famous by the brush of Hammond. To the right, and extending along the foot of the upland lies the bowl-shaped river bed, a huge gash in the red earth, in the bottom of which, like a thread of silver, a tiny rivulet trickles leisurely down toward the sea: the only remnant left, when, quoting our own poet Roberts:

"In haste the reflux ocean  
Fled away from the shore and left the  
line of the sand beach  
Covered with waifs of the tide, with  
kelp and the slippery seaweed."

Wandering right and left towards the horizon are seen dikes similar to those spoken of by Longfellow in "Evangeline":

"Dikes that the hands of the farmers had  
raised with labour incessant  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at  
stated seasons the flood-gates  
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander  
at will o'er the meadows."

Down the red mud-banks of the river-bed flow many little snowy

waterfalls, which join the stream between and far below the level of the protecting dikes.

Roberts, in his book of poems entitled "In Divers Tones," describes the meadows thus:

"Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches  
a riband of meadow,  
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked  
well from the sea,  
Fenced on its seaward border with long  
clay dikes from the turbid  
Surge and flow of the tides vexing  
Westmoreland Shores."

Ever since the "Divide" between the Bay of Fundy and the Strait of Northumberland rose above the restless sea, have these twenty-seven thousand square acres of prairie-like marshes been forming, and this process of land-building will probably continue until the ocean will have shut itself out entirely from the inner reaches of the bay.

As we look out far over the green landscape, we hear at our feet the hum of insect life and the twitter of birds in their invisible nests. Thoughts come to us of the time, many years ago, when the red man and the pale-face fought over these broad meadows, dikes and hillsides. At Beauséjour, Bay Verte, Jolicure, Beaubassin, Aulac and Bloody Bridge, many men who were foes in life, now lie side by side beneath the green sward, sleeping the dreamless sleep of eternity, their graves unmarked and their names forgotten.

Many human hopes and fears, pleasures and disappointments, joys

and sorrows, have these tides carried to and fro. When France and England fought for Canada, ship-loads of brave men sailed into the bay, many of whom went not back. By

funnel-shaped mouth of the bay, being compressed sidewise and heaped up higher and higher as it advances up between the narrowing shores of the bay, the bed of which forms an



"THE BORE" AT MONCTON

A GREAT PHENOMENON OF THE FUNDY TIDES

the light of their burning homes did the French Acadians on November 16th, 1775, sail away on the outgoing tide from Grand Pré, as prisoners, their hearts heavy and sorrowful; but still beating true to their beloved Franc. Years afterward the tide bore in men of another tongue, who, with psalms of praise to the Almighty for His goodness, took peaceable possession of the waving marshes and the fruitful hillsides of Grand Pré.

Beyond the hills of blue, which envelop and shut out the sight of the ocean, a rare convulsion of nature is about to begin: the great tide-wave which originated in the southern sea is travelling swiftly along the coast and is now wedged violently into the

inclined plane rising four feet to the mile.

In the still air is heard a faint murmur. The cattle feeding on the plain, or couched among the golden-rods on the sunny hillside, raise their heads, look seaward, and with outstretched necks, sniff the cool salt breeze which stirs the flower-spangled marsh grass, on its way to herald the advent of the sea. The murmur deepens, and a torrent of dark-red water is seen rounding the "Bend" of the Petiteodiac River and spreading out fan-like over the flats in front of the city to which the gallant Monckton gave his name. It advances at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, bearing on its front a white breaking wave called "The



"THE ROCKS" NEAR HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK

Bore." At certain times this wave may be scarcely over the boot-tops; but at full or new moon it measures six or seven feet in height. Flocks of sea-gulls fly lazily along in company with the tumbling water, and, with the wind of fortune in their

backs, pounce down here and there upon the luckless fish, which fate throws near the surface.

The remnants of the ebb tide are swallowed up by the wave and borne backward, and every channel, creek and estuary is filled with a surging,





HIGH TIDE AT MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

whirling, foaming body of red water. Roaring, seething, and hissing, the "bore" runs past and the last white-winged bird disappears in the distance. The water now flows in like a river, silently and resistlessly, and as the stranger sees the flood rapidly creeping up the banks and dikes, a feeling of unrest seizes him. Instinctively he turns, and with his eye measures the distance to the nearest hills, as if calculating the time neces-

sary to reach safety, should the tide forget the injunction, "Thus far shalt thou go."

The impact with which the water enters the bay forces it up from forty-three to fifty-three feet above low-water level, or twenty to twenty-five feet above normal ocean level, at the inner extremities of the bay; so that when its highest point is reached, the surface of the water forms an inclined plane sloping towards the sea



LOW TIDE AT MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

at the rate of one hundred and fourteen thousandths of one foot to the mile.

Resting here for a moment, the great flood, with its load of sediment eroded from the red sandstone shores, turns seaward again, bearing upon its bosom alike the tiny boat and the stately ship. Moving slowly at first, the receding waters increase in velocity as they descend the inclined plane, until the ships have been carried out to the great blue sea. The river-bed is again almost empty, and so remains until the bird pilots are again seen and the rumble of the returning "bore" reaches our ears; and so has this great pendulum of nature's clock been swinging to and fro every twelve hours through the slow-moving centuries, and will so continue while the seasons come and go, and while land and water maintain their present relative positions.

The highest tide known in the Bay was the "Saxby Tide" of 5th October, 1869, which rose fifty-seven-and-a-half feet above extreme low-water mark at the inner extremity of the bay. With every recurring tide, tons on tons of red sediment are left behind to build up more fertile soil for the husbandman, the layers varying from the thickness of a sheet of paper to a quarter of an inch.

In the half-dried mud are pressed the foot-prints of birds and animals, the tracks of worms, rain-prints and ripple-marks, fallen leaves and roots of trees; all so many molds or cores, which will be filled in or covered up by the sediment of the next tide. Who knows but that the forces of nature may in future ages bring these "foot-prints of the Creator" again to the view of some wondering scientist, delving in the hills which time shall have builded.



# TALANA HILL

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

THE field bugler sounded with dry lips the two brassy notes of the "rest call," and the perspiring troops on Niagara Common were quick to heed their officers' order to lie down. With heads bared to catch the bit of breeze off Lake Ontario, they lay cursing the "orderly men" for their deliberate movements with the water pails.

The sandy roadway which passed headquarters seemed the hottest place in camp. The breeze faltered and died before it passed the first row of tents, and the hot rays of the June sun were reflected undiminished from the white canvas of the divisional marquee. Standing at stiff attention before it, Sergeant-Major Lane wrinkled his old face in the glaring light. His trim staff cap utterly failed to protect the bald head beneath it, and the hot sand of the roadway burned through the sergeant-major's soles.

A full hour in the sun, even with liberty to move about, is an ordeal; to stand at attention in one spot for that time is nothing short of torture. Sergeant-Major Lane was over sixty, and his shoulders had begun to droop a little. His fingers, pressed to the red trouser-seams, trembled slightly.

The old soldier straightened to rigid "attention" as a staff officer rode in from the field on a big bay charger. At the sight of him Brigadier-General Arthur Dillon Gilmour, V.C., C.V.O., C.B., turned back from the tent door with some astonishment.

"Why, Lane, I didn't know you

were at camp!" He came impetuously forward, with hand outstretched.

"Yes, sir, I am with Colonel Morton, of the Third Infantry Brigade, as brigade sergeant-major. I'm past the retiring age, but the colonel was kind enough to say that he needed me. Still, this will be my last camp. I hope you're keeping well, sir, and Mrs. Gilmour and your daughter?"

"Splendid. Does that Talana Hill shot-wound bother you still?"

"Oh, occasionally; I suppose it always will, sir."

"Waiting for Colonel Murray? Why don't you come inside?"

Confusion covered the sergeant-major's tanned face.

"He ordered me to wait here, sir."

"Why?" sharply.

"Well, sir, the brigade messenger brought me word that Colonel Murray would check over these returns this morning, but when I came down he said he could not be bothered till afternoon, and said I was too fresh, trying to rush matters. It's all right, sir; I dare say he'll be ready shortly."

"Is the colonel inside?" the General inquired.

"No, sir, he's in his private tent, just in rear."

The General glanced about him with an alertness that had stirred battalions in South Africa. Spying a fatigue party of Royal Canadians, he mounted quickly and galloped up to the corporal in charge. That astonished non-com., accustomed to receive his reprimands through the



usual numerous links of the military chain of responsibility, stared in bewilderment and saluted vigorously. But the General only smiled as he made his request:

"Corporal, have your fatigue party double over and move this tent for me, will you? Quickly as possible, please."

Royal Canadians never do waste time in striking or erecting tents. When the General had indicated where he wished the divisional marquee placed, the men omitted one or two steps in the already brief process, eased the ropes, lifted the poles, and without waiting to draw pegs, drove a dozen fresh ones on the new site. When the short task was over the corporal in charge held in his hand a bank bill, which later created a mild sensation in the R.C.R. canteen, and Sergeant-Major James Lane, W.O., was inside the tent.

General Gilmour seated himself at the camp table, just as the flushed face of Colonel Murray appeared in the doorway. The angry interrogation on his lips was checked as he caught sight of his visitor, and he saluted instead.

"Good afternoon," was the cold acknowledgment of the Officer Commanding. He motioned to Lane to turn in his papers, and the major, after brief inspection of the documents, signed and returned them.

Lane and the General parted at the tent door.

"Field day to-morrow," the latter remarked; "going out with the troops?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so."

"See you during the day, then."

"Very good, sir. And thank you." And the old man marched off to see a medical sergeant about a "sun headache."

In the permanent sergeants' mess that night he was accorded the usual respectful greeting, and square-shouldered, bow-legged Sergeant-Major Mulkern, of the R.C.D., made room beside him for Lane. But the

latter motioned him to the rough plank "bar."

"What's yours?" and what's yours?" demanded the white-aproned sergeant.

"To your very good health," drank Mulkern, and Lane followed. Then he told the story of the General and the tent that was moved, and of the angry Colonel Murray.

"Ah, the Bedfordshires always come out on top," commented Mulkern, with a ponderous wink. He referred to the regiment Lane had joined as a youth of eighteen in old England, and had followed to the ends of the British Empire.

Later in the evening, because of the joy of life and the events of the day, and the atmosphere of good fellowship, Lane stood on a bench and sang a ballad, while the men sat or stood about, puffing thick tobacco smoke from their pipes.

Now Lane's old regiment, the Bedfordshires, is old in war, and the battle honours on its colours are Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Surinam, Chitral, and South Africa. But in the history of the regiment it is written that it fought in the battle of Dettingen, "the last occasion on which a British King commanded on the field of battle, and which was won against every adverse circumstance." The song that Lane sang was "Dettingen," which tells how the Royal George cursed his charger for a cowardly brute when it ran from the cannon's roar, and henceforth led the troops to battle on foot. And the roomful of R.C.R., Dragoon and staff sergeants joined in the chorus, which rollicks along like the clack of a squadron's hoofs, and ends emphatically in the declaration that "There's Dettingen down to George the Second."

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Three thousand troops—the "Red" force of next day's manoeuvres—had marched out of camp at twilight to bivouac as near as possible to the coming battle-ground. The early

morning sun, half hidden in fleecy white clouds, shone down on three thousand more, horse, guns, and foot, swinging eagerly out to play at war. These comprised the "Blue" force. Regimental bands played at the head of their corps until camp bounds were reached, then turned aside and went back to practise for the coming tattoo. Spick and span staff sergeants sought out Army Service Corps waggons on which to ride, and mounted officers rode in chatting groups. Marching very much "at ease," the troops whistled lively melodies and passed derisive remarks on the progress of the regiment, which happened to be immediately ahead.

Lane walked with the sergeant-major of his favourite infantry corps, the 12th York Rangers, until, yielding to the importunities of his contemporary of the Third Brigade, he accepted a seat with him on the front of a Red Cross waggon.

Colonel Murray's Red force was somewhere in the west or south-west, advancing on the town, and the Blues would endeavour to drive them back. It was ten o'clock before the opposing advance guards sighted each other and halted. Stretched out along a frontage of a mile, in fields and woods, the Blues moved slowly forward, taking up stronger ground. Sounds of firing on the left wing brought to the staff first news of fighting. A stream on the right, with the one bridge strongly defended by infantry and a gun, made the position easy to hold, and the infantry lay on the long, brown grass near the bank, firing at occasional puffs of white smoke far across the water. Thick woods on the left imposed slow fighting, and the centre was obviously the key of the situation. The enemy's strength in front was problematical.

General Gilmour, who was umpire-in-chief, rode, accompanied by several of the umpiring staff, down the road in the centre, which was theoretically

swept by bullets from both sides, and perceived that the Reds were present in strength on a wooded hill immediately in front.

The sun was high in the heavens when the commander of the Blues, his centre in jeopardy through the rifle fire from the hill, where at any moment a big gun might appear, ordered a charge. His galloper took the message to Colonel Morton, of the Third Infantry Brigade, and that officer chose the Twelfth as a forlorn hope.

As that gallant regiment lay at the edge of the protecting undergrowth, filling rifle magazines and making other little preparations, the click of bayonets being fixed caused General Gilmour to turn his horse to one side. Out of the way of the coming charge, he stood with his field glass turned on the smoke-crowned hill, which was the objective of the attack, and on the plain before it. As he gazed over the brown hillside, wrinkled with gullies, and listened to the crackling rifle fire, there came to his mind's eye another and deadlier battle scene. There sang in his ear the angry song of Boer mauser bullets, the growl of artillery, and the frightened whinny of horses. Here and there khaki figures lay twisted in agony or stiff in death along the line of battle, and little stretcher parties moved swiftly back and forth with ghastly burdens. In all, the stage was set for that successful, but disastrous, charge of Talana Hill, in which many British lives were paid for possession of a kopje, and the fruits of victory crumbled into dust because there was no cavalry in support to press home the hard-won charge.

To the General, still musing on Talana Hill, came old Lane, for once keen-eyed, breathing fast.

"Will you allow your galloper to take a message, sir, or is he a non-combatant? It's for Colonel Morton, of the Blues."

"Let me see it," demanded the

General. Lane handed up a torn scrap of paper, and the officer read but three pencilled words: "Remember Talana Hill!"

"Ah, Morton was out there!" he commented. "Here, Archer, to Colonel Morton, at once, please."

The Twelfth, cheering, had commenced to double across the valley, when the aide pulled up his glistening horse before the commander of the Blues, saluted shortly and presented the bit of paper. Colonel Morton knitted his black brows for the briefest moment as he gazed across the plain, then he dismissed the lieutenant with a wave of the hand, and spurred his horse to the nearest cavalry, three squadrons of the Dragoons, close on his left.

"Lloyd! Quick! Up the hollow opposite you and jump on the flank of the infantry, the Twelfth is attacking. I'll keep the enemy on the left of you busy. Press the charge home and follow them up!"

The Dragoons had mounted at a silent signal from Major Lloyd.

"Gallop!" And the sweet music of hoofs pounding in unison, and of tinkling scabbards, drifted back to the Colonel's ear.

From his position on a bit of raised ground, the Umpire-in-Chief saw through his glass the Twelfth swarming up the hillside and advancing under scanty cover in a rifle duel with the slowly retiring Reds. Slowly they retired from the Rangers swarming over the brow of the hill, when suddenly a line of horsemen came charging down on them from the right, and the infantry crumpled like paper. Scattered already for the purpose of taking cover in the defence of the hill, they turned and retreated in disorder, not slacking up until the mounted troops had encircled almost a whole battalion, and

the pursuing Twelfth, winded, halted to form line in readiness for a sterner engagement with the Reds' supports—and for the umpire's decision.

But the Red supports already had pressing business with a regiment in rifle green advancing from the left of the Blue line.

"You're out-manceuvred, sir," said the young umpire on the spot to Colonel Murray, and when his hurried report reached the chief, the battle was declared won.

Whereupon the men of both sides forgot that there was a war, and, sitting down in the nearest shade, produced from their haversacks thick sandwiches, calling loudly the while for the water orderlies.

Sergeant-Major James Lane sat with the non-com's. of the Twelfth, and, leaning his tired back against the trunk of a big maple, also munched sandwiches with much content. Nor did they of the Twelfth fail to be duly impressed when General Arthur Dillon Gilmour, V.C., C.V.O., C.B., cantering past to an impromptu officers' mess, called out to Lane, softly: "They can't beat the old guard!"

Lane rode back to camp with Captain Mitchell, of the Corps of Guides, in the odd-looking gig from which that officer is in the habit of surveying the land in time of peace and war.

"Well, hard luck to-day, sir!" the Guides' officer called out, cheerfully, as Colonel Murray rode past them on the way.

Murray glared at the two in the gig. "Yes, some hoodoo at work," he admitted, sullenly.

And Sergeant-Major James Lane, formerly of His Majesty's Bedfordshire Regiment, and late of South Africa, saluted.



# THE TRAGEDY OF RECIPROCITY

BY M. O. HAMMOND

ONE bright morning in January last an automobile drew up at the *Shoreham Hotel* in Washington. An emissary from the State Department alighted from it and asked for Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson. The Canadian Ministers of Finance and Customs responded and were whisked off to the White House. There they received the formal courtesies the head of one nation pays to distinguished visitors from another. The Ministers were surrounded by a battalion of newspapermen as they emerged from the President's office.

"We have not a word to say as to the prospects for reciprocity. Our lips are sealed," they said.

A few hours later the diplomats from Canada and the United States sat round a table in the State Department, in a dingy room facing the court, where even the sparrows in the eaves could scarcely observe them. The representatives of the Republic threw their cards on the table at once. "We will give you complete free trade between Canada and the United States," said Secretary Knox.

The Canadians were aghast at the extent and liberality of the proposals. They knew from the temper of the people at home that no one there wanted free trade with the United States. The National Policy in one form or another had existed for more than thirty years, it had been strengthened by concessions to industry by the very men who were now in Washington, and the people of Canada would under no circumstances sacrifice the industries so patient-

ly built up in their developing country.

"Our industrial captains may need watching, but we all want them to remain in business so long as they act fairly to the rest of the country," thought the Canadian envoys to themselves.

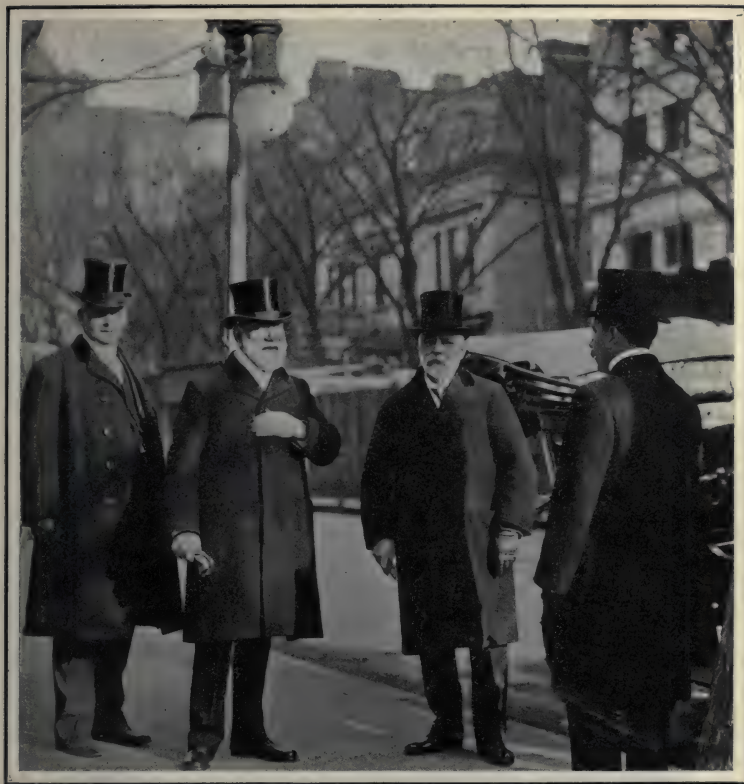
"No, we cannot go so far as to accept free trade," they said to the men across the table.

"Then, come back to-morrow and tell us how far you can go to promote better trade relations between the two countries," was the rejoinder; as the diplomats parted.

That night Washington correspondents who had friends in the State Department heard vague rumblings of big news, but the mouth of everyone was closed by mutual agreement. Still, someone heard that "the Canadians were nearly swept off their feet by the extent of the United States' propositions." What that was — free trade in everything — was not known for weeks, until President Taft in defending his own action related how his proposals had been entirely sidetracked by a restriction to what the Canadians would accept.

For a fortnight the conferences continued, while the diplomats industriously prepared a list of items, mostly of natural products, upon which an agreement was at length signed for removal or lowering of duties. Each side left the treaty room with the promise to do their utmost to secure early ratification of the agreement and in firm confidence that it could be easily done.

And yet to-day, because of that



MR. CHARLES M. PEPPER

HON. WILLIAM PATERSON

HON. W. S. FIELDING

MR. CHANDLER HALE

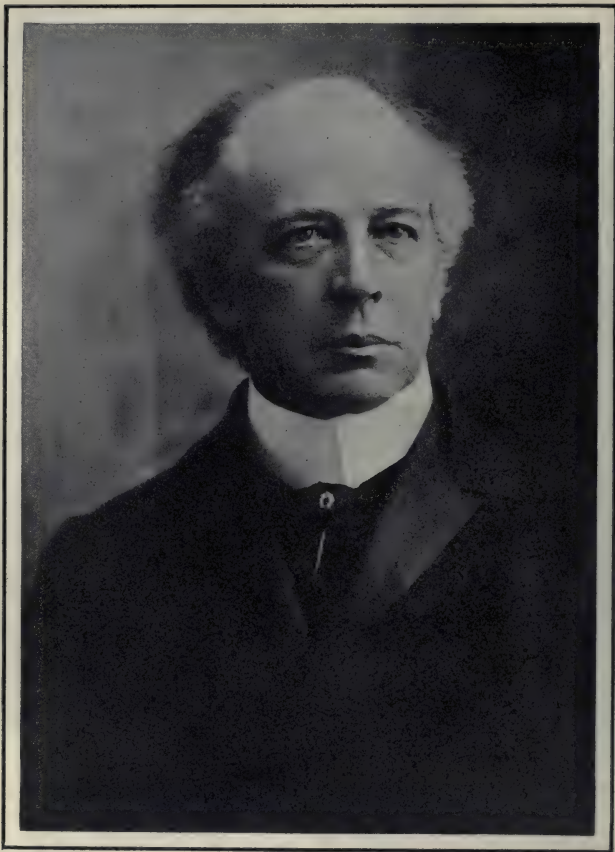
THE MEN WHO ARRANGED THE RECIPROCITY PACT

agreement, the Liberal Government of Canada lies a shattered wreck, and President Taft has split his party in twain, has incurred the enmity of the Progressive Republicans, and of many of the stand-patters a condition which may lead to his own defeat next year.

Was ever a subject short of a war fraught with so much dynamite to political parties?

When Mr. Taft held out the olive branch in tariff matters to Canada in March, 1910, by obviating the application of the maximum United

States tariff to Canada in return for trifling concessions by this country, it was thought a new era had dawned. He announced that later he would approach the Canadian Government with proposals for greater freedom of trade. He implemented his promise by sending envoys to Ottawa in November, when the ground was prepared for later action. When at the close of the January conferences the diplomats met round the White House banquet table, there was an air of elation, a thought that a great step



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,  
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

AS PRIME MINISTER HE APPEALED TO THE COUNTRY  
ON THE MERITS OF RECIPROCITY, AND WAS DEFEATED

for international trade and good will had been taken.

"The November elections plainly showed that our people want cheaper food, and now they will have a chance to get it," ran through President Taft's mind.

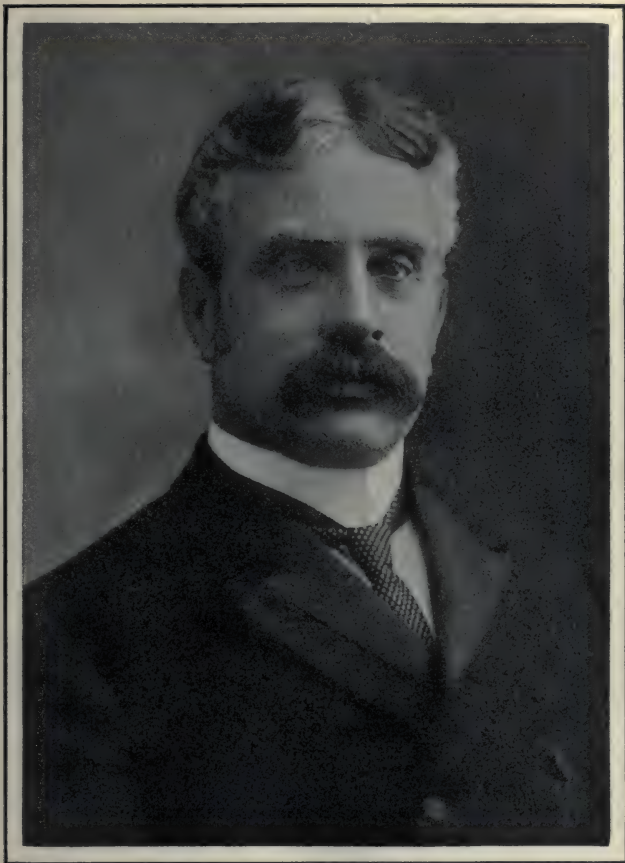
"Both parties in our country have struggled to regain access to the American markets ever since the abrogation of the last agreement in 1866, and now it is within reach,"

thought Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson.

The lights shone on beaming faces as the President and his Canadian guests all meditated on the good news they had for the people whom they there represented.

A few days passed, with little leak of the news, and on January 26th the millions of both countries strained their ears for the announcements that were to be made simultaneously





MR. R. L. BORDEN,  
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

AS LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION HE DEFEATED THE LAURIER  
GOVERNMENT BY OPPOSING THE RECIPROCITY PACT

at the two capitals. Mr. Fielding made his statement without bravado, but with a confidence that he spoke for all the people. Old politicians and correspondents scarcely believed their ears. Did Canada get all this out of Washington? Newspapers in distant cities kept their staffs on hand and issued late special editions, chronicling as full a list of the items affected as mechanical and telegraphic facilities would carry. The people were

stirred by the biggest political news in a decade.

It was almost too good to be true, said the Liberals. The country was staggered by the magnitude of the thing. Leading Conservative papers said it was too much to refuse. Government papers took it for granted it would pass and pass quickly.

Then in a day or two rose the first faint zephyrs of the storm that was to bring so much havoc to the parties

that brought it about. The farmers' organisations of Canada had asked for this, but if the protection on their products was removed, would they not want the duties on other things swept away? Thus reasoned men who view the country's welfare only through the smoke of big factories. This will never do, they said. There were others who saw in this a too great intimacy with a country hitherto hostile in tariff matters. This will destroy all prospects of an Imperial preference, they argued. There were still others who had a traditional mistrust of the Government of the United States, because of previous diplomatic entanglements, because of boundary awards and the failure of ratification of previous treaties. Thus within two days there was a considerable body of opinion under way that the reciprocity pact ought not to be entertained. The Liberal forces in Parliament seemed almost intact for it, while the Opposition caucus, deliberating for days and days, eventually announced its unalterable hostility.

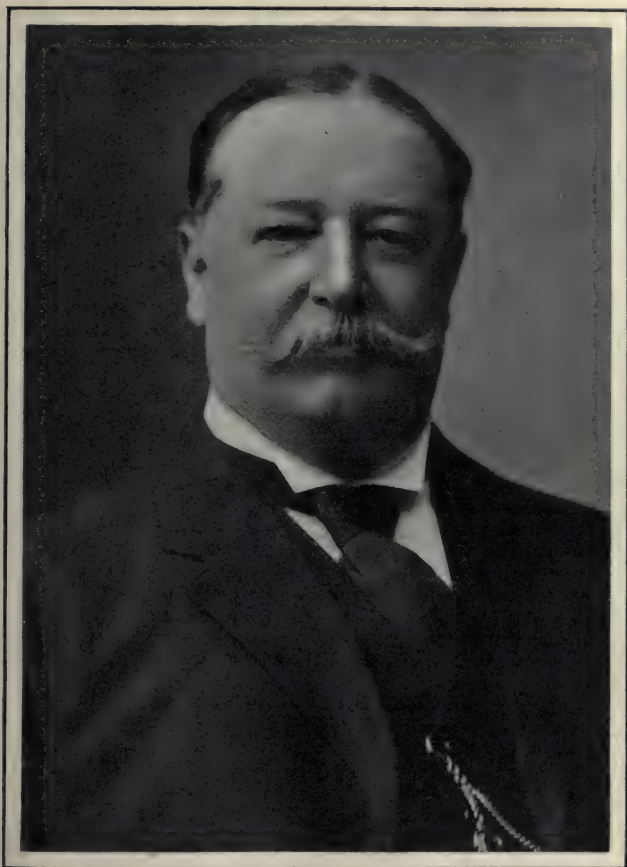
At Easter it was thought the members would hear conclusively from the folks at home how the pact was regarded. When they returned each side seemed to have heard what it wanted to hear, and the deadlock that was feared soon developed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier adjourned Parliament for the Coronation after weeks of futile speech-making. Conditions were no better on his return in July and a week's further obstruction and inaction forced the dissolution which is the extreme measure in a Parliamentary crisis.

Thus we find the Conservative party deliberately forcing an appeal to the country on reciprocity, and the Laurier Government deliberately accepting the issue. It was a stand-up fight. There were waverers here and there, but the public utterances of both parties were a merry welcome to the warfare. If anything, the Liberals were the more cheerful.

"When the Conservatives forced an election on the reciprocity issue," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Sudbury, "I said to myself, 'Surely the Lord is good unto His own, for He has delivered mine enemies into mine hands.'"

It was a boast that to his own party at least did not seem an exaggeration. Here was a policy that for almost fifty years had been advocated by both parties. Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, Sir Charles Tupper, Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself had all been parties to pilgrimages to Washington to seek better trade relations. In 1899 after the last failure, Sir Wilfrid had said: "I have gone to Washington for the last time. The next time Washington will come to us." And Washington had come. Mr. Taft had buried the past, he had sent his envoys right to the Canadian capital, he had called an extra session in April and forced Congress to pass reciprocity in July, very largely against the will of the Senate, he had incurred the ill-will of the entire range of Northern States — Republican States, too. Surely no one could do more. Canada had asked for reciprocity in the past and been refused. Now the United States asked for it, and Canada would surely not reject what it had always sought. Production in Canada was rapidly overtaking the capacity of the available markets for natural products. Consumption in the United States was swiftly overtaking production of food. Reciprocity had been demanded by the farmers. The agricultural classes needed the markets. Prices were shown by government reports to be higher on most products across the line. The lumbermen and the fishermen wanted access to the large consuming populations of the Eastern States.

Here were natural economic conditions, argued the Liberals, with much reason, that made the success of reciprocity at the polls as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun.



MR. W. H. TAFT,  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

HE LITERALLY FORCED CONGRESS TO ACCEPT THE  
TERMS OF THE RECIPROCITY PACT WITH CANADA

How could the arguments of the Government be met? How could such a straight appeal to the pockets of the farmers of the country be answered? That it was met and overcome speaks well for the organising talent of the Conservative party. From the very first they sought to rally a slumbering mistrust of the United States, which unfortunately prevails widely in Canada. The rela-

tionship of the small boy to the big bully finds here a parallel, and added to that, is now the obvious fact that Canadians in their prosperity are no more friendly to their neighbours than were the United States to them in the first flush of national success.

It was not hard to guess on which side the cities would be found. That industrialism was threatened was the argument persistently put forth.



"This is but the thin edge of the wedge," said the Protectionists, and this found a measure of confirmation when *The Grain Growers' Guide* of Winnipeg said: "The manufacturers believe, and rightly, that once the bogus protection is removed from the farmers it can never be kept for the manufacturers." Hence many manufacturers came to the rescue of Mr. Borden by changing from Liberal to Conservative, with a good deal of blare of trumpets. Others said they would close their factories if the agreement was passed. The cities and towns where industrialism flourished were thus made solid, with the exception of Montreal, which remained about as before. The Opposition hoped from this fact to secure at least a popular majority against reciprocity, no matter how the members stood, and by that means they might still embarrass the Government.

One problem remained, how best to influence the farmers. When Mr. Borden made his flight across the prairies in July, before an election was assured, he faced the issue with sheer courage. He refused to concede an inch in favour of reciprocity, told the grain growers who had asked for it that he would sooner never be Premier than support it, and sought their support on a platform of other blessings for the West. When he came back people said he had wasted his time. Results on September 21st showed little change either way in the prairie constituencies.

The West being left to the local politicians during the campaign, the Opposition leader concentrated his fire on Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, where the farmers were supposed to want reciprocity for material reasons, and upon Quebec, where the defection of the Nationalists, under Henri Bourassa, in opposition to the navy, threatened to break down the Laurier domination. The failure of Mr. Borden to repudiate the anti-British sentiments of the Bourassa wing in Quebec left him open to the

charge that he wanted office at the sacrifice of national harmony. Only the success at the polls that gives him a majority irrespective of the Nationalists justifies his position and promises well for the suppression of race and creed strife.

There was still the Ontario farmer to be cared for, and the plans for this were well laid. The Province has an underlying sentiment inherited from United Empire Loyalist days. This sentiment carries with it some of the bitter hatreds of the Revolution, with additions from the War of 1812, and the Fenian raid of 1866. In tariff matters alone there were memories of the abrogation of the last reciprocity agreement by the United States and the enactment of the Dingley and McKinley bills, in the nineties, with resultant disaster to Canadian industry. In higher politics the United States Senate had been for years the graveyard of hopes for arbitration and other measures of good-will, the echo of jingoism towards Britain and Canada. Then came expressions from leaders at Washington in their excess of zeal to promote the very reciprocity measure itself. Champ Clark, the leading Democrat, pictured flamboyantly the American flag from the Rio Grande to the North Pole, and President Taft, in extremity urging his pet measure when its future seemed darkest, said Canada was "at a parting of the ways," and the United States should act before this country became firmly attached in trade matters to the mother country.

All this was fuel to the flames set going by Mr. Borden and his marshals. Suspicion of the United States, and fear of annexation became the chief arguments of the Opposition. The little Northern brother would be swallowed by the greedy old viper to the south. The capture of Cuba and the Phillipines was a horrible example, though the freedom afterwards extended to Cuba and which is under promise to the Phillipines was

entirely ignored. Mr. Borden told his Toronto audience:

"These international agreements are terribly binding, and I say it is absolutely better in the interests of good relations that each country should retain full control of its own fiscal affairs."

Flags were distributed to the audiences at the Opposition leader's meetings and if any invading army had been at our very gates the patriotic fervour could not have been much greater.

"A little flag waving has saved many a poor show," says George M. Cohan, the American actor, who ought to know. A lot of flag waving in the Canadian elections overcame the economic arguments presented by the Liberals, which most people never really understood.

The appeal to "higher national considerations" made everywhere by Mr. Borden was direct, and in Ontario it fell on fertile soil, watered by tears and years of silent apprehension of the United States borne of past affronts. It came when Canada was prosperous and people were averse to entering on experiments. "Let well enough alone" was an in-

sidious if an unambitious cry. In a time of financial distress reciprocity as now offered would have appealed almost irresistibly to the Province of Ontario, which has overwhelmed it. Conservatives were stampeded by the fear of annexation; Liberals by the feeling that fiscal experiments were unwise and unnecessary. New arrivals from Great Britain with as yet no party affiliations, thought Imperial relationships were threatened.

The Laurier Government that serenely dissolved the House on July 29th with a majority of forty-three behind them, came back on September 21st with eight Ministers defeated, the country swept by Mr. R. L. Borden with a following that could scarcely believe their own good fortune, and a Conservative majority of almost fifty.

There are many reasons for saying the people of Canada acted hastily and ill-advisedly in refusing to facilitate an inevitably expanding trade now reaching over a million dollars a day, and that they made an economic error in defeating reciprocity, but no one can say they did not act in a manner peculiar to human nature.





## The WAY of LETTERS

THE average girl of from twelve to twenty years would read "The Story Girl," Miss L. M. Montgomery's latest story, with juvenile delight. Therefore to that extent at least the book is a noteworthy achievement. And if it has the magic that charms, even though the charmed be of tender years, it should be heralded as such and treated as an entertainment for the young. Miss Montgomery possesses rare gifts of phantasy, and there is in all her novels a wholesome yet piquant humour, a humour that is not too elusive for the teens. Her humour and phantasy appear at best in "Anne of Green Gables," a book which, according to the author herself, was written for juveniles but which appealed more to adults. Her exquisite aptness of expression and fine sense of the picturesque appear again in "Anne of Avonlea," and although "Kilmeny of the Orchard" appealed less to the common emotions, even to the vulgar emotions, it equalled the others in imagery and excelled them in genuine artistry. Now we have in "The Story Girl", a piece of fiction that is not easily estimated. It is not a novel, as we use the term. It has no plot. It has no apparent design. It is merely the sketch of a summer passed by two Ontario boys with relatives in Prince Edward Island. In reality these boys do not exist, and if the author had not in one or two instances used their Christian names we should suppose that they were girls. One of them tells the story in the first person, or, rather, gives an account of their experiences during the summer. The experiences

consist of the little, everyday affairs common to children of prosperous farmers in Ontario or, we presume, in Prince Edward Island, with this exception, that these everyday affairs are garnished by the fairy tales of the *Story Girl*. Although we feel that there is a plethora of garniture, the girl of sixteen would not likely think so, and while we might find tedium in the successive tales related by this almost phenomenal girl we should not forget to hand the book to someone more attuned to their spirit and more in sympathy with the sentiment of the book apart from the *Story Girl*. The whole structure is redolent of the orchard, the wooded lane, the spacious welkin, the farmhouse kitchen, the pleasant countryside. There are hints of romance, but no consummation, and one sets the book down with a natural curiosity as to whether *Felicity* has yet become reconciled to the fact that *Peter* was only a hired boy. *Peter* is perhaps the best character in the book. He is a quaint urchin, blunt to the point of being comical, particularly when in a preaching contest in the orchard he announces that he is going to talk about the future abode of the damned, in short, about Hell. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

\*

MR. FRANK L. PACKARD'S volume of short stories entitled "On the Iron at Big Cloud" should be the means of introducing the author to a wider circle of Canadian readers. Mr. Packard is a thoroughgoing Canadian, and his stories have



a fine Canadian flavour; but his audience heretofore has been mostly in the United States. "On the Iron at Big Cloud" is the general title of the volume, and the stories have to do with the early operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway in one of the most hazardous divisions of the Rocky Mountains section. None but those who have come into most intimate connection with railway life could attempt to write these stories, and it must be conceded at once that Mr. Packard has observed railroading from the inside. How otherwise could he have given us so vivid an impression of what it means to carry on the real work of constructing and operating a railroad? How otherwise could he have sketched so graphically the adventure of young *Holman*, who volunteered at Montreal to undertake the work of locomotive foreman of the Hill Division? Former foremen of the same division had failed to "hold down the job," for they had had to contend against *Rafferty*, a mighty man among the workmen. But *Holman* made a psychological study of *Rafferty*, and in the end discovered his weak point, to his own glory and the better operation of the road. "The Builder" is an intensely dramatic story, even melodramatic in parts, but it is told with excellent judgment and well-controlled sentiment. "The Builder" is a young chap who goes to the Hill Division in the hope of arresting a decline in health and also to help command a gang of Polacks who were engaged in construction work there. A strike ensued almost immediately after his arrival, and how he and *Spirlaw* fought against it is the basis of the story, while his pluck and any loyalty in striving with his last breath to save his superior's life and the company's rolling stock suggest the dominating theme. A lighter vein is struck in "Shanley's Luck," and no one reading this tale could fail to sympathise with Shanley in his weakness for the social glass or to re-



MR. FRANK L. PACKARD  
AUTHOR OF "ON THE IRON AT BIG CLOUD"

joice with him when this very weakness changes his luck, causes him unknowingly to save the "Limited" from destruction and induces the superintendent to elevate him in position, with a corresponding increase in wages. These stories depict the spirit of the Hill Division, and the author gives some idea of its possibilities when he writes: "The history of that piece of track, the history of the men who gave the last that was in them to make it, and the history of those who have operated it since isn't far from being a typical and comprehensive example of the pulsing, dominating, dogged, go-forward spirit of a continent whose strides and progress are the marvel of the age; and, withal, it is an example so compact and concrete that through it one may see and view the larger picture

in all its angles and shades. Heroism and fame and death and failure—it has known them all—but ever, and above all else, it has known the indomitable patience, the indomitable perseverance, the indomitable determination against which no times, nor conditions, nor manners, nor customs, nor obstacles can stand—the spirit of the New Race and the Great New Land, the essence and the germ of it.” It can be seen that here Mr. Packard had a fine opportunity. He found rugged characters and primitive conditions, and one feels in reading these tales that one is witnessing real strife amongst real men—men of bone and sinew and great passion, men, nevertheless, of heart and generosity and keen sensitiveness. (New York: Thomas T. Crowell Company).

\*

ONE of the breeziest bits of light fiction that we have encountered in a long time is “A Comedy of Circumstance,” by Emma Gavf. It is almost absurdly American in style, and literally scintillates with smart dialogue and witticisms—the kind of smartness and wit that comes from healthy young people away on holiday from college. It has many of the elements of farce comedy, but it rises a point higher. In particular, it is “up-to-date.” A young man of much astuteness rushes into a New York tram car after a girl whose friend had vainly shouted to her from the street corner. He informs the girl of the friend’s plight, and in good faith he returns to the corner with her—but the friend has disappeared. Then a romantic complication begins, sealing the fate of two persons and causing much fun and adventure. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company).

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THE domestic problem is never solved, and so long as this condition prevails there will be a succession of novels dealing with the mar-

ried state. “Poor Emma,” by Evelyn Tempest, is one of this class. It is, in fact, a study in domestic conduct. *Emma* marries an English country gentleman, marries from very moderate and ordinary circumstances into a well-appointed home, where the master is a gentleman. She accepts her new station with an exaggerated opinion of her importance, with the result that she becomes a tyrant, even to the point of driving her husband’s son away from home. In time the husband dies. She marries again. The second husband is a clergyman. He is also a domineering crank. It is in her second married state that Emma gives title to the book—“Poor Emma!” (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

THE veteran sportsman F. G. Afalo paid his second visit to Canada in the summer of 1910, with the result that we have another volume from his pen. His latest book is entitled “A Fisherman’s Summer in Canada.” It is illustrated with photographs taken by the author. It is not comprehensive of the possibilities of angling in Canada, because it deals almost exclusively with an unsuccessful attempt to catch tuna off the coast of Cape Breton and a successful adventure after smaller fish in the Georgian Bay. But, notwithstanding the disappointment over the tuna, the author hopes “that some of my readers may be inspired to spend their next long vacation on those enchanting waterways, as romantic a playground for the summer sportsman as any left on this old earth.” (London: Witherby & Company. 5s net).

\*

ONE more thrilling tale of frontier life comes under the attractive title of “Barbara of the Snows.” The scene is laid in the North Country, and full play is given to the strife and conflict that have distinguished



MR. CY WARMAN,  
AUTHOR OF A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS ENTITLED  
"THE SONGS OF CY WARMAN"

life in the wilds of the North and West. There is plenty of chance for the display of heroism, and, indeed, the novel is one of unusual action, with an absorbing love-story running throughout. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

**O**CCASIONALLY we find a writer turning for a theme to the golden age of Greece or the ascendant days of Rome. To make a successful novel from such a background calls for supreme craftsmanship and rare historical knowledge. "The Coward

of Thermopylæ," by Mrs. Caroline Dale Snedeker, is a novel whose title suggests infinite possibilities. These possibilities the author has realised in generous degree. The narrative possesses much charm and presents a fascinating study of the supremely simple and beautiful life of the ancient Greeks. It also unfolds the personal record of a human spirit in the days that made Thermopylæ a name to be revered throughout the ages. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

**T**HE SONGS OF CY WARMAN" is a title that will at once appeal to a host of readers all over this continent. "Sweet Marie" made the author famous a good many years ago, and in the few intervals of an active life Mr. Warman has been composing verse ever since. Now his publishers present his poems in one volume. The range is wide, showing the author's versatility. Many of the poems are distinguished by swing and go, such as the "Song of a Sound Sailor," of which we quote three stanzas:

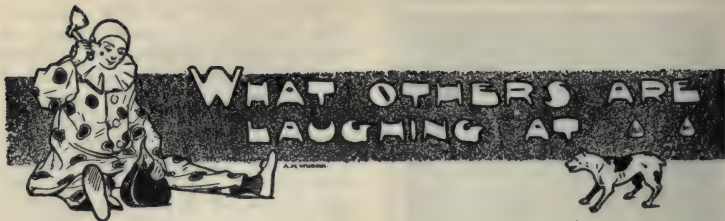
First we call at Bella Bella, where they  
educate the reds,  
Where they learn to wear a Merry Widow  
chapeau on their heads,  
Where the hardy, husky huskies lie asleep  
beneath their sleds,  
But me heart is with me klutch at Kit-  
sum-Kaylum.

There's a maid at Metlakatla, holy city  
of the sea,  
And she says she hopes for heaven, but  
she always looks for me.  
She's been maudlin at the Mission, where  
she's learned to say, "'Tis he,"  
But she doesn't know my klutch at Kit-  
sum-Kaylum.

There's a woman waiting always on the  
wharf at Essington,  
There's a paleface at Prince Rupert who  
addresses me, "me man,"  
And I'm always t'rowing kisses at the kid  
at Katchikan,  
But you ought to see me klutch at Kit-  
sum-Kaylum.

Mr. Warman is the author also of several volumes of short stories (Toronto: McLeod and Allen.).





### NIFTY NEIGHBOURS

The Man at the Door—"Madame, I'm the piano-tuner."

The Woman—"I didn't send for a piano-tuner."

The Man—"I know it, lady; the neighbours did."—*Chicago News*.

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### SCRIPTURAL

A country vicar discovered not long ago that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. Happening across the bishop, the vicar mentioned the matter, and asked his lordship's advice.

"Well," replied the bishop, "of course you must remember what the Bible says, 'If any man takes away thy coat, let him have they cloak also.'"



TRUST MAGNATE: "Yes, this certainly is glorious weather, even if I do say it myself."—*Life*

### LUCKY

"Have pity on a poor, lame man who is hungry and cold."

"Stranger, think yourself lucky. You're only cold in one leg; I'm cold in both."—*Pele Mele*.

\*

### HIS LIMITATIONS

"Is that man a bill collector?" said the new clerk.

"He may be in some places," replied the messenger boy, "but not in this office."—*Washington Star*.

\*

### THE PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION

"A good turkey dinner and mince pie," said a well-known after-dinner orator, "always puts us in a lethargic mood—makes us feel, in fact, like the natives of Nola Chucky. In Nola Chucky one day I said to a man:

"What is the principal occupation of this town?"

"Wall, boss," the man answered, yawning, "in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follers the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follers the shade around to the east."—*Washington Star*.

\*

Gladys—The manager at the Frivolity selected twenty chorus girls in twenty minutes.

Totty—My word! Isn't he quick at figures?—*Variety Life*.

\*

He (tired of dodging)—Would you marry a one-eyed man?

She—Good gracious, no!

He—Then let me carry your umbrella.—*Boston Transcript*.



CLERK TO OFFICE BOY (after senior partner has told poor joke): "Why don't you laugh too?"  
OFFICE BOY: "I don't need to; I'm leaving on Saturday."

—Punch

#### BONY TONES

Fond Parent—"What key do you think suits my daughter's voice best?"

Cruel Teacher—"My dear madam, your daughter's voice is so thin, I should suggest a skeleton key."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

#### IMPROVEMENTS

"Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of the sausages I bought here last week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the motor-car is replacing the horse everywhere."—*New York Times*.

\*

#### NOT FOR HERS

Mrs. Dart—"My husband is just begging me to take that trip around the world, but I can't."

Mrs. Uplatte—"Why not?"

Mrs. Dart—"I always get dizzy when I travel in a circle."—*The Pathfinder*.

#### IT STIMULATES RECOVERY

"What's the difference between a hospital and a sanatorium?"

"About \$20 a week."—*Kansas City Journal*.

\*

#### DANGEROUS

Willis—"He calls himself a human dynamo."

Gillis—"No wonder; everything he has on is charged."—*Judge*.

\*

#### SMALLER SIZES

The Customer—"I think these Louis XV. heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII. even would be high enough."—*London Sketch*.

\*

#### FOOLED AGAIN

"Didn't I give you a piece of pie last week?" demanded the cooking-school graduate. "I didn't expect to see you again so soon."

"I fooled you, ma'am," replied the tramp. "I didn't eat it."—*Philadelphia Record*.



"Well, Aunt Emma, when are you coming for a trip in my aeroplane?"

"My dear boy, I'd no more think of doing that than I'd think of flying."  
—*Punch*

#### TOO MUCH FOR HIM

"I notice that your garden doesn't look very promising this year."

"No, every time my husband got to digging in it he found a lot of worms, and they always reminded him of his fishing-tackle."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

\*

#### THE ONE FLAW

"I suppose you are engaged to the duke."

"Well, nearly."

"What's the hitch? Awaiting his father's consent?"

"No, he can't marry without a majority favourable report from his creditors."—*Kansas City Journal*.

\*

#### GETTING CIVILISED

In answer to the question, "What are the five great races of mankind?" a Chinese student replied, "The 100 yards, the hurdles, the quarter-mile, the mile, and the three miles."—*Kansas City Star*.

#### USUAL REASON

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."—*Toledo Blade*.

\*

#### ASHORE

Seedy Visitor—"Do you have many wrecks about here, boatman?"

Boatman—"Not very many, sir; you're the first I've seen this season."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

#### RIGID

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."—*Kansas City Journal*.

\*

#### MODERN NATURE LORE

To write of the wonders of Nature

Is now the acceptable dodge:

To trace the Nennook's nomenclature,

And learn where the Lorises lodge.

To set forth the habits of rabbits,

To sum up the porcupine's spines,

To mention the uses of mooses and  
gooses,

And tell how the ocelot dines.

To teach us to know the gorilla,

And how to tell llamas from lambs;

About what to chin the chinchilla,

And how best to entertain clams.

To post us on pigeons and widgeons,

And tell how to make beavers  
beave,

Or how to inveigle an eagle or beagle

His highest and best to achieve.

To state all the traits of the wombat;

To show why the koulan and vole

Are always engaged in a combat—

These stories I swallow down  
whole.

But still with two questions I  
wrangle,

And help will not come at my call:

Why an angleworm hasn't an angle—

And a mongoose is no goose at all!

—*Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Weekly*.







THE BROODING STORM  
FROM THE PAINTING BY HOMER WATSON IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## DEAR OLD PICCADILLY

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

*Illustrations from drawings and photographs*

FROM the top of an omnibus you look down for the first time in your life upon this great whirlpool of humanity—Piccadilly Circus. You had often heard of it and had wondered. Piccadilly! A name to relish trippingly on the tongue, to dilly-dally with, to pronounce and repeat and intone until it takes its place in the vocabulary with such expressions as helter-skelter, willy nilly, hurly-burly, and topsy-turvy.

Topsy-turvy! That is the very word for the top of an omnibus as you swing with the tide down into this Gargantuan vortex. You have mounted, we'll say, somewhere near Whitehall, have swished past Downing Street, past the Horse Guards, past the Admiralty, made the curve of Trafalgar, slipped into Cockspur Street, and literally slambanged with all the others, wonderingly, over into Piccadilly.

But you are not in yet. You thought you were, but you weren't. You thought your driver had lost control of the motor, that all the other drivers in front and behind and at the sides had lost control of theirs, that the taxis buzzing amongst them were all running away, that proud equipages of the lofty were in peril of degradation, that delivery tri-

cycles were entirely submerged, that persons afoot were hopelessly entangled; in short, that the whole congregation was coming together in a crushing, demoralising mass. Unnerving enough it would be with the inrush from Piccadilly street itself, but when you see the circus vibrating with like disgorgings from Shaftesbury Avenue and Regent Street and the Haymarket, involuntarily you shut your eyes and check your breath, for you know that the crash is coming. But, somehow, it does not come. Somehow or other the catastrophe has been averted, and you open your eyes to behold, almost with a gasp, the astounding regulation of the London streets. Your 'bus has stopped, all the other vehicles in your line of march have stopped, and you see in front the uplifted hand of authority, the token of the supreme power of the London bobbie.

But you are looking through an astigmatic lens, for the scene is still all topsy-turvy. But topsy-turvy, even now, cannot be the word; for although the scene changes with kaleidoscopic confusion, there must be moments when the trained eye can fix the picture, like a group of inanimate puppets on a stage, and see how one cog fits into another.



Perhaps it is this sense of turmoil and confusion that makes men the world over sigh deeply and exclaim, "Dear old Piccadilly!" But, no; it must be something else, the something



"IMPELLED TO MAKE A CIRCUIT OF THE CIRCUS"

that dazzles and ensnares as you step down from the 'bus and join the comingling throng. You have a feeling of centrality. The great movement of humanity, the incoming and outgoing of vehicles, the phantasmagoric bigness from a human standpoint make it all seem as if this is the centre of the universe, as if from or to this circle everything human radiates or converges. The gutter snipe is here, in all his pristine alertness. You meet him and pay tribute to him in the small coin of the realm. You meet here also descendants of the real son of Nimshi, beings of elastic temperament, and you see them in their many disguises. Here also you encounter the true philosopher of the public water-trough, but he is asleep,

and you do not disturb him. You are shoulder to shoulder with a duke, a baronet or an up-country rustic, for it is a common walk of mankind. There are hints of smart life, suggestions of gay life, whisperings of shady life, lurkings of slum life, flashings of sporting life, glimpses of club life—life that sounds the ignominy of the gutter or proclaims the glory of the coronet.

But you are not in Piccadilly to make a sociological study. You are merely one of the passing throng, pausing here and rushing there as the impulse moves or the crowd demands. You have no fixed purpose. You respond to the jostlings of the multitude, and find yourself almost impelled to make a circuit of the circus. It is not so easy afoot as you had supposed. But you must keep on going, because everyone else is going, except, of course, the philosophers who do their thinking in unison with the trickling of the fountain placed there by some earl—doubtlessly the Earl of Shaftesbury. You do not wait to verify the origin of the fountain, even if you do accept it as a rock upon which the vehicles of the street may split should they venture to explore more than its coast line. The fountain stands there like an island in a sea of humanity; and, indeed, it is but one of hundreds of these ironclad mounds of refuge.

You are fortunate in coming late at night, for it is not until after dark that the real character of Piccadilly is displayed; at least, its character at night seems to be such as would, under sunlight, lose its nuances of colour and tone. And, anyway, there are some people who were never intended for daytime, and, although you may not be one of them, you are here as a contrast, as an offset to the real *habitué*. And what would Piccadilly be without its contrasts—without its flaunting of femininity, without the cosmopolitan hospitality that entertains thousands just like you?



*Drawing by A. Helene Carter*

"DEAR OLD PICCADILLY"

Being near midnight, the crowds from the theatres are moving in like herring to the spawning ground. Rain is coming down softly, and against it on the pavement satin slippers and silken hose thrill one with a sense of the contemptuousness of wealth. What are a few splashes of mud and a few drops of rain when the pink on the cheek itself is not so lasting as the pink of the slipper, when lights from cafés sparkle through raindrops and fall soft on bare shoulders, when the rhythm of music and the pulse of drama still flourish in the blood?

Cozening eyes come and go, swift and penetrating, with semblance of gaiety at lip and swagger of bravado in defiant mien. At the corner you hear tinkling glasses and see women within the doorway standing shoulder to shoulder and goblet to goblet with men at the public bar. Flower girls raise nosegays to confront you, and at every turn mendicants press close to insinuate their woes. Cabbies shout, bobbies whistle, and rain descends; and gallants in white fronts and shiny pumps amble along as if they were in a Grosvenor Place drawing-room, and the raining and the shouting and the whistling and the jostling are as the sweets of life to them.

Everyone seems to be intent on going somewhere—everyone except you yourself, for you are apart from the throng, and you stand awestruck at this march past of the legions of cosmos. Who are they? Where are they all going to? Everybody. Everywhere. And, yet, who are *you*? Nobody. And where are *you* going to? Nowhere.

But you started out to go somewhere. You started out to see London. And now you are swirling about in this engrossing whirlpool, not caring how you will get out or when or where. A few hours ago you had a route fixed in the mind, and you fancied yourself swaggering along Shaftesbury Avenue, bound for

High Holborn or Tottenham Court Road. And now as you ruminate you are not sure that you did not intend to follow Regent Street towards the Strand. It was the familiarity of these names that attracted you, for it was the same as being in the way of meeting some wonderful person about whom one has heard ever since one has had ears. But what are these places to you now? What is Oxford Circus or Trafalgar Square or Mayfair or Pall Mall or Ludgate Hill or old Bond Street or Charing Cross or Drury Lane or Fleet Street or Birdcage Walk? What are Johnsons and Dickens and Cheshire Cheeses and Old Curiosity Shops? What mean they all, now that you are in the meshes of Piccadilly Circus? They have receded into the dim background, and your senses are attuned to the immediate. You see people go into places or come out. Obviously they go to eat and drink. Could you take something yourself? It is the custom and the privilege. But you are alone. Nobody goes in or comes out alone, and nobody knows you or notices you—except the beggars and the outcasts. Still, in you go, into the place of mirrors and coloured lights and embossed cupids with golden wings. But you do not relish the odour of chops. You do not admire the gravy streak on the waiters' fronts. A cosmopolitan yourself, yet you do not commingle graciously with the real undressed throng. You rather withdraw into the street, and for once in your life acknowledge your superiority.

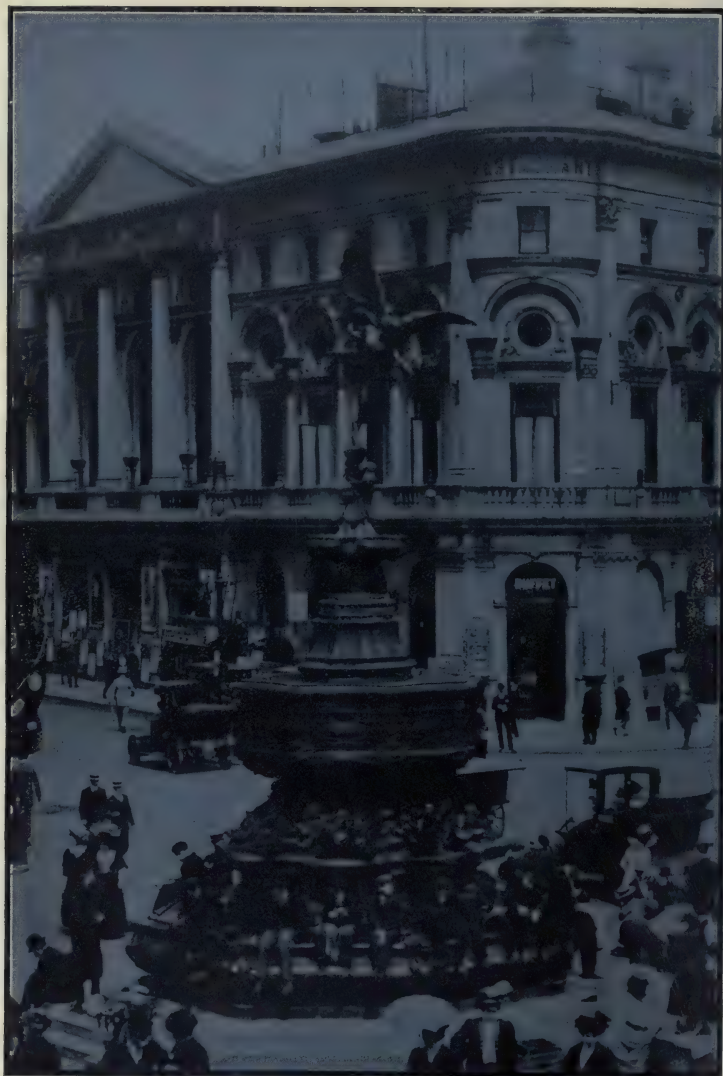
But you have not eaten. You must find some place in keeping with this new distinction. You catch a glimpse of a fair creature in pink garments—pink slippers and pink hose and pink what-nots—rustling across the pavement and entering a place of dignified and almost grave aspect, followed by a man of recumbent age. You feel that here is a restaurant of some degree. You enter, or, at least, you





*Drawing by A. Helene Carter*

"THERE MUST BE MOMENTS WHEN THE TRAINED EYE CAN FIX THE PICTURE"



*From a Photograph*

"HERE ALSO YOU MEET THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER OF THE PUBLIC WATER-TROUGH



*From a Photograph*

A HOLD-UP OF TRAFFIC COMING INTO PICCADILLY CIRCUS



are suffered to enter. Thank heaven, you are dressed! You affect familiarity with the place as you are handed from one white shirtfront to another. But you are really in



"THERE IS A GREAT SUMMONING OF VEHICLES"

some doubt. You wonder whether there is any law against eating alone in such a place, and your wonder increases when a shirtfront steps forward and says that the lady has gone to the dressing-room and will join you shortly. You assure him that you have no lady there, and then he gravely recommends the regular supper, after he has placed you at a table where the surroundings are so choice and the company so scant that you feel sure you will be made one of the benefactors. As regularity is a novelty just now, you accept the regular supper and sit back to await its production. Although there is for the moment no patron but yourself in the room you hear the harmony of stringed instruments and

the hum that comes up to you from the circus. The shaded lights are soothing after the glare of the streets, and when the pink lady comes in with the aged escort, whose honour came near being thrust upon you, the tone of the pink is subdued, and you see her in a proper setting.

"Wine, sir?"

You look over your shoulder, and with affected nonchalance murmur:

"A small bottle."

But there is something about the custom, after all, that you like. This is doing the thing right. You feel sure you were born to it. And, confound it, anyway, life isn't worth living if you can't get apart once in a while from the hum-drum sandwich and coffee. You take naturally to this, and while your money lasts you intend to have it. If you only had a companion like your aged fellow! But one cannot have everything. One cannot always be some rich old sport. But you can eat just as much white-bait as he, and as to her—ah, that's just where the difference comes in. But you can sip the punch with as much relish as he and linger as long over the wine. No, not quite so long, for you hear the street below calling.

You go down. It is raining still, and there is a great summoning of vehicles. You wonder when and where these eager, hungry, jostling, brilliant hordes sleep. Do they, somewhere, lay their heads upon pillows like you and me? Are they, after all, so commonplace that they sleep? Individually, perhaps they close their eyes somewhere. But as Piccadilly, they never sleep—never, at least, when you and I ought to.

As you stand there pondering, the pink lady and her aged escort cavort by. The impulse comes to follow them. It would be especially interesting to know where they live, they seem to be so born to everything. You have a taxi called, and you give an order to go wherever they go. With a wrench and a sputter your car scuttles through the crowd, turns into

the Quadrant, makes the short-cut along Regent Street to Oxford, and then settles down to the long stretch of that wide thoroughfare, past the Marble Arch and into Hyde Park Place, past Lancaster Gate and into Bayswater Road, around Notting Hill Gate and into Pembridge Square.

You have stopped, and the pink lady is alighting. There is a muffled exchange of courtesies. The lady gathers up her skirts and rushes up the steps. She pulls a bell-wire, and with some ceremony a youth opens the door. Now you know that she is *en pension*, and, as you reflect, she seems, after all, to be born to it.

"The Circus," you pronounce to the driver, and with that the wheels begin to turn again.

You sit there with some composure, but your head is still whirling round, as it whirled in dear old Piccadilly.

The streets out here are quiet now, and you can hear the noise of your own conveyance. But it is a humming noise, and it soothes you. You are

passing Kensington Gardens, and you have a hazy realisation of being surrounded by the shades of centuries. In the palace there, beyond the fence and the trees, queens and kings have eaten and slept and looked out upon the rose-garden. You fancy you can hear ducks quacking on the pond, where singular enthusiasts sail miniature boats in the daytime; and a little farther over, to-morrow morning, you know, the noblest blood of the land will go mounted and stirruped down through Rotten Row. What a horde of memories! What a volume of history! And yet you cannot fix the mind on anything, for you are all topsy-turvy. Again, after all, topsy-turvy does not express the emotion, for you close your eyes in composure from the world, and lean back upon the cushions, just as if—well, just as if you were born to it.

But what then is the word to express all these emotions? Perhaps there is no precise word. The nearest you can think of is Piccadilly.



# A STUDY OF IAGO

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

AUTHOR OF "SHAKESPEARE THE AGNOSTIC", "A STUDY IN KING LEAR," ETC.

THE depicting of pure wickedness can scarcely be called the highest form of dramatic art. To pre-occupy attention with a delineation of unrelieved villainy, however startling such a *tour de force* in the field of the abnormal may be, is never an exemplary pursuit and seldom a laudable end. It is not often, indeed, that serious drama busies itself with holding the mirror up to what Lombroso has called the *mattoïd*. It is seldom that Shakespeare gives us a villain without some excuse for his villainy, some extenuation for his evil-doing. However self-seeking or malicious or revengeful this dramatist's wrong-workers may be, he usually shows that their traits and their transgressions are human traits and transgressions. In only one instance does he portray for us villainy that is absolute and unqualified. In only one drama has he drawn a figure of unmotivated and yet unwavering wickedness. And that figure is *Iago*.

This *Iago*, it is quite safe to say, is the greatest villain ever created. Milton's *Satan*, beside him, is a mild and sympathetic figure; Shelley's *Count Cenci*, a weak-minded and much imposed-on father; Victor Hugo's *Quasimodo*, an ill-natured pigmy; Balzac's *Lisbeth*, a mere narrow-visioned egoist; Thackeray's *Becky*, nothing more than a kittenish intriguer; Stevenson's *Mr. Hyde*, a capricious shadow on the tapestry of allegory; Du Maurier's *Svengali*, a pallid musician with the gift of the evil eye; Browning's *Caliban*, a medi-

tative beach-comber steeped in Calvinistic theology.

But this young ancient to the lofty-minded Moorish soldier of fortune is a finished artist in crime. There is something serpentine in his guile, something more than Satanic in his off-handed, yet venomous and pertinacious hatred of all his fellows. He is no dullard; his mind has the nimble quickness of the adder's tongue. He is keen-witted, clear-headed, as light-hearted, when need be, as he is light-handed. His eye is veiled, but never dull. He can lie by and watch, as patient as a snake in the sun. But when he strikes, he does so with a quick and casual assurance of the reptile fortified with well-poisoned fangs.

He is almost of an age with *Hamlet*, twenty-eight years old, in the very prime of his restless and over-wise manhood as a wandering soldier of fortune. The world, apparently, has not used him badly. He has no ledger of actual ill-usage to balance. He has the honest esteem of everyone about him. But his character at the core is rotten. He is an ingrate and a liar. He is utterly conscienceless. He is without any of those emotional affiliations which bind man to his own kind and make him one of a brotherhood, with the self-justifying social obligations which all such confraternity implies. This *Iago* travels as alone and segregated as a timber-wolf. No dogmas weigh on him; he chafes, but never at principles. No past compels his reverence, as no fu-



ture compels his concern. Neither creed nor fair-mindedness confine him. He is destitute of that spirit of fortitude which touches human effort with nobility even in defeat; he is without that touch of the visionary which at times makes suffering something to be gladly borne. He has not one inspiration, or one ideal, which could not be caught up contemptuously on the point of his rapier. Alert as are his intellectual faculties, he is without any definite conception of the trend of things. He stands well-equipped to deal with the immediate, keen and prompt, compact and decisive in thought. But of those faculties called into play in dealing with the remote, imagination and faith, upliftedness and reverence, abstract spiritual courage, he has none. Nor has he one consoling misappreciation of human motives, nor even one redeeming illusion as to life. He is passionless; he carries on his restless head the curse of the Laodicean. He is never heroic, even in his malignity. Never for a moment does he rise to the barbaric grandeur of a *Macbeth* in crime. He is a half-hearted grafter, not greatly in love with the game, and not greatly enamoured of the graft. "Put money in thy purse" is the best advice this man who "knows his price" can give—yet it is plain enough that even money, one of the few actualities of life that he can understand, will never quite satisfy him. Crime is to him what his periodic drug is to a cocaine-snuffer, or an opium eater. He is a drunkard, with wickedness as his wine. He is a furtive and febrile buccaneer on the high-seas of intrigue, knowing no law and acknowledging none. He finds nothing in particular against which to centralise his self-corroding activity. His very creation seems to point to the cankering suspicion in his creator's mind as to whether earth can not claim its occasional disinterested devotion to evil, for evil's sake alone, as consistently as its occasional passion of imper-

sonal goodness. This ancient who has travelled from Syria to England—and the dramatic irony of making such a man a standard-bearer is worthy of note—moves with the indifference of the true sceptic. He is as cool as he is cynical, with the stagnating calmness of the egoist whose universe is bounded by his own hungry body and his own domineering appetites. The world is his oyster—and a fool of an oyster at that! *Othello*, the "sooty-bosomed," little more than a mad bull, is "this poor trash of Venice," to "be led by the nose as asses are"; *Roderigo* is a "sick fool" and "a snipe"; *Cassio* is sometimes an "honest fool" and sometimes a venal and voluble knave; *Othello's* followers at Cyprus are nothing more than "this flock of drunkards"; a faithful servant is merely an "honest knave" who ought to be whipped; love is little more than "unbitted lusts"; a deserving woman is a wight "to suckle fools and chronicle small beer"; reputation is "an idle and most false imposition"; conscience is "not to leave undone but keep unknown"; companions are mostly "credulous fools" to be trapped; his wife is a "fool" and a "wench" and a "villainous whore." So this honest, honest *Iago* sneers and scoffs his way through the world, where he can calmly say, "Every way makes my game." And so we find him, a scoundrel without cause, a cold-blooded blackguard without extenuation, an innate villain, rejoicing in his savageries as spontaneously as a child rejoices in its games, and through it all sitting as unmoved and as heartlessly aloof as though he were a spectator watching an indifferent play.

Even among the darkest villainy of all, he stands out as a wolf among lambs. He knows nothing of love and duty, honour and virtue—a fig's end for such abstractions! He is a venomous Machiavelian trickster, toying with profundities of life which are incomprehensible to him, a

Judas of deceit and hypocrisy, rejoicing in the sight of two noble lovers and an over-noble love turned from a momentary paradise of happiness to a timeless hell of ruin. He is evil incarnate; a human devil, aimless and arbitrary and motiveless in his malevolence.

In so far as this villainy of *Iago's* transcends that of all his rivals, in so far has he always seemed to me a strangely "humouresque" and un-Shakespearean figure. He is, rather, a recrudescence to the mere personified wickedness of the earlier Miracle with Jonson's creatures with a "humour." He has so little of that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin that his portrait might be taken for that of a barrack-calloused guerilla, a camp-hardened mercenary, who has, indeed, exchanged humanity with a baboon. He appears before us, not so much as a living and breathing man, as a forked Malignity in doublet and hose. The more one thinks over this character the more one is left pondering just why Shakespeare bequeathed to us so dark and strange a study in abnormal psychology. We wonder what mood permitted so mature and normal an artist to leave purity and innocence confounded by what should have been a patient in a psychopathic ward.

Ibsen, doubtless, would have treated *Iago* as a sick man, as a degenerate in whom has centered the inherited taints of certain evils of society. But Shakespeare has here, apparently, clung to the older Æschylean conception of Fate as involving the individual in injustice of which he himself is not the author. His sense of the tragic seems to be still built on the belief of some unfathomable cruelty in the operations of destiny. He still bows, in "*Othello*," before the incomprehensible; our fate, he would still say, rests in the lap of the gods. And it is the poignancy of this attitude as reflected in the tortured spirit of *Othello*, and the piti-

fulness of human reason humbled before the inscrutable, that has saved this work from being a problem-play, on the one hand, or a wonderfully complete and yet a mere melodrama of intrigue, on the other.

What has been called the modernity of the Classics is due to the fact that every generation refashions these classics to its own shifting taste, draping the shoulder of the universal with the cloak of the moment. We are of too analytical and too self-conscious an era to accept "*Othello*" as a mere *crime passionnel*. It is more than a bald recital of jealousy and murder and suicide. An interpretation such as Novelli's teaches us that it can be accepted only as a tragedy, and never as a melodrama. Yet it carries all the machinery of melodrama, and the main-wheel of that melodramatic machinery is the figure of *Iago*.

Too imminently and too often is this snake-like figure the "god from the machine" to let us accept the inevitableness of the tragedy's action without question. His conquests are too facile; those about him too continuously harp on his "honesty." He escapes detection for too long and too easily. The sheer fortuitousness of his intrigues' outcome is too great a strain on credulity; the long arm of coincidence is almost wrenched from its socket. He is too lucky in crime, in that wrong-doing which the modern mind must regard as consciously or unconsciously sowing the seed of its own destruction. We see him carrying on no less than four intrigues; that against the foolish and lascivious *Roderigo*, to bleed him of his money and jewels; that against the position of *Cassio*, which he seems to wish to fill; that against *Cassio's* life, when it is convenient to have him out of the way; and that against *Othello*, to awaken the jealous rage of the Moor against the innocent and too flower-like *Desdemona*.

These are the movements of melodrama, wherein, until the psychologi-

cal moment, unconfounded malignity harries and frustrates bewildered innocence. Yet the directness and the simplicity of the drama's construction; the unity and equilibrium from which arise its triumphant theatrical values, combined with the nobility and exotic grandeur with which Shakespeare has invested the character of *Othello*, carry the play above melodrama, in the end, into the plane of pure tragedy.

*Iago*, strangely enough, is both the strength and the weakness of "Othello." While his character and the persistence of its influence will always keep this play from being the supremest or most cherished of Shakespeare's tragedies, his very villainy serves to accelerate the action and unify the complex structure. He precipitates the dormant Moorish rage of *Othello*, sets loose the turbulent Mauritanian blood of the lion-like general whom the Venetian *Roderigo* has contemptuously called "the thick-lips," and promptly brings to the issue the almost angelic womanhood, the over-sensitive and over-earthly refinement of *Desdemona*.

Whether or not, in this, *Iago* is merely anticipating the inevitable is a question not lightly to be disposed of. If it was Shakespeare's intention to show these lovers, like *Romeo* and *Juliet*, to be "ill-starred," through over-contradictory environment and through too divergent lives and temperaments, then it can be reasonably claimed that he is divorcing himself from the more antique conception of fate, which the persistence and potency of *Iago's* wickedness seemed to countenance. If this marriage, which, we know, broke *Brabantio's* heart, was as unnatural a mating as *Iago* himself has argued, then the flaw which brought about the tragic break rests in our two heroes themselves, and they can no longer be regarded as innocent natures crushed under the capricious

heel of evil. *Othello*, in that case, was his own victim, and not the victim of fate.

But this neither augments nor detracts from the villainy of *Iago*. He remains the subtlest of all studies of the intellectual criminal. His hypocrisy and his heartlessness have no equal. In the First Folio he was billed as "Iago, A Villaine," and well he deserved the denomination. The habitual criminal, we have been taught to believe, is a mentally defective creature, a pervert, a being of abnormal make-up. His one deviation from the ways of straight-thinking is his vague and foundationless suspicion of his wife's former association with *Othello*. This is no adequate motive for his actions. It is the criminal's soul-satisfying vocation of slandering human nature down to his own level. It is a feeble effort at self-justification, a motiveless groping about for the unction of imaginary excuses. It is as much a pose as the self-assuaging pretence of this most consummate liar ever created that he hungers for the lieutenantancy given to *Cassio*. He did not want *Cassio's* place; he permitted caprice to come between him and that end; he promptly went off on the side-issues of other and more wilful intrigues. He shows no stubborn concentration to achieve what he has at first wrangled and fretted about before *Roderigo*. In fact, material advancement can mean nothing to a man like *Iago*. The world is already his oyster. A mere lieutenantancy is a bagatelle to what he has been and can be. He moves casually about, like a drunken god, tampering with the future of blinded enemies and friends, making and marring lives with a snap of the finger, toying with destiny as lightly as he toys with truth. This is a better game than soldiering. To be a lieutenant to a thick-lipped Moor is nothing beside being the supreme monarch in a world of malice, while that world still lasts.



# THE TRAIL OF MISSING MEN

BY S. A. WHITE

AUTHOR OF "THE STAMPEDER", "THE WILDCATTERS," ETC.

IN the northland that lies between the headwaters of the Missinabie and the mouth of the Abittibi, far, as yet, beyond the reach of steel, there are countless long and dangerous trails. To the uninitiated, he who has not received the bloody baptism of the black fly country, has never known white-water, has never wilted under a galling tump-line upon the slippery portages or suffered the *mal de raquette* and snow-blindness while mushing blown dogs across the frozen wilderness, it would seem that many of these trails could never converge. Such a person would regard as a mad statement the assertion that there are points in that summer network of woodlands, lakes, and rivers, in that winter waste of barrens, muskegs, ice-bound waters, and wind-packed snows, where men must meet if they are sane enough to travel the easiest routes. Yet this anomalous thing is true. The topography of the country, the high latitude enforcing the northward trend of the waterways, the position of the numerous trading posts, all combine to make it so. What the crowded junctions of the railways are to the province or state, the solitary cross-trails are to the northland.

That is why, in the dead of winter, the Searcher, bound east with his two Indian guides, and the Missinabie fur train, travelling north, went into night camp together at the foot of Burnt Lake. The Factor of Fort Wakoni, a Scot with a touch of true

Canadian blood and named Tremaire, was in charge of the train. To him the stranger introduced himself as Windermere, a name that Running Moose and Big Otter, his guides, could never remember; they invariably called him the Searcher or the One Who Seeks. Of his purpose they comprehended little; they understood Windermere sought a man over the broad face of the wilderness; but why they did not know or care. Only, they wished in their cunning hearts that the quest might last another year, because Windermere paid well, and these were hard winters for the trappers, winters during which many Ojibways and Crees had to depend upon the generosity of the Hudson's Bay Company.

But the hopes of Big Otter and Running Moose promised to dissolve, for their Englishman was pumping Tremaire's arm and crying out that he was the first northman who had ever heard of Buckingham, whom he sought.

"Yes, I know a man of that name, a Londoner and a roamer," confided Tremaire, "but I don't know where he is. Buckingham's one of the Missing Men, as we call them up here—rovers who disappear, and turn up, and disappear again. Last I heard of him was at Caribou Post. He was up on the edge of the Barren Lands—one of my fort runners saw him."

Windermere groaned at the prospect of that trip. His guides brightened visibly.

"Never mind," the Factor cheered, "every trail has its end. Let's have supper and talk it over while we eat. Perhaps I can help you!"

## II.

Already, the half-breed voyageurs had unharnessed the teams, built stages among the tree trunks, upon which to raise the fur-laden sledges beyond the dogs' teeth, bared a long rectangle of ground, using snowshoes as shovels, and kindled a fire the entire length of the big camp space. Dead trees were cut in the forest and great piles of firewood heaped up for use against the intense frost of the night. The men brought in huge armfuls of balsam boughs to spread upon the ground for beds; also, they arranged couches of brushwood for the *giddés*.

Windermere's guides attended to his outfit and animals, as was their habit. The Englishman and Tremaire squatted on the balsams, while strips of bacon, impaled on sticks, fried before the flames, and the bannocks browned in the pan.

"Speaking of Missing Men," the Factor was saying, "there's a road they often go, and that's the road of the squaw man. I hope your friend hasn't followed it. The squaw man's dead to the world as far as his return to the social scale of the whites is concerned. Even the company's agents marry Indian wives, but I don't approve of it."

"I can't think that!" exclaimed Windermere. "He's too proud of his race, don't you know?"

"That doesn't hold them," dryly observed Tremaire, reaching for the tea-pail.

The men gathered for supper, throwing themselves at full length by the fire. They ate thus, propped on their elbows. Outside the camp the deep darkness had fallen, a sombre hood that shut out the earth and rested in strange contrast on the spotless crust. One dash of vital warmth and cheer was the frame of firelight

amid the wastes of snow. About the blaze the voyageurs and the Indian dog-mushers sprawled in their picturesque costumes, their lean, bronzed faces limned by the red glow. The Factor's countenance reposed in its habitual, calm authority; the features of Windermere showed English casting and ruddy colouring against the fire's flickering brilliance.

"Better come north with me as far as Wendago Post, anyhow," suggested the Factor. "We may get some news of your man at the Indian encampments or from the Company's couriers. Failing that, I think you should hug Fort Wakoni till the snow goes, because if you're going to hit the Barren Lands, you had better hit them by canoe. And we're not so very far off spring now!"

The meal over, the mushers took the whitefish which had been thawing on sticks before the flames. The dogs, scenting their own supper, leaped up with a snarling chorus.

"*Allons, giddés*," called the voyageurs. The beasts rushed and bunched, but the long, cracking whips separated them. Two fish to each famished animal was the allotment; nor was one permitted to make free with his neighbour's portion. The lash prevented that. Their food was soon bolted, and they prowled about the camp, eager to pick up scraps discarded by their masters. Then, sniffing their disappointment, they crept to their brushwood beds, each curling a bushy tail about the nose he laid upon his paws.

But while the men lay close to the flames, sucking heat into their bones for the morrow's trail and drawing contentment from well-filled pipes, the huskies raised heads and began to blow suspiciously.

"Someone's coming," muttered Tremaire, staring off into the dark.

The blowing of the dogs turned to growling. They arose, baring white, chisel-like fangs, but the mushers cracked ready whips over their hides and cowed them.

Out of the night, to the north, came the sound of a speeding dog-train. The rush and creak of the sledge mingled with the dull thud of huskies' pads and the crunch of snowshoes. Plunging over the ridge, shadowy and indistinct in the illumination that the camp fire cast, came a double pack outfit. Running beside it in his webbed *raquettes*, lurching with the long, easy stride of a trained woodsman, was a big fellow, his parka hood drawn close, the frosted rime on mouth and eyes. Upon the gliding sled, wrapped in heavy blankets, the men could discern another figure, presumably that of a woman, from its slenderness. At the edge of the snowy embankment the stranger jerked up his team and threw back the hood of his parka as he felt the kindly waves of heat.

"*Bo' jou', bo' jou'*," he greeted, giving the salutation of the north-land.

"*Bo' jou'*," returned Tremaire, heartily. "Come into camp. There's plenty of room."

In the light of the crackling spruce boughs the woman put aside her wraps, revealing a lithe, graceful carriage, the heritage of the wilderness born. Her face, the Factor and Windermere saw, was fine and free in its lines, but the most wonderful thing about it was her eyes. Large and dark as a young moose's they were; just as luminous, and as full of the haunting magnetism of the wild thing's glance! She passed but a brief word in greeting and warmed her hands, her great eyes bent upon the man who was unharnessing the dogs. Presently he stepped into the circle of firelight, all the hoar-frost melted from his features.

"Here's your man," the Factor remarked, smiling quietly. "That Barren Lands trip needn't worry you now."

Windermere started and peered. "By the thundering Jove," he cried, "it is—it is! It's old Buck," and flew into a flurry.

"That's the way they always bolt out of the wilderness," chuckled Tremaire.

### III.

Slumber rested upon the greater part of the camp; but the Factor was awake, also Windermere and Buckingham, who conversed, a little removed from the sleepers.

Tremaire arose also to perform his last duty before retiring, the inspection of the stages to see that all was safe. His fur bales were too valuable to be allowed to fall into the jaws of the *giddés* or into the maw of some predatory prowler of the forest. While he felt the poles and the lashings, the two Englishmen stirred out of the gloom on the other side and halted, half-sitting upon a great stump just beyond the stages, and on the rim of the firelight.

"You're simply forced to go back," Windermere was saying. "Everything your uncle owned is left to you, estates, horses, hounds, houses, rent-rolls, honours, and all. He weakened at the last moment, Buck; I think the idea of the Buckingham name dying out was what he couldn't stand."

"But we quarrelled, and the whole of England knew it," protested his friend. "It seems like going in to pick up what's left after the dead is gone."

"All the more romantic," declared the Searcher. "They're waiting for us over there in Surrey, waiting, talking, expecting. By this time they'll be pretty well keyed up—it's a whole year, old fellow. Where can we drop this woman? You're not married?"

"No, not married," answered Buckingham, absently. He was dreaming of the Surrey downs; through the opened channels of his mind the old life rushed with its song of ease and pleasure, with its power and glamour.

Tremaire could fancy what emotions swayed him; so had he himself cherished visions of the Highlands in a day before the northland spell had



grown strong enough to conquer old memories and associations. Moreover, the Factor knew the struggle with the inner man that would come to Windermere on the heels of his dreams. With a sigh for the woman, Tremaire turned aside in the obscurity of the trees and stumbled against the woman herself.

"Come back," he ordered gruffly, seizing her arm. "You've no need to hear that talk." A knife point pricked his hand in warning; the Factor could see the steel shine even in the dark; he retreated a step, uttering a startled exclamation.

"I think it's my right," she declared, sheathing the weapon at her belt. For an instant she and Tremaire faced each other thus; they could hear the voices of Windermere and Buckingham still talking.

"I didn't think you'd get so near to being a squaw man," the Searcher reproached.

"She's not a squaw," the other asserted. "Miami is white, daughter of a trader up by Fort Katchawanee, where I used to stop. He died under a wounded moose's charge one day, and we—well, we just drifted. It's a way you get into up here, Windermere. Foolish laws don't crowd you; and you forget there are such things as social formalities."

"Then you're jolly well pulled up," Windermere observed. "We'll leave this woman you call Miami at the first post to the south and make for the steel—leave her with money if she raises a row. It's settled?"

"Yes, it's—settled," assented Buckingham, slowly, a harsh, strained note creeping into his tone. "It's hard on Miami, and I'm jolly fond of her, as fond of her, don't you know, as a man should be of his wife. But I can't take her back to Surrey Court; she's not of my race, or blood, or rank. Yes, old man, I guess it's settled!"

Abruptly, they stalked back to the fire. Windermere got into his blankets and was asleep, with the ease

that a year of wilderness life had bestowed; but Buckingham, his face in his hands, his elbows on his knees, sat and stared at the rifts of falling coals.

Together, Tremaire and the woman aroused themselves from their preoccupation; their minds returned with a shock to the salient facts of life, as if fresh from the witnessing of some portion of a vital drama. Miami moved away first.

"Here, give me that hunting knife," the Factor commanded.

She laid it in his hand and approached her tent from the back. While Tremaire rolled himself in his blankets, Buckingham still brooded over the fire. So he sat till midnight and after; and the vision of him kept sleep from the Factor's brain.

Then when, all about, regular breathing told of heavy slumber blessing the other men, Tremaire saw the flap of Miami's tent open, and she came out.

She glided with her free rhythm of movement, with her fine, lithe grace, to Buckingham's shoulder, took his face in her own hands, and gazed at him. Miami did not speak just then, but Tremaire knew those great, luminous eyes would weaken any man. He saw Buckingham catch her to him, with a little, choking cry.

The Factor closed his lashes. Their words were almost inaudible, but once he caught a sentence:

"Up among the Wood Crees, on Lake of Bears, there is a missionary minister—" And, swearing a stern vow to keep that knowledge in his own heart, Tremaire lapsed into contented sleep.

In the flare of the sudden dawn Windermere rubbed his astounded eyes; but he had seen correctly at first. There was no tent, no woman, no Buckingham, no dog-train. Big Otter and Running Moose shook their heads. A foot of freshly-fallen snow covered the trail of the Missing Man.

# THE CABINET MYSTERY

BY PERCY JAMES BREBNER

I HAD met the Murchisons in Switzerland, having gone to Montana for the golf. Murchison had been seized with an immense enthusiasm for the game, but was a shocking player, not a first-class recommendation to the people there, one would imagine, but he was such a good fellow, and had such a charming wife and daughter, that he was probably the most popular man in the hotel. The younger generation to a man, myself included, were the slaves of Joan Murchison.

Old Murchison—so he came to be called, although he was not more than fifty-five—and I became exceedingly friendly, and from time to time he was confidential. I learned that he had spent all his life in Australia, but was now home for good. He had made his fortune, was a millionaire in fact, but you would never have guessed it from his manner, and there was never the slightest suggestion of display about any of them.

"Now I've bought a place in Kent," he told me, "not far from Ashford. It stands on the top of a jolly hill, and in clear weather has a glimpse of the sea. You must come and see us, Carling. There is a good sporting golf course in the neighborhood, and with practice I shall probably be able to give you a much better game than I can at present."

Such a general invitation hardly counted, of course, but Murchison was not that kind of man, so that I was hardly surprised, and was extremely delighted, when a month be-

fore Christmas I received an invitation to spend the festive season with them. I had made no other arrangements as it happened, and if I had I should have been sorely tempted to break them in order to see Joan outside.

So it was I came to Hillside.

You could see the house for miles. It stood nearly at the top of the hill, a rambling old stone edifice, all corners and gables and unexpected windows, perched against a background of pines. The gardens were in terraces, full of points of vantage from which the views were magnificent.

Within, the house was quaint and picturesque, a large hall or house-place, which formed a delightful gathering ground for the family, occupying a central position. There was a great open hearth in it, the ceiling was beamed, and the furniture in this hall and throughout the house was old and in keeping.

Murchison was as delighted with his home as a child is with a new toy. He took me all over it, pointed out unexpected doors and passages, and a hiding-place behind the panelling on the stairs.

"It is beautiful," I said, "and your taste——"

"Stop a bit, I am not going to take unmerited credit," he laughed. "What we have put into the house is due entirely to my wife and Joan, but as a matter of fact I bought the place as it stood, and there was a quantity of furniture in it. The place had been empty about a year. I have made some small structural al-

terations, but they are all confined to the servants' quarters."

"I should think the house must have a history," I said.

"None of any particular interest, I fancy. The last owner soon grew tired of it, and decided to go back to London. Before that it was occupied for short periods by different people, and previously was for a long time in the hands of caretakers. During their residence some idea of a ghost seems to have got about."

"Since they were in such comfortable quarters they would naturally be inclined to keep the story alive," I said.

"My idea exactly," he answered; "and as we are all rather matter of fact persons, we did not consider the ghost a drawback. Certainly it has not troubled us."

"What is the story?"

"I asked the agent, and he didn't know. I inquired in the village, and could hear nothing definite. Weird and unaccountable sounds at night seemed to be the general opinion, evidently something of the good old-fashioned sort, Carling, which used to bring a kind of trembling delight to my childhood, clanking chains and the rest of it, with a final explanation which involved the doings of smugglers or some equally interesting people. I don't fancy that kind of ghost is going to be much worry to a man familiar with the Australian bush and with the real perils of those who live such an adventurous life as I have done."

I did not think so either, yet this happened only a few years ago, and to-day, if you look up to the hill, you will see a house gradually going to ruin, with windows either dark like empty eye sockets or, when the sun catches them, aflame with fire as though unholy revels were going forward within. The terraced gardens are a tangle of weeds and only the background of pines remains as it was. The story is so far definite now, and Murchison would neither

sell the place nor pull it down. He could afford to let it fall to ruin in its own way, which was the best thing that could happen to it, he declared.

We were a large party at Hillside. I had arrived a week before Christmas, and during the next day or two other arrivals brought the party up to sixteen, chiefly young people. Amongst them was a man named Powell and his sister. He was an architect with ideas, not only on house planning, but on furnishing too. He has become fairly well known, and I have heard it said that he makes his clients furnish as he thinks best, not as they want to. I have seen some of his work in this direction, and cannot say it appeals to me. Murchison thought a great deal of his opinion, however; had he not done so this history would probably not have been written.

Another guest who was of greater interest to me was Denson Lorden. He was a splendid specimen of a man, just a little rough in manner, perhaps, but a man to like. He did appeal to me considerably, and would have done so far more, but for the fact that he was evidently a great friend of Joan's. He was Australian born, his family had been out there for a long time, and he and Joan had known each other from childhood. I recognised in him a formidable rival. Whether he considered me formidable or not I cannot say, but I could see he did not like the attention I paid to Joan. He was rather a curious mixture. Although his whole life had been spent in the open air, in hard work and strenuous days, there was much of the dreamer about him. In the midst of a lively and general conversation he was liable to fall into a reverie, and be far away from his immediate surroundings. It was evidently characteristic, for Joan laughed at him.

"In the clouds again, Denson," she said on the very afternoon of his arrival; "you haven't altered very



much in that respect, at any rate."

He came back to the present with a slight start.

"No, no, nor in any other respect," he said quickly.

There was a look in his eyes which told me much. That was the moment in which I recognised him as a dangerous rival.

The house party was altogether a very pleasant one. There was not a jarring note in it, and even Powell, whose ideas on furnishing were apt to become tiresome at times, seemed to have little to find fault with in the arrangement at Hillside.

We were at tea in the hall one afternoon, only the firelight flickering on the panelling and furniture, a satisfied and contented atmosphere about us, and a delicious smell of buttered toast and hot cakes. There was a sudden pause in the conversation, and Powell broke it.

"There is just one thing wrong here, Mr. Murchison—that cabinet. It is a fine piece of furniture, and is quite lost where it is. It ought to change places with that oak chest."

"Oh, Teddie, do be quiet," said his sister. "If you begin talking shop you will spoil the flavour of these cakes."

"I can't see what difference it makes where furniture stands," said Lorden, helping himself to another of the afore-mentioned cakes. "A chair is just as easy to sit on no matter in what part of the room it may be."

"I entirely disagree with you. For everything in this world there is an obvious place."

"Powell is right in this case," said Murchison. "If some of you fellows are not too lazy to lend a hand we'll make the change at once."

It was like Powell to sit where he was and direct operations, the rest of us got up.

"I see the cabinet is screwed to the panelling," I said.

"Screwed!" and Murchison examined the little clasps which held it on

either side. "Oh, that is only to prevent its toppling forward, I expect. Just ask them in the kitchen for a screw-driver, will you, Joan?"

The cabinet was soon unfastened. It was a solid piece of furniture, standing as firm as a rock.

"Doesn't show much inclination to topple forward," said Lorden. "This is your idea, Mr. Powell, won't you come and give a hand at the removal?"

"Is it so heavy?"

It was heavy, but we had moved it before Powell had got well out of his seat. He went and examined the holes made by the screws in the panelling.

"No harm done, easily plugged up," he remarked.

Joan was standing some little distance away holding the screw-driver which her father had handed to her. Perhaps from her point of vision the firelight touched the panelling which the cabinet had hidden in some peculiar way.

"Doesn't it look different to you, somehow?" she asked, turning to her mother, who had watched our labours from her chair by the tea table.

"Naturally the colour would——"

"I don't mean the colour, Mr. Powell," said Joan, going to the wall, and using the screw-driver as a pointer. "This panel is surely wider than the others, and it doesn't seem to me to be on the same level. You will see what I mean much better if you go and stand over there."

Powell ran his finger round the edge of the panel, and suddenly there was a click.

"A tiny button under the moulding!" he exclaimed.

"A door!" several of us said in a breath, for one side of the panel had given inwards.

"This is exciting," said Joan. "Another secret hiding-place, father."

Powell pushed the panel inwards. It swung easily on its hinges, but the moment he let it go it swung back again and fastened itself.

"Be careful," said Mrs. Murchison. "I don't like these self-closing traps."

Murchison lit two or three candles. "Come along," he said. "We'll investigate."

We did not all go together. Some of us stood and kept the panel open whilst others went, but we all had our turn. It happened that Joan and I went together, with two or three others, of course, and I only mention the fact because the subsequent events were mysterious in the extreme, and it may be there was significance in a small point of this kind.

A few feet of narrow passage, bearing a little to the left, led to a small octagonal room which was dimly lighted by three narrow slits, filled in with glass, placed just below the angle of juncture between the ceiling and the walls. I may explain that later investigation showed that the room was hidden in the masonry of the older part of the kitchen building, and the projecting roof effectually concealed the window slits. As I have said, the house was all corners, and the discrepancy between the interior space and the outside plan easily escaped notice. Powell said that from this point of view it was the most cleverly concealed chamber he had ever seen.

The room was furnished simply but completely. When I say simply, I do not mean cheaply. Everything was good, but of a bygone fashion. Dust was everywhere; nothing could have been moved for many, many years, and yet there was a curious sense of life in it. It did not feel like an empty room which had been deserted for a long time.

Joan suddenly put her hand on my arm.

"It feels exactly as if someone were here, someone we cannot see, doesn't it?" she whispered.

It was curious that she should have the same feeling, but at the moment the touch of her hand on my arm concerned me more. She

had deliberately moved to my side, she had whispered to me so that no one else could hear, and there was a confidential trustfulness in her manner. Lorden was not with us. I wondered if she would have gone to him instead of to me had he been there.

We all returned to the hall, the door was allowed to close itself, and Murchison and Lorden drew the oak chest in front of it.

"I rather wish the cabinet had not been moved," said Mrs. Murchison.

"Oh, but think of the wonderful discovery it has led to," said Powell. "This house must have a quaint history."

"I believe not," said our host.

"It simply must have," Powell insisted. "When I go back to town I shall see if I cannot hunt it up. I am convinced that room could tell us stories if its walls could speak; besides, the person who had that cabinet screwed to the panelling must have had it put there to conceal the door. It is not possible that he screwed it into that exact place by chance."

"The cabinet was there when I bought the house," said Murchison; "I believe it has been there a long time."

"Possibly there was good reason," Mrs. Murchison remarked. "By moving the cabinet we may have let loose the ghost."

"Oh, mother!"

Joan was seated near me, and I thought her mother's suggestion frightened her.

"This is the very atmosphere of an old-fashioned ghost story," said someone. "It makes you want to draw near the fire, and keep close together."

Some of us laughed, but the discovery had evidently left an impression, which was not altogether comfortable, upon most of us.

Lorden was sitting back in the shadows.

"I am going to tell you rather a remarkable thing," he said suddenly, breaking into a pause.

We all turned towards him. He rather startled us.

"The moment I entered that room it seemed strangely familiar to me, just as if I had known it a long time ago, but had forgotten all about it until I saw it again."

"Is it possible you have seen it before?" asked Powell.

"No, this is my first visit to England. Of course, there is nothing in my fancy. We have all had experience of feeling that some place or incident is familiar—some reflex action of the brain accounts for it, I suppose—but this was curiously real. The moment I got inside the room I felt that I could have closed my eyes and described and told the exact position of every piece of furniture in it."

It was soon time to dress for dinner, and I fancy most of us found some relief in the fact. The adventure had got on our nerves. We were all glad to dismiss it and think of something else, and when, after dinner, Powell was inclined to return to the subject we promptly shut him up.

A very direct result was the outcome of the affair so far as I was personally concerned. From the moment Joan had laid her hand so confidently on my arm in that room our attitude towards each other changed. I grew bolder. I sought her company more definitely. It seemed to be in the natural order of things that I should do so; the others appeared to recognise the reasonableness of it, and Joan herself gave no sign of finding anything strange in it. Perhaps the beginnings of love are like this, I do not know, I have no wide experience to draw from, besides, this was not the beginning with me: I had fallen in love with Joan at Montana.

Another thing was also apparent. From the moment Lorden told us of

his feeling about the octagonal room he appeared to indulge in his absent-minded reveries more frequently than ever, and it was always Joan who, with some laughing remark, recalled him to himself. Then he would look at her quickly, start a little, and answer her. Poor chap, I was sorry for him. I was sure that he cared for Joan, and he could not help seeing how it was with us. His attitude during the day following the adventure led me to suppose that he accepted the inevitable, but the next day I was convinced to the contrary. He was full of suggestions, excellent in themselves and proclaimed by the house party generally, but they made it quite impossible for me to get away quietly with Joan. Not until after tea did I have her to myself for a moment, and then we were in the hall together. She said something about it being time to dress, but I begged her to stay for a few moments.

She laughed as she sat down, and I was rejoicing at my good fortune when I felt, rather than heard, someone behind me. I turned quickly to see Lorden on the stairs looking down at us.

At the same moment a curious thing happened. There was a click, and the door in the panel came unfastened. It did not open. We all started and turned quickly towards the door. Joan looked at me and was pale, I noticed.

"It couldn't have been fastened properly," I said as I crossed the hall, and, stretching over the oak chest, I gave the door a slight push. It opened about a foot, and then shut itself sharply. There was no doubt about its being securely fastened this time.

Lorden said something which I did not catch and went upstairs.

"I must go and dress," said Joan.

I did not attempt to keep her. I could see that the incident had upset her. At the bend in the stairs she looked back for an instant and smiled down on me. That made me too



happy to think much of Lorden or the opening door.

But the following morning the door gave again under very similar circumstances. I had manœuvred things rather cleverly. Every one went to the links, even those who were not going to play went for the walk. I pleaded an important letter to write—I had heard Joan ask Mary Powell to excuse her going as she had several things to do. I dare say the plot was rather thin, but it worked out all right. I did not attempt to write my letter, and Joan's "several things to do" consisted of a small piece of needlework which she brought down to do by the hall fire. I fancy it could have been achieved in any odd moment.

"Haven't you gone with the others?" she began when she saw me. "I thought——"

"I overheard what you said to Miss Powell," I answered, "and I wanted to——"

Then the door clicked, just as it had done last night. Joan sprang to her feet with a little cry, and I turned to see Denson Lorden standing in the doorway of the library.

"That catch is evidently out of order," I said as I moved across to fasten it again.

"Curse the door!" Lorden exclaimed. "I wish they had left the cabinet where it was," and he passed into the garden without another word.

"I can't stay here, Mr. Carling," said Joan. "I am positively afraid of that door. Like Denson I wish the cabinet had not been moved."

"Coming into the drawing-room," I suggested.

"It is curious, isn't it?" she said as we went.

"A trifle startling, certainly, but it is not very surprising that the catch should have gone wrong. Powell may have strained it when he first opened it."

Possibly, indeed probably. I should have thought a great deal more of

the recurrence of the incident had not my mind been full of something far more important. I closed the drawing-room door, and so sacred was the next hour to me I will not share it with anyone. When I opened the door again Joan had promised to be my wife, and that night every member of the house party knew it. There was no reason for secrecy after I had spoken to her father and mother, which I did that afternoon. We received general congratulations, and the statement that the news was no surprise. Denson Lorden was as hearty in his good wishes as anyone, and I could see this was a relief to Murchison. He was very fond of Lorden, and had told me quite frankly that afternoon that he was afraid he would feel it.

"Not that there has ever been anything between them," he said, "but I am pretty certain he hoped there would be some day. You see they have known each other since Joan was a child, and he was a boy just beginning to feel important."

The following day was Christmas Eve, a day I am ever likely to remember, even if memory fails me in other matters. We had arranged to have a dance after dinner, and during the evening Murchison suggested some games. He was not too old to enjoy them, he declared, so we ought not to be. He knew several which I had never heard of, and, of course, one of them involved two people going out of the room. This part was given to Joan and me.

The drawing-room door was closed on us; we were alone in the hall. Was it very strange that I should take her in my arms and kiss her?

The next ten seconds were crowded ones, everything seemed to happen at once.

"Denson!" Joan said suddenly. She was facing the stairs, my back was towards them. She spoke curiously, and I turned.

I had not noticed Lorden's absence from the drawing-room, but

now he was coming slowly down the staircase, leaning on the banisters, a revolver in his hand.

"The last kiss, Mr. Carling," he said with a horrible, short laugh.

I could not speak. I made a movement to drag Joan behind me. The distance between us and the stairs was short, but I was convinced Lorden meant to shoot her, not me.

Then the door in the panel clicked sharply; more, it opened nearly wide—and stayed open! It was just as if someone stood by it and held it, preventing its closing itself, yet no one could be seen there.

The effect was instantaneous. I say no one was to be seen, but God knows if this was true so far as Lorden was concerned. He uttered a cry like a man in pain, and fired, neither at Joan nor at me, I am certain, but at something behind us. The bullet struck somewhere in the passage which led to the octagonal room, and immediately, as though the person who held it had been hit, the door swung to and shut itself. The revolver dropped from Lorden's hand, and I suddenly found Joan lying in my arms in a dead faint.

Then the people came running from the drawing-room.

That night a groom rode over to Ashford, and early on Christmas morning Denson Lorden was taken from Hillside. Poor fellow, he was raving mad, and I may say at once that three months later he died in a lunatic asylum.

Why had he gone mad so suddenly? To answer that disappointed love was the reason might satisfy some, but it satisfied none of us who were present at Hillside. The doctor suggested that his fits of absentmindedness were a warning of his condition, but then Murchison said he had always been a dreamer. I do not pretend to explain. I can only set down the facts.

Powell did not rest until he had hunted up the history of the house, and the reason it had got the reputation of being haunted. The dates

were rather indefinite, but it appeared that about a century and a half ago the man who had lived there had committed murder under peculiar circumstances. He was no longer a young man when his first wife died, but he fell madly in love with a young girl, and when she preferred another man who was about her own age, he shot his successful rival, and by some means escaped punishment. Whether the deed was done at Hillside was doubtful, but the murderer lived there for years, chiefly in a hidden room, so it was reported, that he might have no intercourse with his fellows. In this way, it was declared, he had expiated his crime, for he lived to a great age, and in constant fear. Powell suggested that he may have concealed himself at Hillside and so escaped punishment, but we could find no proof of this.

Did death take him altogether from Hillside? The question may make the scoffers smile, but there are others. I feel convinced that on the first and second occasion when the door clicked, Lorden was so startled that he was prevented from committing the crime which his diseased brain had planned. On the third occasion his madness may have overcome his fear, and that time the door was opened, and held open! What Lorden saw, who shall say?—but he fired at it instead of at Joan or me. Strangely enough that octagonal room had made a curious impression on the three of us; is it altogether foolish to think that the restless spirit of the man who had committed a crime long ago suddenly appeared to prevent another crime?

There was nothing to show when and by whom the old cabinet had been screwed over the door, but one very startling fact came to light. The name of this owner of a hundred and fifty years ago was Dennison, and we were able to prove that he was an ancestor of Lorden's. Lorden even had his name in a mutilated form—Denson.

# THE MAD PLAYER

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

*Illustrations by J. W. Beatty*

I THINK he was the strangest figure I have ever seen; and I saw him first one evening when I had laid aside my brushes for the day, and, attracted by the cries and laughter, strolled down the village street and joined the group of peasants who pushed around him.

He was mounted on a stage that consisted of a board stretched between two barrels, at one end of which a torch smoked woefully, as though in protest at its own desecration of the soft mountain twilight. A bow dangled straight down from one hand, a violin from the other, and his black eyes glittered from a face whose skin, where one could see it for the great untrimmed, shaggy mass of white beard, was colourless, parchment-like in its pallour; while, beside his master, a huge tawny mastiff on his haunches scratched vigorously at his hide, causing the plank to sway violently.

As I approached, the man fastened his eyes on me, and, sweeping his red woollen cap, with its long, hanging tassel, from his head, bowed.

"Monsieur," he cried, "will do Coquin"—here he flourished his bow toward the canine—"the honour to remark his attack so marvelous of the high C, yes? It is to please the children; then monsieur shall see."

Then, without waiting for any acknowledgment from me, who was, indeed, too amused and nonplused to offer any, the man and his beast burst into an astounding chorus. The man played, his efforts merciless on him-

self, every joint in his body seeming to swing to the rhythm of the air. His ill-fitting apparel—black, baggy velveteen trousers, into which was tucked a faded blue blouse, many sizes too large for him, that served for both coat and shirt—flapped in concert with his movements, exaggerating the gaunt leanness of his physique. And, as the oil torch sputtered crazily, joggling up and down with the motion of the plank, the dog howled, lifting up his head in prolonged, hearty and repeated yowls, snatching for his breath between each outbreak as he would snap at a pestiferous fly buzzing before his nose.

"He is but a harmless fool," volunteered the man standing at my elbow.

"Who is he?" I asked curiously.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he replied. "He travels the mountains and takes our pennies when times are good; when there is no money we give him something to eat and drink."

"They were crying '*Vive le Duc*' when I came," said I. "Is that what you call him?"

"But, yes," laughed the man; then: "Monsieur is he who was painting by the river this morning?"

"Yes," I admitted.

"So. Monsieur is, we know, a stranger, but it is evident he has never been in the mountains before since he has not heard of the Duc de Vassmalquieur."

"Vassmalquieur?" I repeated, puzzled. "What is that?"

My informant's reply, if he made



any, was drowned in the round of applause that greeted the conclusion of the piece. The Duc—I shall call him that—gave a little bow that was all of condescension to the group before him, and again fastened his eyes on me as though demanding my verdict.

I clapped my hands and joined heartily in the cheers. The man's face broke into a smile and again he bowed profoundly, as he put his bow to the strings to begin a new selection. Then, while the Duc fiddled with all his might and the brute ran the gamut to the accompaniment of the screaming laughter of the women and children, I turned to resume my conversation with my new acquaintance, only to find that he had moved away with some of his companions. So I, too, changed my position, strolling here and there amongst the crowd of rough, simple people, men, women and children of the little town, perched high on a slope of the Belgian Ardennes, which had been my stopping place for more than a week back. Finally, I turned to go, and, as I did so, the Duc, whose eyes must have been following my every movement, stopped short in his playing and called out to me.

"If monsieur will but listen," he pleaded, "I will play the *Sonate Pathétique*. Coquin shall be silent. Yes?"

I nodded my head unconcernedly as he began; but as the notes, throbbing, tremulous, rose and fell, I stood spellbound, silent, at their exquisite sweetness. Like some divine melody it was that, at the master touch, fills the heart too full for words, the eyes with tears, flooding the soul with a sense of the infinite, lifting it away beyond the gross, material things of life.

As the last note died away the audience stirred uneasily, a child's voice rose petulantly and then another's. There was a little ripple of applause, scattered and uncertain. "I like the other better," declared

a dark-eyed girl beside me, who clung to a young man's arm. "It is too sad, that!"

For myself, I stood wondering at the battered incongruity, who, with his eyes gravely fixed on mine, now pulled his cap from his head again, and, bowing with unmistakable grace and dignity, placed it in the dog's mouth.

Without a word from his master, the animal leaped from the plank and began to pass among the crowd, mutely, but eloquently, demanding some more substantial token of the audience's appreciation than their mere applause. The brute's sagacity was truly wonderful. Even those who had edged to the outer fringes away from the press did not escape his watchful eye, and the hat was duly presented to them, with, if necessary, a paw scratching the trousers' leg or skirt to attract their attention.

To me the dog came almost last of all, for I had caught sight of the peasant with whom I had been conversing earlier in the evening and had joined him as he stood alone and a little apart. There were a number of pennies in the hat, perhaps ten or twelve. My companion laughed as he added another.

"The Duc is in luck to-night," he said.

"Yes?" I queried, contributing a silver piece. "Is it more, then, than usual?"

"About double, I should say," he replied. "It is intermission. He will play some more, and at the end Coquin will go around again."

It had grown dusk, and the Duc, taking the hat from the dog, which had now returned to him, carried it to the torch and began to examine the contents under the flickering light. I moved a little closer, expecting to witness some expression of satisfaction as the result of his investigation. The peasant had said the collection was double the usual amount, and that was before I had



*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"AS I APPROACHED, THE MAN FASTENED HIS EYES ON ME"

contributed my two-franc piece, which was, at least, three times as much as all the rest combined. To my intense astonishment, therefore, the Duc, after a moment, crushed the hat in his hand.

"I play no more to-night," he burst out; and then, curiously, his words trailed off and broke: "No—more—to-night—"

The protest from the audience that followed this announcement was vigorous and pointed; but they might better have saved their breath. Without lifting his eyes in their direction, the Duc took his torch, and, jabbing it flame downward into the ground, extinguished it. Certainly after that it was useless to stay longer, and the crowd, breaking up into little groups, began to move away; the women complaining volubly, the men grumbling with more of good-natured tolerance than of anger.

Half-amused, half-serious, and, too, a little puzzled, I mingled with those who took the road in the direction of the inn where I was lodging. Everyone knew everyone else, and their genealogy as well, and badinage flew thick and fast, for they were laughing now at the antics of the poor fool, as they styled him—the Duc de Vassmalquieur. At the inn door they cried a respectful good-night in chorus—like children they were. It seemed good to be among them. They took life as they found it, loved and married and died, simply, heartily, even as they lived. I whistled as I pulled over my sketches made that day, and then laughed aloud at the extravagance of my smile—one does not die heartily, I suppose.

"*Pardon, monsieur*"—the voice was at my elbow. I had taken a chair to the big fireplace in the common living-room of the inn, for it was chilly in the autumn evenings in the mountains. My folio was open on my knees. As I whirled quickly around, startled, a sketch fell from the rest and fluttered to the floor.

"*Pardon, monsieur*"—the Duc de Vassmalquieur had picked it up and was extending it to me. As I reached for the sheet, he uttered a cry, abruptly drew it back, and, holding it close to his eyes as though short-sighted, stared at it fascinated. Coquin, on his haunches, was motionless at his master's side.

I waited without speaking, desiring rather to see what this strange individual would do next. After a moment he shook his head, a feeble smile on his lips that seemed one of gentle tolerance for his own vagaries. He hesitated, shook his head again, this time more emphatically than before, and almost roughly pushed the sketch into my hands.

"My eyes play me tricks, *monsieur*," he said querulously; and again the phrase that seemed mechanically ever on his lips: "*Pardon, monsieur*."

"You are interested in the picture?" I asked. "It is only a little sketch I made this morning."

"The picture is nothing to me," he answered brusquely. "I am not here to look at pictures. *Monsieur* has the dress of the artist, but not the temperament."

In what way had I offended the man, for offended he appeared to be? I placed the sketch with apparent carelessness, though purposely, in full view, on top of the portfolio, which I continued to hold on my knees. Across the room, madame, the *patronne* of the inn, in short woollen skirt, bustled around the three or four little tables serving *saison*, the native beer, to the villagers. In the corner, her husband sat facing me, puffing contentedly at his pipe, his glance shifting from myself to the Duc, then to Coquin, the dog, and back again.

The Duc was fumbling in his pocket. Suddenly, with a quick movement, he forced into my hand the two-franc piece that I had dropped into his hat when Coquin took up the collection.





*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"MADAME, THE PATRONNE OF THE INN, IN SHORT WOOLLEN SKIRT, BUSTLED AROUND THE THREE OR FOUR LITTLE TABLES, SERVING SAISON

"What—what is this?" I stammered.

"Monsieur is he who placed it in the hat, is it not so?"

"Certainly, I did; but——"

He interrupted me with a violent

gesture of his hand; then, drawing up his body to its full height: "Monsieur does me an injury. I am an artist. Between artists there is appreciation not of money. Monsieur considers my playing not worthy of

an artist, yes? That is a misfortune for me, but it is not deserving of insult."

"But——"

"It is not necessary!"—again he stopped me. "Am I the less artist because I am poor, and to gain a few pennies play for the amusement of the villagers? And Coquin to make them laugh? That is not art. Do I not know it? But did I not play once for monsieur alone, who is an artist himself? And I am repaid so!"

A harmless fool my peasant informant had told me. Indeed, it seemed so. The poor crazed brain full of whimsical conceits and fancies! His distress was real enough and pathetic, too, in the hurt dignity of his tones. I had wounded him in that tenderest of all spots—his pride and his belief in his artist worth. A distinct sense of pity came over me. Racking my brain for something that I might say to soothe the unintentional hurt I had inflicted, my eyes travelled around the room in search of inspiration. Madame's wooden shoes clack-clacked her constant coming and going; the occupants of the tables were laughing and joking noisily; monsieur, the proprietor, met my look as my glance completed the circle, and his face puckered into a funny little smile of interested amusement, as though intimating that he understood and appreciated my dilemma. Involuntarily, I smiled back, and then, fearful that the Duc might have intercepted the look and have misinterpreted it as one of derision directed toward himself, I turned to him with the intention of making such amends as I could.

But I need have had no concern on that score. The player seemed oblivious of everything and everybody save only the sketch, at which he was again staring intently, fixedly even.

"*Pardon, monsieur*"—the voice was a trembling quaver; the matter of the two-franc piece and the question of his artist worth, evidently

far from the poor, unbalanced mind, now obsessed with another problem. "*Pardon, monsieur*; but did monsieur say he had done this to-day—here?"

"Yes," I answered. "Why?"

"That is none of your affair!" he cried sharply; then quickly: "No, no, monsieur, I did not mean to offend. Monsieur will tell me where it was done—where? *Mon Dieu*, and I thought at first it was but a trick my eyes were playing on me! But it is so! It is real! It is real!" The man in his sudden excitement was pulling at my arm to drag me toward the door.

"Calm yourself, my friend," I said. "Of course, I will show you the spot since you are so interested." And so to humour him I rose from my chair and went to the street.

It was already quite dark. The evening settles down rapidly in the mountains in late October, but the moon just rising over the crest of a peak showed the road stretching out, a white, winding trail between the hills to the valley below us, from where one caught an occasional moon-glint from the river through an opening here and there in the woods.

The Duc clung closely to me, following my gesture as I pointed toward the valley.

"It is there; yes, yes, it is there, I knew it," he whispered to himself. I say whispered, though that hardly describes it. The words seemed drawn in, in a low, catchy, sobbing way.

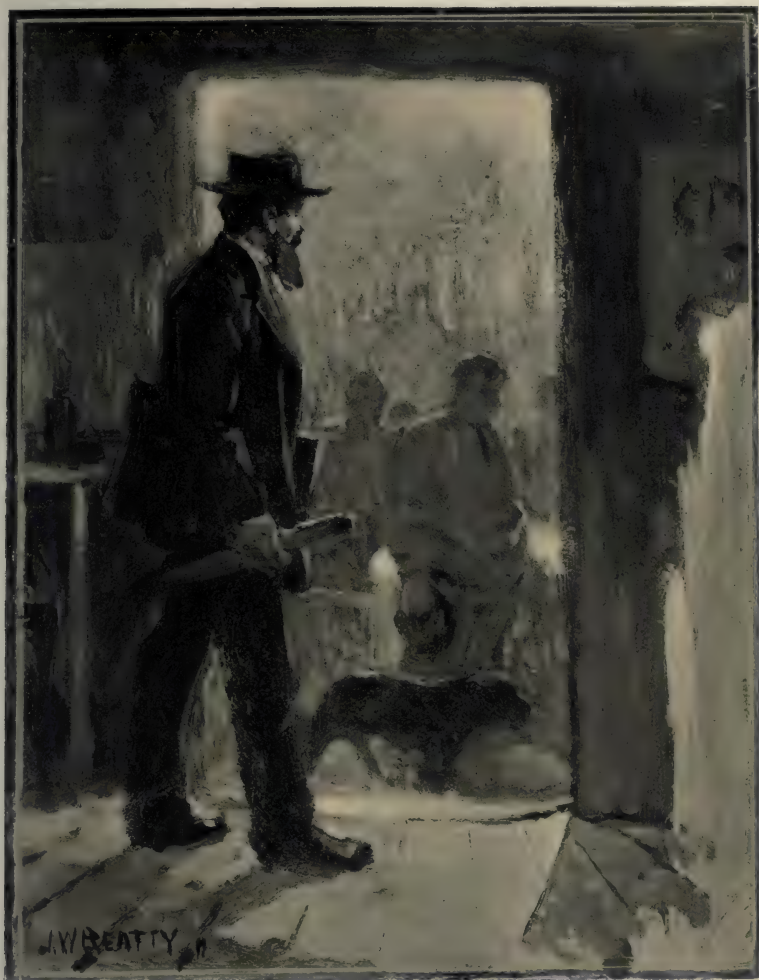
"You see the first turn in the road?" I directed.

He nodded his head vehemently.

"Yes? Well, there is a little path——"

"I know! I know!" he interrupted.

"——that turns off there, leading into the woods," I continued. "A quarter of a mile farther on it comes out onto a little open space above the river. It was from there that I sketched the opposite bank, which is the picture you——"



*Drawing by J. W. Beatty*

"IN THE MORNING I STOOD AT THE INN DOOR AS THE CORTEGE PASSED"

But without waiting for me to complete my sentence, the Duc dashed away, running wildly down the road, Coquin at his heels.

I watched them until they reached the turn and disappeared, the man

and the dog—Coquin, with clumsy, rolling movement; the Duc, a fantastic figure, tassel bobbing from his woollen cap, blouse flapping, arms and legs swinging crazily. I laughed heartily at the sight as I turned and



re-entered the inn, still laughing.

The innkeeper had changed his position, carrying his chair close to the one I had been occupying. As I sat down he looked at me out of one eye—and none could mistake the look. I ordered a pot of *saison*.

"Monsieur is curious about the Duc, is it not so?" he questioned, emerging from his glass and replacing his pipe in his mouth. "*Tiens, tiens!* None can tell you the story better than I. A lot is told of him, the Duc, but it is mostly untrue. It is a long time ago now. How old would monsieur say was the Duc?"

"Sixty-five or seventy," I hazarded.

"Monsieur is wrong by more than twenty years. He is forty-two or three, the Duc." My host buried his face in the mug of *saison*, then wiping his lips with the back of his hand shook his head sagely and repeated: "Twenty years. Monsieur would not think it, no?"

"No," I said, expressing my surprise in my voice.

"But it is so," asserted the landlord. "We were boys in the same village, only he was of the aristocrats. It is different now, yes? He was a young man when it happened, the accident to his fiancée. Of that I do not know much. She was never found. One morning alone with her horse she went to ride. The horse returned at night, but of the girl nothing was ever heard"—again he buried his face in the mug, then flung out his arms expansively—"nothing!"

"And the Duc?" I prompted.

"The girl and music—music and the girl. He was that way. Nothing else—it was his life. He was always queer. After the accident—they came at last to think that she had been thrown from her horse and had fallen over a cliff, perhaps into the river, which is undoubtedly the true explanation—the Duc began to wander through the mountains searching for her. At first he would

return each night, then he would be away for days, and, after a time, he would not be seen for weeks and sometimes months. Always he would have with him some instrument—sometimes a piccolo; sometimes, like to-night, a violin. His parents could do nothing; the poor fellow was crazed, searching, searching, always searching, until it has come to be as you have seen. That is the story, monsieur. It is pathetic, is it not?"

"Yes," I said slowly. "Poor chap! But his asking for money, is that, too, part of his fancy? You said he was of the aristocracy. His parents——"

"They died," said my host. "And as for the estate—when one is simple, eh, what does monsieur expect?"

"You mean he was robbed of it all?" I demanded.

The landlord nodded, finishing the last drop in the mug.

"Then Vassmalquieur, I suppose," said I, "was the name of the estate."

At this the innkeeper laughed outright, shaking his fat body until the tears stood in his eyes. "Oh, la, la!" he cried, when he could get his breath. "But, no, monsieur! They call him Duc because, as I told monsieur, he was aristocrat—it is but a nickname. For a long time it was but Duc, then some wag added the Vassmalquieur. Vassmalquieur, monsieur, is patois—Walloon, do you see? It means—nowhere! The Duke of Nowhere! The name of an estate, yes truly!"—and he went off into another burst of unrestrained hilarity.

I did not join him. The humour, if humour there were, was lost in the sterner note, the pitiful tragedy of a life behind it all—the tragedy deadened, no doubt, to those to whom the poor stroller had become an accustomed figure year after year, but vividly fresh to me who had just heard his story for the first time. And the picture—the sketch? I picked it up to look at it again, wondering if the poor brain could have found

something in it to touch the memories of the past. It was but a landscape, as I have said. I handed it to the landlord, with the thought that he might supply the connection, if connection there were. He took it gingerly and stared—at his empty mug. I had no wish to buy his verdict, but at my request madame, with a playful shake of her finger at me, replenished it.

"It is magnificent!" said my rogue of a host.

I took it back, placed it in my portfolio, bade him good-night, and went upstairs to my room. Once during the night I was awakened by a dog's long-drawn-out howl as it floated in through the open window. This was repeated. Half-drowsily the Duc's words came back to me: "Monsieur will do Coquin the honour to remark his attack so marvelous of the high C, yes?" Then I went off to sleep again.

In the morning I stood at the inn door as the cortege passed. The villagers silent, bare-headed, reverent. Beside the body, a dog—Coquin—drooping, head low, pitiful in his dumb grief. I turned, depressed and saddened, to ask the particulars. It was, indeed, Coquin that I had heard during the night, for early in the

morning, attracted by his continued cries, they had found the body of his master near the spot to which I had directed him. He had either stepped or fallen over the bank which there rose straight up perhaps twenty feet, and his head had struck on a boulder that jutted out from the water below.

I cannot express the emotion that overwhelmed me; for my sketch, innocently enough, it is true, but none the less certainly, it seemed, had lured a fellow-creature to his death. I went at once to the portfolio and took it out, and for a long time puzzled over it vainly. Then suddenly a thought came to me. I remembered that in glancing at it, as it lay on the floor the night before, I had viewed it in its normal position—but it lay, then, between where I sat and where the Duc stood. He must have looked at it upside down. I reversed it quickly—and then I, as he had done, with a startled cry, carried it closer to my eyes. At last I understood. The foliage, by some grim freak as my brush had traced it, bore a crude, but unmistakable resemblance to a woman's face, with her hair streaming down touching the river's brink—and to the poor, crazed brain it had been the end of his long search!

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## THE TWO FLOWERS

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

HELEN wore it in her hair,  
That little fragile flower,  
Wore it for an hour—  
Then she laughed and gave it me to wear—  
No little flower so holy anywhere!

Fate looked and found my Helen fair—  
That little fragile flower—  
Spared her but an hour;  
When she died the dayspring vanished there—  
No little flower so holy anywhere!

# THE CASE OF PHILLIP CHEESEBOROUGH

BY MADGE MACBETH

THE bleak and cheerless gray walls of the Protestant Orphan Asylum looked inviting enough to little Phillip as he neared the building. In fact, he did not remember having thought the asylum half so attractive in the day-time, when Alicia used to take him past there, for his walk. Now, through the thickly-falling snow, the lights twinkled quite merrily, and he unconsciously cast aside his idea of the place—partly original, and partly a figment of Alicia's lurid imagination—clothing it with both luxury and grandeur.

And surely, thought Phillip, a place wherein so many children played could not be other than a perfect Paradise.

The iron gate came near baffling him, and his long struggle with it seemed to cause an inexplicable change to take place somewhere inside him. Whereas up to that moment he had been perfectly secure in his belief that this course was the only proper action for him, now that queer feeling stole over him which he always called to himself the "forgive-me feeling," and he mounted the long flight of steps very slowly.

It was an unlooked-for happening—this sudden occurrence of the "forgive-me feeling," when he was doing exactly right; one must expect it when one has been naughty and when one's mother discovers it, but at such an hour as this—well, it made Phillip realise all at once that big

Montreal was very terrible, and the darkness much more disagreeable when a part of it, than when looking into it from the nursery window.

He rang the bell and swallowed several times, so as to have a good, strong voice with which to state his business, and it seemed a long time before heavy steps were heard echoing through a bare hall-way, and the door was opened.

Of course, Phillip had not expected to see Martha with her neat black uniform and spotless apron, her pretty face under the dainty, frilly cap; no, but he did not in the least expect to see the slatternly, gray-haired woman who stood peering quite over his head, out into the darkness. Neither did he understand her muttering about everyone's being too busy to attend to her proper duties.

"Perhaps she is the grandmother of all the orphans," thought Phillip vaguely, trying to adjust her to his idea of a grandmother. Aloud he said:

"I have come to be an orphan!"

At the sound of his soft, little voice, the old woman looked down and saw a very small boy dressed in a fur coat and cap, standing in the falling snow. She stared at him speechless, a moment, but it was as long as an hour to the little boy, who feared that her silence meant a refusal of his admittance even here, where he had been led to expect he might find a home. Apparently the



snow was melting on his cheeks, for something warm trickled down as he held his breath and waited.

"Who brought you?" asked the grandmother at last.

"I came myself," answered the child in almost unintelligible English. His "s's" were all "f's" and his "w's" were "l's." "May I please be an orphan?"

Some forgotten spring in the woman's nature was touched by the boy's earnestness, his pure, confiding eyes, as he looked up at her, and her heart suddenly expanded in tenderness.

"Bless my soul, honey," she muttered awkwardly, "ye may be or ye may not, fer all I know." Then she drew him inside and closed the door.

It was all over. Phillip felt, standing in the big, dimly-lighted hall that he had irrevocably cut himself away from his four years of past life and was henceforth and forevermore branded "an orphan."

The grandmother led him past several doors, all of which had black plates and gold letters on them, to a small room almost at the back of the building. He wondered vaguely after the manner of children where all his future playmates were, and why the house was so still, save for the noise of his foot-steps; he felt acutely the want of some sort of welcome; he missed the warm, soft hangings and rugs to which his eye and senses were accustomed; uncomfortable bits of Alicia's description concerning an asylum's method of dealing with bad children recurred to him, and it was borne upon his baby mind that not only the snow from his cap trickled down his cheeks, but something else, something suspiciously like tears.

A lady with spectacles sat at a desk in the little room, wrapping up parcels, and she frowned as Phillip was brought in.

"This here boy," began the grandmother, "says he has come to be an orphan. He hadn't no one with him,

and it's snowing very hard outside."

The lady at the desk looked sternly at Phillip, and the "forgive-me feeling" rose so hard and tight around his throat he felt as though he surely must cry.

"Come here," she said, "and tell me why you want to be an orphan."

Thus encouraged, the little boy walked round the desk and stood close to the lady's chair. He noted in his childish way that it was not so nice looking up into her face as into his muzzie's, but—

"Did you run away?" asked the lady, and her voice sounded cruelly harsh to Phillip's ears.

He hung his head a moment, then raised it and looked at her straight and fearlessly out of his big, hazel eyes.

"Yes."

"Haven't you a nurse?" asked the lady.

"Yes, Alicia is my nurse."

"How was it that she let you come here, alone?"

"Oh, she doesn't mind!" cried Phillip, eagerly. "She often said she'd bring me here, if I didn't stop asking questions. She doesn't like talking to little boys—she just only wants to talk to park policemen."

Phillip's tone was one of self-accusation—how careless of him to be a little boy when he should have been a park policeman!

The old grandmother in the doorway made a sound as of anger, and the lady, who had evidently forgotten her, said sharply:

"Go on, and help with the decorating," which Phillip did not understand, but the command took the old woman out of the room, and her shuffling footsteps were heard as she went upstairs.

Turning to the child, the lady continued her questioning.

"Where is your mother?"

This was followed by a long silence, during which the little fellow looked critically at the lady's lap, and decided that, although it was not his

idea of a "really, truly" lap, it was better than nothing, and he did so long to sit on a lap while he talked about muzzie!

"I — haven't — any — more — muzzie," whispered Phillip, with trembling lips.

"Oh!" The lady put out her hand and laid it on his shoulder. He hoped she would not ask any more questions, for instinctively he shrank from telling just how it happened that muzzie had grown so angry that very afternoon, and had forbidden him to call her muzzie any more; he did not want to tell the lady with spectacles that he kicked Mr. Wainwright because he kissed his muzzie, and that he screamed and threatened to let father know. He felt it would be impossible to explain how Alicia and Martha and the cook barely kept from laughing when muzzie brought him to them in the servant's dining-room and angrily demanded to know why a nurse considered two hours at lunch-time her right and privilege.

Not that Phillip thought all this out just as it is set down, but he did have thoughts and feelings which he much preferred not to tell.

The lady spoke again.

"And tell me—where is your father?"

"Away—he is always away," wistfully replied the child.

"Do you know where you live?"

"In the big house on the corner. Don't you know our house?" asked Phillip in surprise. Ever so many people knew muzzie's house—ladies and gentlemen and grocerymen and all kinds of tradespeople. They were always coming there.

"What is your name?"

"Phillip."

"Phillip what?"

"Phillip Feevesbulow."

"What?" asked the lady, a little sharply. She had asked ever so many things over again, and the child wondered if she might not be deaf, like old Harding, who took care of the furnace. Haltingly, he repeated

his name, but when the lady said it over after him, it had such a peculiar sound that he grew distressed and uncomfortable.

She turned eagerly to a large book and ran her finger down its pages, saying to herself:

"F — Fe — Fes — n — Fer — no——" and shaking her head every now and then.

After watching her patiently for a few minutes, he touched her very gently on the arm and asked:

"Now am I an orphan?"

The lady looked uncertain a moment, then sighed slightly.

"You might as well be, I suppose, my dear."

"Well," Phillip's solemn eyes were swimming, "well, I think I should like to have my tea, please, and then may I play with the orphans?"

She rang a bell, and soon it was answered by a half-grown girl, who stood awkwardly in the doorway.

"Clara, take this child upstairs and give him some bread and milk. You are to look after him until I send for you."

The girl said "yes, ma'am," and crooked her finger at the little boy. He went obediently to her and held out his hand, but she did not take it, so he climbed two flights of stairs bravely for the first time in all his life without a friendly hand to help him. As he neared the top, voices came to him in a confused murmur and his heart beat a little more quickly. There was an element of excitement in the prospect of playing with children—loneliness had been so much a part of his recent years, ever since father had stayed so much away. It would be lovely, he thought, to have plenty of boys with whom to play Indian—ah, but his Indian suits were at home, so were all his toys; Alicia did not approve of taking toys to the park.

"This way," called Clara, interrupting his thoughts. She opened the door of a long, low room filled with rows of small tables and chairs,

and after taking off his things she sat him on one of the chairs, took up a bowl from the table, and left him.

The room was very big and still, a sharp contrast to the place in which he was accustomed to have his meals, the silent rows of empty chairs frightened him, his baby stoicism vanished suddenly, and, putting his head down on his arm, he sobbed convulsively:

"Oh, forgive me, muzzie, please do forgive me!"

In the meantime, Alicia, feeling her lot a very hard one, turned discontentedly from her half-hour's conversation and looked for the child. She noticed then for the first time how dark it had grown and how fast the snowflakes were falling. A moment's uneasiness swept over her as she walked back to the bench where Phillip had been admonished to wait, for fear the child had been kept out too long; then shrugging her shoulders, she said to herself:

"Pshaw! What does she care? She told me to take him out of the way, and I'll remind her of it, too, if she speaks to me!"

The bench was empty—the child was gone!

"Phillip," called the nurse, "Phillip Cheeseborough!"

A few pedestrians hurrying home with suspicious-looking Christmas parcels turned for the instant, then walked on, intent upon their own affairs.

Thoroughly frightened, the girl ran after her friend, the policeman, but he, too, had been swallowed up in the settling gray cloud, and all her cries failed to reach him.

Too much of a coward to return to the house and confess her fault, some latent feeling of honour prompted her to do the next best thing; so, hurrying to the nearest store, she telephoned Martha, and in disconnected sentences told her. Her silence seemed like an unspoken reproof to Alicia, trembling in the

little box. Without waiting for the storm of abuse she feared would come, Phillip's nurse called:

"And anyhow, it wasn't my fault, he had no business to run off—you go upstairs and tell her, Martha!" Then she hung up the receiver and walked out of the store.

Martha went slowly upstairs to the den; she knew Mr. Wainwright was there and had been since lunch-time. Mrs. Cheeseborough held somewhat the same position in regard to her servants that Becky Sharpe held: their very suspicion against her kept them in their right and proper places, the very fact that they believed she could hold an enviable position in the social world, could command the Wainwright millions if she liked, put her on a sort of pinnacle in their eyes, before which they bowed in submission of a kind. Their wages were never fully paid, and, thanks to the freedom of the press, James K. Cheeseborough's income was well known to be inadequate to his wife's demands, but they stayed on, always excitedly looking forward to the day when "something would happen." The finger of scandal pointed to the inevitable triangle.

Cheeseborough's attitude toward the situation was more or less a matter for speculation; either he did not realise the state of affairs, or he saw and could not prevent it, without vulgar publicity, or he saw and did not want to prevent it, preferring to live his own careless life off in the woods surrounding his comfortable mountain "camp."

Walter Wainwright had a supreme contempt for the husband of Mrs. Cheeseborough, both because he could not hold his lovely wife's affections and because he indifferently allowed another man to—well, to nearly hold them.

Perhaps he thought he loved Phyllis Cheeseborough, or perhaps his masculine vanity cried for the satisfaction of a huge feminine sacrifice. At all events, he must have the wo-



man acknowledge her preference for him in the eyes of the world, and he had been urging a culmination of affairs upon her all afternoon.

"You surely realise the duplicity of our position, Phyllis," he argued after little Phillip had been taken from the room, "the underhandedness of it both to Jim and to me—to say nothing of yourself. You live with him professing to care for me, yet you refuse to take the only honourable step open, because of him. You women are certainly contradictions."

Mrs. Cheeseborough sighed.

"A position like this is easier to get into than away from," she said. "I loved Jim, once, Walter, although you scoff at the idea, and it strikes me as being so strange that in a few short months I am able to forget Jim (that is, if I really don't care for him now) and turn to you. In other words, I am not sure of myself, and you know after a scandal such as this will raise, I would not like to feel that we were not absolutely born for each other—I should not like to change again!"

The wistful earnestness of her words robbed them of triteness, and Wainwright hastened to reassure her. He talked long and convincingly, punctuating his pleas with pauses suggestive of an innate nicety and delicacy in not speaking of some things which were obvious to both of them—such as Jim's incompetence to provide her with the luxury she had grown to find so indispensable. To let him drop now and return to Cheeseborough in the face of whispered innuendoes, subtly hinted Mr. Wainwright, would provoke a scandal she could never live down; with him—well, perhaps a month or two people would talk, but after that his wealth and position would make the ignoring of her an impossibility.

"Beside," he argued, "as things all about him when I took you in stand now, there is the child. I swear to you, Phyllis, that I had forgotten my arms a little while ago, but even

if I had remembered I should not have thought he would notice it. I hate to remind you of this fact, dearest, but there will certainly come a time when he will tell—and if I know Cheeseborough it won't be comfortable for you. Would you not rather be off with me, then, than here with him?"

His voice fell to a low, caressing murmur, and he sank to the floor beside her. The glow from the grate fire gave an unnatural brilliance to his fine eyes, it made his pallid, clear-cut features ruddy with a good imitation of the fire of youth, it softened his thin, selfish mouth, making the parted lips take on only the gentlest, tenderest expression.

Phyllis Cheeseborough looked at him a long time without speaking—and he was wise enough not to break the pregnant silence. Finally, she bent toward him.

"I will come," she whispered.

"My darling!"

Martha walked boldly into the darkened room and stood before her mistress. Wainwright assumed a less compromising position and cursed below his breath.

"The baby's lost," announced the maid grimly.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Cheeseborough, "he is with Alicia and she is often late."

"She telephoned me this minute," answered the girl, "to say she had lost the baby in the park, and was afraid to come back. I don't know what's become of her, either!"

Martha walked slowly out of the room, and it was not until she had reached the stairway that the sound of a woman's sharp cry came to her.

"By heaven," muttered the girl, "she's woke up at last!"

Phyllis turned savagely upon the man standing beside her.

"It is all your fault!" she cried passionately. "But for you I never would have found my baby a trouble—a burden! Go away, please, and never, never, let me see you again!"

Wainwright was not disturbed, he knew how to deal with the vagaries of women. So he spoke soothingly.

"But, my dearest girl, think how unreasonable you are! Of course, you are a little excited just now and don't realise what you say. At least, I will stay and be of some assistance to you, and after the boy is found we can discuss——"

"He may never be found," cried the child's mother. "That is going to be my horrible punishment—I can feel it! Oh, I wish that I had never seen you!" She walked distractedly about the room.

"Phyllis, do be reasonable!" He advanced a step toward her and was just about to lay a soothing hand upon her shoulder when the door was opened unceremoniously, for the second time, and Jim Cheeseborough stood in the room.

The two looked at him astonished, and over Wainwright's face a wave of colour passed. With a choking cry Phyllis rushed across the floor and flung herself sobbing on her husband's breast.

"Jim, oh, Jim," she moaned, "the baby's lost!"

Two messages came into the police headquarters within a few minutes of each other: one was from Miss Agatha Dunn, superintendent of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, announcing the arrival of a small boy, whose name she could not understand, and the other was from James K. Cheeseborough, asking that every available man on the force be detailed to find his son. And not many minutes later a frantically happy mother was kneeling in the bare hall of the asylum clasping a tiny little chap in her arms, and murmuring unintelligible things to him, after the way of mothers.

"Are you going to be my muzzie again and don't I have to be an orphan?" asked the child, fixing his great, serious eyes upon her.

For an answer she buried her face in his neck, and kept it there, until

a pair of strong arms lifted both her and the boy right into the taxi-cab.

Phillip dozed a little, sitting on muzzie's lap, with his head against father's shoulder, and he really did not know what took place until he found himself in his own little room, undressed and cuddled close in muzzie's arms. Father, too, was close beside him, and he was speaking to muzzie very softly.

"Ah, Jim, dear, you are better to me than I deserve," muzzie said, with a sob in her voice.

"No, sweetheart," father whispered, "it was my fault, too. We simply did not understand each other, that's all."

"No, it isn't," contradicted muzzie, resolved to make her confession complete. "I persuaded myself that I cared for him, and promised—oh, Jim—I nearly promised——"

"Periodically, he goes mad over a woman—usually a married one—and succeeds in breaking up some unfortunate's home. I suppose I might have told you, but I didn't think you would see things from my point of view—then. So I ran away from the sight and the pain of it, and prayed to heaven, in my heathen way, out there under the stars, that you would come to see them for yourself."

"Jim! Ah, my dear, my dear, you don't understand how bitterly sorry I am for this—how much I long to show you what real happiness is! Why, I could live in a down-town flat now that I have found the baby—and you."

Little Phillip's eyes grew troubled. He had forgotten about Christmas, and he pushed slightly away from his mother, that he might see her face.

"Well, I told Clara, that I would be a Christmas present for the orphans, if they would keep me," he said slowly, wondering if he must now make that promise good.

"My baby!" cried muzzie, brokenly, "you are mine—all mine—my own wandering Christmas present—returned!"

# THE OLD OAK CHEST

BY SHIRLEY RAYNARD

I FELT like a traitor as I fingered the cheque. "One hundred pounds, one hundred shillings," I read twice over, then burst into tears. It had been a hard struggle, and nothing but dire necessity would have made me part with the old chest, for I loved it as inanimate objects are seldom loved. But my father was suffering terribly, and I had strained our slender resources to their utmost to meet the extra expense which sickness always brings in its train. Six days previously a Manchester specialist had been called in, and after a prolonged examination had said there was just one chance of complete recovery. The treatment would be costly, as it would mean that my father would have to be moved from the moorland hills where we lived, and go for a time into a nursing home. Under those conditions he had good hopes of success.

Through drizzling rain the doctor drove away, and I sat down to consider what could be done. Our stone cottage, a typical Lancashire moorland homestead, stood by the side of the road which wound over the purple moor. Although we were within twenty miles of the great city of Manchester, the air was sweet and invigorating, and, even on this wet November morning, refreshed me as I sat by the open window. I watched the hired trap round the last turn of the winding road, then exclaimed to myself: "It must and shall be done, if we sell the house over our heads! But how?"

We lived upon a small pension

which the Government had granted to my father for research work. It was sufficient for our simple needs, even allowing for a small margin in times of health. The house had been passed on from generation to generation since it was first built in 1680. The initials of the builder and first owner, with the date, were plainly carved upon a stone which was let into the wall over the front door.

I turned suddenly from the window and crossed the old house-place. An idea had struck me. The old oak chest, why not? I ran my fingers tenderly over the beautifully rounded Jacobean carving. Three square panels, two long ones, and a solid block where the date was carved—1680—the same date as the dear old house. Only six months before the time of which I write, my father's cousin, who had come over from Manchester to spend Sunday with us, had said to him, as they sat in the chimney corner after the mid-day dinner, pointing with his pipe over his left shoulder:

"I know a man i' Manchester who would give thee a hundred pounds for that chest of thine, John."

And my father, with quiet indignation, had retorted:

"I daresay tha' does, lad, but that chest bides here as long as I live."

Only the hollyhocks which were bobbing their heads in between the stone mullions of the open window saw the expression of his face as he said this, but I caught the annoyance in his tones as I sat reading in the



little garden. And now when he was bedridden I was going to sell it. Well, he should never know until he was well or—I straightened myself and set to work. Once more I went over all our small possessions, but there seemed to be nothing else which, if sold, would bring in half of the hundred pounds, so without more ado I wrote a note to my cousin asking for the address of the man he had mentioned, which in due course of time I received.

Then had come the unpleasant duty of writing to this stranger, whom I already unjustly hated as the possessor of our family chest. His name was Dearnley, and I found that he lived ten miles away. After one or two futile attempts I sent the following note:—

Dear Sir,—I have been told that you are wishful to buy rare pieces of old oak furniture. My father has in his possession a chest (date 1680), which he is willing to sell. It is in good preservation, and I believe a perfect thing of its kind. If you would care to see it, or to send an expert over, I shall be at home during the next few days.

Yours truly,

MARY FALSHAW.

Lawrence Dearnley, Esq.

This note brought for answer, not a letter, but the man himself. Two days later, when I had watched anxiously for the postman and then seen him pass callously by on the other side, a high dog-cart drew up suddenly a short distance from the gate. For a moment I wondered who my visitor could be, but I believe I guessed who it was before old Sarah tapped at my bedroom door.

"It's a gentleman to see you, Miss Mary," she said.

I followed her slowly down the stone stairs. She turned into her kitchen, but I crossed the house-place to where my visitor was standing near the window. He turned at my approach, and I saw a man of about five-and-thirty, well built and well clad. I bowed and said: "You are Mr. Dearnley, I believe. Please sit

down," but he seemed reluctant.

"I hope you will forgive my coming so soon in the day," returned he, "but I am leaving home for two days, and I thought it better to call upon you rather than to send."

He seemed embarrassed and unwilling to begin the business about which he had come.

"What a sweet old place this is," he said presently, casting a hesitating glance across the room, which was just then lighted by the winter sunshine. "I suppose Mr. Falshaw is really wishful to sell the chest you wrote to me about?"

"Yes, certainly," I said as lightly as possible, crossing the room to hide my emotion, for I could not help a sob rising into my throat. "This is the one," I added, putting my hand upon the lid.

He walked deliberately towards it and looked down upon its beautiful front. For one weak moment I wished that he might lack appreciation, and so leave us in possession of our treasure. Only for a moment, for my imagination showed me my dear invalid in the room above, and for his sake I was able to steel myself.

"It is, indeed, very beautiful," he said. "Perhaps I may speak to Mr. Falshaw about it."

I could clearly see that he did not wish to come to a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with a girl, but, although I respected his delicacy, I was determined that he should do so, for I wanted the money so badly, and at once.

"I am sorry, but my father is not at all well just now," I said, "and he has left the matter entirely to me."

"Did he mention the price?" said he, looking out of the window.

"Would you think a hundred guineas too much?" I asked anxiously. "We were told a short time ago that it was probably worth that sum."

"Not at all," he said, rising, "I had valued it in my own mind at

about that. I will send on a cheque, and my own men for it, as I only live ten miles away. You are quite sure that you wish to part with it?"

"Yes, quite sure," I said firmly, as I stood by the open door.

And now his cheque for the amount lay in my lap, and there was a vacant place where the old piece of furniture had stood. I could hear the cart, which had carried it away, rumbling over the stones on the rough moorland road.

All arrangements had been made beforehand, and that very day saw my father safely under the doctor's eye in the nursing home. He had asked no questions as to ways and means, for he had been so ill that he had relied upon me like a child, and, thanks to the thick walls and my care, he had heard no disturbance in the removal of the chest.

I was not allowed to remain with my father in the home, but I promised him faithfully that I would go and see him regularly twice a week so long as it should be found necessary for him to stay there. It seemed to me rather an expensive promise, but had we not an extra £105 in the bank? Days passed away, and I began to see a change for the better in my father's condition—very gradual at first, then more pronounced. I fulfilled my promise of going to see him twice weekly, and the visits cheered us both.

One morning about three weeks before Christmas I started on my usual journey to Manchester. There was a hard frost, and the road seemed like iron beneath my feet. There was a north-east wind blowing, but what cared I for that? I had good news of my father, and I walked with the high spirits of my twenty-two years. I had even had time to think of my appearance, and, as the morning was crisp and fine, I had put on my best hat, which I flattered myself became me well.

Things happen strangely. I reached the station just as the train drew

up at the platform, and the station master, who knew me well, opened a carriage door for me.

"I hope you have good news of your father, Miss Falshaw?" said he as I came up.

"Yes, thank you," I said cheerfully, as I stepped into the carriage. "I hope to have him home shortly after Christmas."

"That is good news," returned he, as he banged the door to.

There was one other occupant of the compartment, who put down his newspaper as I entered. I at once recognised Mr. Dearnley, and he, bowing, said "Good morning, Miss Falshaw."

I was slightly interested to see him again, for by this time I had forgiven him for buying the chest, seeing that his money had probably saved my dear father's life. We entered into conversation. He seemed shocked to learn how ill my father had been.

"I really thought when I was at Moorfield that it was only a temporary illness from which he was suffering," said he.

I explained as much of the nature of the case to him as I could, telling him how I had visited my father twice weekly. I wondered if he would mention the old chest, for I was determined that I would not do so.

As the train neared Manchester he said, after a pause:

"The chest arrived safely, Miss Falshaw, but though I bought it, I feel that it belongs more to you than to me. If ever your father should wish to have it back again, I shall always be prepared to return it, although I will never part with it to any other person."

"Thank you," I said rather stiffly. "I do not think my father will ever want it back. A bargain is a bargain!" And then I left him, as the train had steamed into the station.

"Can I get you a cab," said he kindly, following me a few yards, "or are you walking?"

"I am walking, thank you. Good morning," I said.

After I had left him I felt furious with myself, for I knew I had hurt him by my almost rude speech. All that he had said had been said in such a gentle, kind way, and I had met this with a rebuff. It hurt my silly pride that he should suspect that we had wanted the money so badly that we had sold a treasured possession.

After this meeting I saw him on several of my journeys to and fro. It struck me as rather strange that he should be travelling third-class, as I had been told that he was a man of considerable wealth. Still, if it suited him, it was no business of mine. But often as we met, the sore subject of the chest was never brought forward again.

Christmas drew near, and with it the time for my father's return. He was now so much better that the doctors said it was quite safe to bring him back, although he would have to be careful and rest a great deal for the next three months. The day fixed for his return was December 27th, and, although I found I should have to spend Christmas without him, I felt very bright and happy to think I should so soon have him safe in the old home. I determined to make everything look as comfortable and homelike as possible, and reserve my Christmas dinner until the 27th. I would fetch him home as early as possible that day, and he should at least make a pretence of keeping Christmas. Old Sarah, too, laboured early and late to bring things to her mind for the return of "the master."

It was Christmas Eve, and the dusk was beginning to fall over the moor-side. I had not drawn the curtains, for I loved to see the last streak of light from the setting sun. There was just a sprinkling of snow, and there was a keen nip in the air, but, for all that, I loved the sweet breeze, cold as it was.

A glowin fire shone from the old

hob-grate, and Sarah had placed my tea-tray on a table within comfortable reach of the wide stone hearth. The kettle was singing merrily, but I was too busy just then to pay it much attention. I was engaged in trying to make the room look quite itself without the old oak chest. I had found an old-fashioned table, and upon it I had placed a huge jar of holly. As I stood back to study the effect, there was a knock at the door, which opened direct into the house-place. Thinking it was the man who came twice a week about this hour to deliver oatcake, I crossed over and lifted the latch of the heavy door. What was my surprise to see, not the baker, but Mr. Dearnley standing within the stone porch.

"Good evening," he said, "I am afraid I am a late visitor."

"Will you come in?" I said rather shyly, pulling back the heavy door. "It is not really very late," I added lamely.

"Please do not let me keep you from your tea," he said, as he saw the things laid ready. "I have called upon a small matter of business, but it can quite well wait until you are perfectly at leisure."

I suspected this of being merely an excuse for a little chat, as I could not see any reason for his not saying what he had to say, and being gone. There was nothing left, however, for me to do but to brew the tea and offer him a cup, which I promptly did.

Why does my mind so often return to the half-hour which followed? Somehow from this time we were no longer strangers. He told me much about myself without appearing to have any purpose in what he said. He mentioned casually that he had known for some years of my father and his work, although he had never met him, and, finally, bringing himself round to the business upon which he had come, said rather hesitatingly:

"I have been scraping the thick



paper from the inside of your old chest, Miss Falshaw."

"Indeed," I said quietly, my eyes on the place where it used to stand.

"Do you know, I made a discovery. There was a removable panel in one end."

I felt my colour rise. I wondered what was coming next, but I waited with what patience I could summon.

"This is what I found when I had removed the panel." He laid a roll of old cloth upon the table, and left me to open it for myself. "Please open it," he said with a smile as I hesitated. So I unrolled the faded old cloth, fold after fold. I found it was made with divisions—or pockets—and in each of these was a small parcel of gold. At his request I counted the money carefully. There were ten pockets, and in each pocket ten gold guineas.

"How very strange," I said at length. "I wonder how long they have been hidden away."

"I shall be obliged if you will put them in a safe until Mr. Falshaw returns, for, of course, they belong to him," Mr. Dearnley said. "They are probably worth far more than their face value. And now I want to ask you a favour," he said earnestly, looking into my face. "I want you to buy the old chest back again. I cannot bear to see this room without it, and I want you to allow me to return it early to-morrow so that Mr. Falshaw may never miss it."

How did he know that I had sold it without my father's knowledge?

"I am afraid it is not quite convenient to-night," said I. "I have not the ready money."

"Well, you shall pay me in guineas for the time being. I will take back the roll of money, and your chest shall be here early to-morrow. You will have paid me far more than the cheque I gave you for it, but I will return after Christmas, if you

will allow me, and explain all to Mr. Falshaw, and we can set matters right then."

He rose to go. I handed the money to him without a word, for my heart was too full for speech. Another moment and he was gone, glad to get away before I had gathered breath to thank him.

Before I had finished breakfast the following morning the cart arrived, and very shortly the dear old chest was standing where it had stood for more than two hundred years. I polished it tenderly with an old silk handkerchief, and then sat down to admire it afresh. Never had it looked so beautiful, I thought.

Two days more and my dear father was safely home, looking slightly worn and tired with his journey, but almost himself again. He lay upon the old settle under the window and looked so happy and peaceful.

I left him and went to my room. I had had an exciting and somewhat tiring day, but my relief was great, now that my father had managed the journey so well. I must have fallen into a doze, for I was shocked to find that it was already getting dusk. I bathed my face, tidied my hair and went below. There I found my father propped comfortably upon his cushions, talking with Mr. Dearnley, who looked perfectly at home. He rose as I entered, and I could not help a throb of joy as he turned towards me.

"And so, Mary, you would have sold the old chest unknown to me," said my father with a gentle smile. "I have been hearing the whole story. And now the man would rob me of an even greater treasure than the old chest," he said sadly. "What say you, Mary?"

For answer, I knelt down by my father's couch and put my head against his shoulder. "I could not help it, dear," I whispered.

# CUPID, JUNIOR

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

HARRY and Fred had made it up to go to the party together, and they found Archie waiting at the corner of the street which turned down to Agnes Benson's house. He did not like the thought of facing all the girls alone, so had waited for reinforcements. The three boys stood about the corner for a few minutes, looking each other's party "get up" over, and then moved slowly, with rising nervousness and a tendency to make conversation, toward the fortress of the enemy where the girls were already in shrill and gigglesome possession.

It was an afternoon party given by Miss Agnes Benson on her sixteenth birthday, and the girls and boys of the neighbourhood were invited. The etiquette of the "set" required that the girls should get there first, all white muslin and joyous excitement, and that the boys should arrive later, with obvious reluctance and an air of stiff condescension. Miss Agnes was receiving on the lawn, and, as soon as greetings were over, the three boys retired to a corner where several of their gloomy companions had already gathered, and joined in watching the flutterings of the girl-guests about their hostess, with an uneasy sense that they might be called upon to do something silly very soon—a sense they fought off with low-toned comments on things in general to one another. The male animal never takes to social functions naturally, so long as life contains anything else for him that is more important.

When Harry first came in, he thought there must be a strange girl at the party, and then he saw it was only Clara Delamere in an odd kind of dress. It was a curious sort of gown; it made her look bigger at the shoulders—and older, somehow. Now, as he stood back with the uneasy group of boys, his eyes followed her idly about; and he couldn't get rid of the impression that she was a stranger, though he had known her well for years. The boys were talking just then of the way the girls laughed so much at nothing, but not one of them said anything about Clara.

"A party like this makes them all hystericky," said Jack Bannon, pulling impatiently down on his unaccustomed high collar.

There was no reply to this summing up, and silence reigned until it looked as if a "bunch" of the girls were going to make a sortie over into their corner and draft them off into some "girl game" or other. At this, a rumble of surmise ran round, but it proved to be a false alarm, for the attacking column broke up and presently fluttered back to headquarters.

"Gee! But doesn't Clara Delamere carry herself like somebody," said Archie; and Harry was so conscious of having been watching her all along that he felt as if the remark had been made to him.

"She's stuck on herself, I guess," he growled.

"No; it's her hair," decided Jack Bannon, with the air of an author-

ity. "I'll bet she's been to the hair-dresser's."

Harry felt that this marked her down about fifty per cent. Anyone who would go to that extreme for a party!

"She's not fussing about much," went on Jack Bannon; "but she's the trimmest figure in that flock. I 'borrow' her."

Now she stood at fifty above par in Harry's mind; for Jack Bannon was a leader of public opinion.

Just then something happened; and the flood was in. The boys were being carried off, and hustled about, and told where to stand, and asked if they had ever played it, and assured that it was easy; and the business of the party had begun.

When Harry became conscious again of his surroundings, Clara Delamere was saying to him:

"Why do you boys always poke over in a corner that way?"

So Clara was with him. And Jack Bannon? Why, he was playing in another game. And, with a quick breath of belief, he turned and looked curiously at Clara's hair which Jack had praised.

"It gives us girls the trouble of starting everything," went on Clara, with an affectation of reproach.

Harry wondered if she had really got it done at the hair-dresser's; but he managed to say:

"Well, we wouldn't know what to start."

"You could invite us to tell you," suggested Clara sedately, giving him his first lesson in chivalry.

A whirl in the game took him away from her; but he remembered, with a little lift of pleasure, that she was his partner, and he would go right back to her. When he came back, the game required that they take hands, boy and girl fashion; but, as he went to hold out his, he had a moment's shy hesitation. Some-way it seemed different all at once. She instantly noticed the hesitation and half-dropped her extended

hands, her eye-lids fluttering consciously. For a breath, it was doubtful whether they would take hands at all or not; and then Harry knew suddenly that he really wanted to hold her hands very much, and impulsively he thrust out his and looked into her eyes in a manner of tentative petition. Clara slowly gave him her two white hands at this, but her face was warm with a swift rush of colour, and her eyes would not look at him. Then they fell into the movements of the game and acted as if nothing had happened; but Harry trod on air and he hardly knew at times whether the other players were there or not.

Another game followed, in which there were no partners, yet Harry always knew where Clara was; and Clara—well, he looked at her once when he was going through his part, and she smiled an individual sort of smile at him. He would have smiled back, but he knew the boys were looking at him; and, of course, she'd understand. Still, the next time their eyes met, she did not smile; but turned carelessly away. Harry saw in a moment that she had not understood after all. Yet it was as plain as day. A fellow couldn't smile at a girl when the other fellows were looking. Clara ought to know that. But Clara was behaving now as if he were just one of the boys at the party, and nothing more; and the exhilaration went out of the game, and he knew again that parties were a bore, just as he had always known.

After that, no matter what they played, Clara was never his partner; and he had no chance to tell her why he had not smiled back. He didn't know if he would tell her anyway. Then the boys were told that they might choose partners, and Jack Bannon chose Clara; and she looked mightily pleased at the preferment. Harry saw nothing unnatural in this; for Jack was the "first boy" in the neighbourhood. But parties were dull things anyway.



Finally they were called in to tea, a new sobriety falling on them as they fled with company restraint into the dark, wide hall and then into the airy dining-room. As they all stood irresolute near the head of the tables, Agnes Benson's mother shrinking from the task of seating them in any definite order, Harry found himself near Clara and separated from the others by a flower stand of some sort.

"You know why I couldn't smile back," said Harry bluntly.

"When?" asked Clara, distantly, though a flush rose to her cheeks.

Harry looked at her resentfully. "You have forgotten, have you?" he asked.

"I had nothing to remember," she retorted. "You never smiled."

"You know why," he repeated doggedly.

"No; I don't," she returned presently, but in a tone that was meant to imply that under some circumstances she wished to be understood as not caring.

"Well, everybody was looking at me!"

"Oh!"—but not very much softened.

"But I wanted to."

Now she smiled on him again in the same individualising way. "But I wouldn't care if they were looking," she said, still half-protestingly.

"Oh, you're a girl," replied Harry, as if that explained everything. And worse philosophy has been written in longer sentences.

They were all seating themselves by now as they pleased; and Harry and Clara naturally went together. Parties had become far more enjoyable things all at once; and Harry helped her to the cold meat with quite the feeling of a "provider," and got her the kind of cake she said she liked, though it was away down the table; and they exchanged notes on their opinions of the teachers at the high school and the "subjects" they liked best, and boating

trips they had had, and the works of Louisa M. Alcott, which Harry had "just looked into," and those of Fenimore Cooper, which Clara had "not read yet."

It was strange that during the evening they were so often partners. When the choice was Harry's, it taxed all his courage to make it; but when it was merely chance, they almost always came out together. At last Harry noticed that Clara sometimes arranged this in a way that no one would suspect; and it gave him a new thrill. But one or two of the other girls got very nasty about it; though how they knew Harry could not guess.

After it was over, they walked down the quiet street together toward the Delamere's deeply-gardened house. The other couples and groups soon dropped off, and they were alone. An excess of shyness came to them, and they could hardly think of anything to say. And when one did think of anything, they both knew that neither of them were really thinking of it at all.

"I never enjoyed a party so much before," Harry said at last, as they stood at the gate, with its heavy canopy of trellised roses.

Two luminous eyes shone on him out of the dark. "I think I know why," said a soft voice.

"I know I know why," declared Harry boldly, moving nearer to her.

Then silence hung over them again—a perfumed silence aspirate with little soft breathings of sweet content. "I hope there'll be more parties," said Harry.

"So do I."

Harry tried to think of some way that they could see each other without parties; but "what the fellows would say" barred every path.

"Some of us girls have good fun at tennis," said Clara. "You might come and play with us."

Harry weighed this for a moment in his mind; then he took a heroic resolve. "I will," he said, quite as

if pledging himself to some daring deed.

Clara only had an inkling of where this daring might lie, not having any brothers of her own; but she was learning that there were things in this boy-world which she did not understand, so she held her peace.

"I will," repeated Harry, "if you will do one thing."

"What?"

"Not now; when you go in."

"I'm going right in"—a little tremulously.

"Well—now then."

"Oh—but I mustn't."

"Then I won't come."

"But—but—you'll never tell?"

"Well"—so low that Harry hardly

"Never!"

ly heard it; but he did.

As—a minute later—Harry walked quickly away, down the sidewalk, his boot heels rang with the tread of joyous conquest, a new feeling was welling up in his heart, and he was conscious of a mounting will to do and dare all for the sake of—Someone. An almost noiseless footstep fled under the canopy of roses and through the great garden; and a girl, with a breathless happiness at her throat, waited long on the dark verandah ere she went in to tell commonplace people what a good time she had had at the party.

## MILLE-ILES

(A fragment from the French of Octave Crémazie.)

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BOYD

WHEN Eve had from the tree of life  
With her fair hand plucked death,  
Upon the earth remorse appeared,  
And blight fell from its breath.

Archangels, then, upon their wings  
Bore Eden, stilled, away,  
And placed it in the heavens above,  
Where spheres eternal sway.

But, as they upward winged their flight  
They let fall on their way  
Fair flowers from Edens bowers divine,  
As signs of their brief stay.

And into the mighty river fell  
These flowers of varied hue,  
To form the beauteous Thousand Isles,  
A Paradise to view.

# ALDWITH

BY CLARE GIFFIN

IN the Christmas season I rode through a forest towards home. Years ago, before ever I went out from our house into the world, before ever I saw kings' houses, or wars, or knightly encounters, I had known that forest and feared it; feared the dark ways that led no man knew whither through it; feared the slow winds that crept with little noise down those ways; feared the strange light that showed sometimes beneath the branches and between the trunks of the great trees. Perhaps I had heard strange stories told, of things seen and heard here, but I think much of my dread came from within; because I could see for myself, with none to tell, that there was indeed some wonder in this strange forest.

But riding now down the silent ways, I thought little of these things; rather of the world that I had left; of the wars that were ended, to begin again who knew how soon; and then (and this, I think, had really been in my mind throughout) of what welcome might await me at my brother's hold; the home I had left half a score of years since; I could see the square, gray tower, the huddled lower buildings about it, the low walls and the moat, with bricked edges, the bricks, in those days at least, crumbling many of them, into dust. Now, if I had heard aright, there were more and stronger buildings, and the walls were higher; also the moat was full of water, and the drawbridge seldom down. My mother, moreover, who had stood on the green before the tower, and waved a fare-

well to me, was dead; as well perchance that she had gone ere my brother's temper had drawn him from one quarrel into another, so that the castle was full of unruly men-at-arms, loud voiced and ever bickering, while my brother strode among them, checking them by mere terror of his iron hand. That I, who had gone where but few other knights of England had ventured, taking the Cross and following Count Robert of Normandy to the Sepulchre, and there helped fight those fights that had set (under God's mercy) King Godfrey on his throne, that I, I say, should find much courtesy in my brother, was little to be doubted; but after all the clamour of my life, after all the colour and heat, and fierce doing of the last few years, I had little love for the thought of strife, wishing rather to sit among fair ladies in some quiet garden and listen to brave tales of knights and ladies; or if that might not be, to kneel in peace in some quiet church, and hear as from far away the voices of the choristers. Not that I would have left all knightly feats as things unworthy, or that the peace whereof I dreamed could have held me long; but that, instead of the brawls of my brother's house, I would fain have had some few weeks or days of quiet, wherein I might take breath.

So thinking, I rode on and on; then, it came to me as strange that the way through the wood was so long; but I remembered that I had not set foot on that road for many Mays and like enough had forgotten



how long the journey was; also I had not thought to urge my horse. Now it was the hour of sunset, and very far away in the still air I heard a curfew bell; but in the sky was only a moment's purple shade on the dark clouds; the frost held all things bound, and a snowflake fell silently on my horse's mane.

I made good haste therefore through the gathering dusk, and looked ever ahead down the silent path, to see, if I might, some light of the village that clustered about the castle; but there was neither light nor sound in all that wide forest. Then far down the way I rode, I saw a light, shining clear, and made haste towards it, for the darkness had shut down on the forest, and my steed was aweary, and I likewise. And as I came ever nearer to the light, I saw that it shone as if from an opened door, so great and so ruddy was it in the darkness. And, surely, I thought, there can be little strife here, where they keep Yule with open doors. And the broad glow cheered me greatly, for me thought I could picture the great hall, warm and light, and within, feasting and song, and a fair greeting for me at my journey's end. Then as I came nearer, I wondered that I heard no sound; it seemed to me a strange fashion of cheer. But, I thought, 'tis perchance but the pause between the songs. Then I heard at last a voice singing, and that same moment rode out into a cleared space and saw whither I had come. It was not my brother's stern, gray tower, but a hall, not overly high, but long and deep; the great doors stood open, and through them came the light of the great fire on the hearth; near by in the shadow, I could see some outline of other buildings, all small, and looking back I saw that I had come through the gate of a low palisade. And while I saw all this, wondering, and but half seeing in my wonder, a woman's voice within sang ever an old and beautiful Psalm, and when the Psalm was finished I alighted

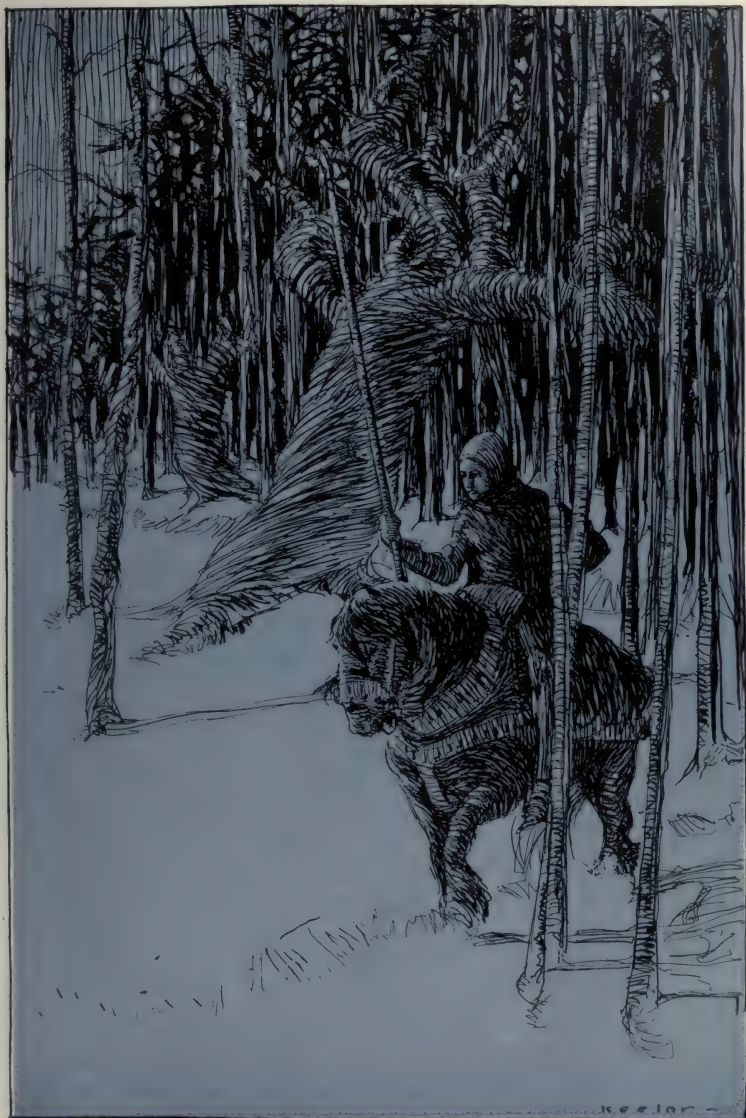
from my horse, and, leaving him tied, passed into the hall, but saw at first, blinded by the ruddy light, no trace of the singer; then as my sight cleared I saw standing within the recess of a great window one clad all in white, with a glory of gold hair halo-wise above her brows, and quiet eyes full of wonder; but I, all abashed, could speak no word.

"Welcome, Sir Knight," so she spoke to me at last; "welcome! Wilt not sit and rest? Methinks the way has been overlong, and you are wearied; see, there are here warmth and light at least, though little company for all it is Yule-tide."

"Nay, lady," I began, "I would go to my brother's hold, Sir Walter of the Forest Castle; I would fain know how he fareth, and clasp hands with him once more after ten years."

"Ah, but I should be most discourteous to let you fare forth now into the night. See, it grows dark, and the snow begins to fall; moreover, there are wolves abroad!" She leaned from the casement, and listened, and even to me, farther back in the room, came a sound of wild howling, and when she turned towards me again I saw that her hair was powdered with snowflakes. She closed the casement and the door, and called something in words that I did not understand; a voice answered, and I heard feeble steps in the passage.

"I have but two servitors," she said, "but they are faithful as are all ancient things: I will bid them spread a meal, and fetch hither fair water for washing; then—" the arras was pushed back, and an old man and woman, alike bent and almost blind with age, tottered in. She turned quickly towards them, and spoke again in English, I thought. The old man came forward, and helped me to unarm, and the woman brought in fair water and a long robe of scarlet cloth. Through the window I saw the old man leading my steed away, and marked with idle



*Drawing by Arthur Keelor*

"AND LOOKED EVER AHEAD DOWN THE SILENT PATH"

eyes the long, wavering shadow that man and beast cast as they crossed the great path of light, where the fire shone through the opened door; and I thought, too, how black was the night that had shut down, and how steadily the snow was falling through all the forest ways, and into the dark water of the moat around my brother's castle. Then behind me, I heard a low voice:

"Wilt sit and eat, fair sir?"

I turned and passed to where my white maid of the shadowed casement sat on the high dais on a great settle of carved wood, that had been richly gilded long ago, though now the gilding was rubbed in many places, and everywhere dulled and defaced. I sat at the side of the table, where I could watch her face clear against the fire glow, and we ate in silence, the ancient servitors coming and going like the dim firelight shadows. And after, we sat before the fire, I fingering idly the robe she had given me, and seeing without thinking of them the flowers and leaves and strange beasts of the embroidery of tarnished gold that bordered it; and the wind that had arisen without made flicker the long candles and drove the snow into little drifts within the casements. And the firelight and the dim candlelight falling on her hair made it seem more than ever a halo above her pale face, and her eyes looked afar into the flames.

"Truly a most courteous knight!" Her voice broke into my thoughts that had gone astraying, and I turned quickly and met a light of grave laughter in her eyes; "most courteous, and most fearless!" she went on; "never once have you asked question, never once sought to know what manner of people we might be who live here in the forest unmolested, though our neighbours be none of the most peaceful. Hast not wondered at all?"

"I have indeed wondered, and that greatly," I told her, "but rather

at so much courtesy from a fair lady mistress of a manour to an errant knight than at that lady's safety and honourableness."

She laughed aloud and made a little gesture with opened hands, so swift and withal so full of grace that it seemed sweeter than other ladies' singing.

"Small courtesy," she cried, "only to give shelter and warmth and food on such a night! But I will tell you as much as I may of this place, and of myself who live here, wearily enough from year to year; where think you is this manour?"

"Surely in the forest——" I hesitated. "Yet methinks I can remember no such spot in the old days, and surely——"

"It is old——many years older than we are!" She sighed and was silent, while I went on.

"Aye, old——" I said; "but all unknown to me, though, as I think in the forest, I had never even heard of any hold but our own—King William's gift."

"But this was never King William's gift—nor his to give!" she said.

"I thought that I knew the forest," I went on, half-musing, "yet I knew—I must have known—there were depths in it I have never reached; they told me of strange singing in it; of lights they might not reach; of knights that rode through it, bound none knew whither and fading out of sight if one went near; all this they told, and I believed and was afraid to stray too far from the trodden path, for surely all such signs are of the Evil One."

"Surely!" she echoed softly; "of the Evil One and therefore a peril to men's souls to follow; and, moreover, in this one case at least, leading nowhere. Seeking you could never have found."

"Yet I might have sought!" I fretted myself with the thought that all those years I had rather fled from





*Drawing by Arthur Keelor*

"THE FIRELIGHT AND THE CANDLELIGHT FALLING ON HER HAIR

than sought all this peace and fairness; "I might have sought! And perchance, as it did to-night, the way would have opened to me. And here, I know, is no witchcraft, no snare of Satan!"

"Nay, verily, but perchance a worse thing—though that need not touch you; truly it shall not, for have you not come a guest at the holy Christmas-tide and by the way that none not knowing the secret has ever come before; such a marvel comes not again in a thousand years!" She rose to her feet and paced restlessly back and forth. "A marvel! A marvel!" she cried. "One comes hither, untaught, unknowing, by the way that none may know; comes hither without question or wonder, unamazed, unafraid!" She wheeled towards me again. "What if what they feared unknowing were a worse thing than witchcraft even?" she cried. "What if it were the road to the gibbet and the deep dungeon; to the cold cell below the river water, where no sound comes? Treason, yea, and plottings, and sad strife make their home here, and you call it a place of peace and fairness. Ah, good faith," her voice sank as if weary, "even at this season when they prate of naught else, who knows what may be brewed in this place. Nay, never ask; only forbear to break my heart with such sayings and leave me this one space wherein to take breath, ere they rend me anew; treason there is, and all strife and hatred; but you shall be my guest and not my enemy, for a night and a day, and then go back the secret road, and so to your castle. Wilt have it so?"

"Yea!" I answered, "and be most fain. For me also is this a space of light between dark days; for I have been ten years fighting and slaying all manner of knights, high and low, besides paynims and such heathen dogs; and my brother, to whom I go, is the most orgulous and contentious knight in all Christendom, I think,

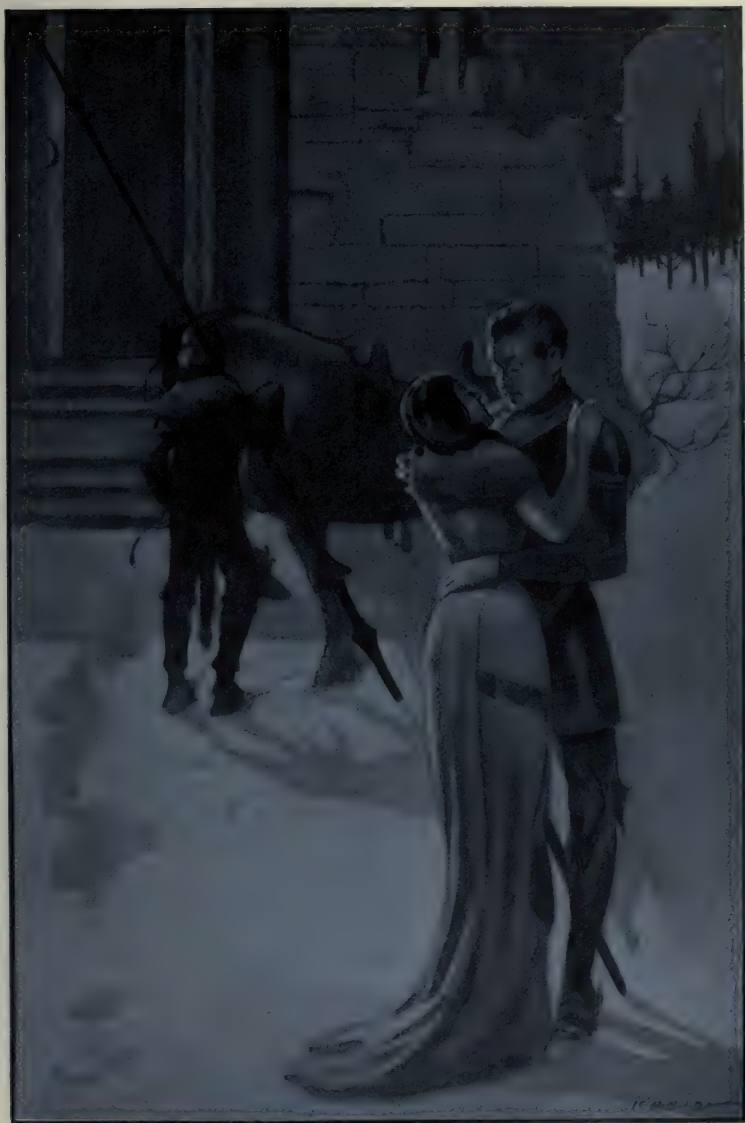
and will have me into all manner of broils, or ever I have been a day in his hold. For he is at peace with none."

"Is there any that is?" She drew the long braid of her hair through her fingers and let it drop in her lap, where it glowed like a cable of gold against her white gown. "From the first of my days I have truly seen naught but strife; and it seems you have known likewise little else. 'Tis an evil world, and they bid us think it waxes old. Who knows? Who knows? Surely not Prior Withold, for all his shaven crown and his fastings! But let us forget those things and all the world that is without and keep Yule here, safe and merry, for all we are enemies and should by all rights hate one another."

"But why?" I asked; "why should we be enemies?"

"My name is Aldwith—Aldwith——" She mused over the name as she repeated it. "And if there be anything in blood I should hate you right heartily—seeing that my kinsfolk held that land whereof William the Norman made gift to you; well for them—or perhaps ill for them—they held other lands as well, and have known some of them, how to serve two masters so that they have prospered indifferent well; and this hold in the forest they have kept secret as it ever was; and here have I lived ever since I can remember, seeing but few save those two who serve me, and dreading the coming of those few as the worst of evils. And yet my brothers ride out every day, brave and gay, in the sunshine, with hawks and banners and fair ladies all about them; happy, yet not so happy as I might be would they but leave me in peace. Ah," she threw back the long braids of her hair, and then bent forward again towards the fire, "'tis a strange and most unhappy world!"

"Yet the one wherein we are placed, to do well or ill," I said, "and



*Drawing by Arthur Keelor*

"WILT KISS ME ONCE, DEAR LOVE?"



not altogether to be despised of us who may have no better for a while at least; why look you, how I have been given a thing alike beyond my deserts and my expectation! A turn taken amiss, a mere mistake of the way, and I am turned from Walter's hold, and the ill-advised quarrels that he lives among, to a place of quiet and fair company; even what I desired as I rode along; to you, too, will come your desire; or, perchance, a better thing. Therefore, let us forget, as you have already said most wisely.

She laughed low, and I thought, a little bitterly, and left me alone by the fire; I heard her footsteps but for a moment as she climbed the tower stair; then I saw only the fire, and in it a picture of a burning castle, with a banner, blue with scarlet doves, fluttering above the keep that the fire had failed to reach; then, as the flame flickered up towards that banner she came back, bearing a lute in her hands, and idly and half cruelly, as I thought, brought a little sobbing melody from the strings; then she sang, and the song was sadder than any lute-melody, and yet far sweeter:

Yet hath He given this favour dear  
 Lucis auctor,  
 That we who serve in bondage here  
 Merueri,  
 By gentle deeds at last to find  
 Gaudia in coelo;  
 There may seek, earth left behind,  
 Maxima regna,  
 There may rest on, clad in white,  
 Sedibus altis,  
 Pass the days in all delight,  
 Lucis et pacis;  
 High habitations hold we there,  
 Almae laetitiae,  
 There shall we joy in days all fair,  
 Blandem et mitem;  
 The Lord of Battles shall we see,  
 Sine fine  
 And praise His awful Majesty,  
 Laude perenne,  
 Where angels sing unceasingly,  
 Alleluia!

And when she had made an end of singing she gave me the lute and half-smiling, said:

"Wilt not sing also?" Then as I shook my head, "Methought that all Norman knights could well sing and bring music from the lute."

"These many long, hard years I have forgotten that and many more gentle things," I told her.

"Nay," she laughed, "and shall not a great warrior be also a minstrel when he sits in ladies' bowers? Surely King David, who was the best knight in all his land, was also a maker of songs; but you shall sing for me another time, when you have forgotten tourneys and pitched battles. And now, because I have sung to you once, of what they say shall be, I will sing again of what is; and you shall judge whether of my songs is sadder."

Her fingers moved across the strings, and surely, I thought, there will be no song of sadness with this; for the sound was like the laughter of children when they lie beneath the hawthorn in May-time; like the sound of brooks singing across the stones; like the lark when he sings against the sun; music for a May morning. And then she sang:

Night goes, and Day breaks fair that we  
 may see  
 How fairly coloured is spring's pageantry,  
 And glad, into the green World out go we,  
 Right hopefully!  
 Day goes, and Night comes back that we  
 may pray  
 For Death, or Sleep, or aught drives  
 Care away,  
 What of the gladness of our hopeful Day?  
 Ah, welaway!

The song died out in the sobbing melody that had begun her first song, and I saw the mist and glimmer of tears in her eyes as she looked at me in the firelight.

"A sad song," I cried; "and with little promise of good days; and yet sweet——" I broke off and we looked at the fire, not speaking. The wind sang loud without, and the snow gathered deep; within, the fire glowed warm and red, and made Aldwith's hair a flame about her brows, and drew the warm blood into

her face; and from somewhere in the still house came a sound of soft, delicious music—music of neither voice nor lute, yet sweeter than either, and somehow strange and sad. And Aldwith, hearing it, shuddered, and the warm light died out of her face and the flame seemed to leave her hair. And she rose up, white and shaken, and left the hall without a word. But I, for my part, sat there still by the fire, pondering on all that I had heard and seen; for there had happened much that I could scarce believe.

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Of the three days that I spent in that unknown manour, of the Lady Aldwith, and the love that I grew to have for her, of the joy we had of one another, and the pleasance of those days, no need to speak; seeing that on the eve of the third day the storm-wind fell, and a little crescent moon hung low in the west over a white world, and I knew that the time had come when I must go out again into the world on the morrow; yet had I great hope that with me might go my lady, and of that hope I spoke to her as we sat before the fire that burned up clear and strong with never a flicker; without, all lay clear and still, and the moon was almost sunken behind the trees; and the shadows lay black on the snow, never moving; and the stars were beginning to show clear as the moon died. And I spoke to Aldwith, looking only at her, and watching as I spoke the waves of flame that the fire-light sent along her braided hair. And when I had spoken she was silent long, and I left, gazing at her, and walked to the casement, and opened and saw all the world lying silent as I have said. Then after a time, because Aldwith did not speak, I came back to her; the great tears were dropping from her eyes and lying like pearls on her golden braid; and before I could speak she put out her hands to me piteously as one who makes supplication, and spoke slowly:

“Three days!” she cried, “three days only and no more! Surely too little of life, and yet all that I may have; in a week’s time they come, and there can be no more peace!”

“Who dare forbid you peace?” I asked; for as yet she had told me no more than on that first night, though twice since, at midnight, had that strange sound summoned her from the hall, and twice had she gone in fear and trembling, but obedient. She made no answer, and I spoke again: “I doubt my brother has little need of me; and if here I can do aught for you here will I stay; I have said my life lies at your feet, and can say no more; yet will do as much more as I may, God willing. I will stay, reason with these that come, and in time take you away, if only so are you to be won. But why not come to-night?”

“I should dare stay nowhere in England——” She spoke so that I scarce heard her, touching the thought lightly and drawing back from it as if afraid. “Yet—it would mean peace—perchance—I might forget——” Then ere she could speak further came the sound of that accursed music. She rose and went trembling out of the hall and I followed her down a long flight of stone steps; the sound came once and again; and still she went on and I followed; a hundred steps I counted; then she pushed back a heavy curtain and I saw a light, and, following, came into a little room, hung all about with draperies of white samite, with a floor of white stone; on a high tripod in the midst was a lamp, strangely shaped, and beneath it a low block of white stone; before this knelt Aldwith, white-robed, and pale as any lily; the only colour in the room was in her hair and in the lamp; each a flame of gold amidst the whiteness; I leaned against the wall near the door, and waited for some word of hers.

She spoke not, but looked ever into what I saw at last was a ball of crys-

tal, clear, shining, swung in a hollow in the top of the white stone, on which she, kneeling, leaned her elbows; in it I saw naught, but she gazed into it as one who sees that which he dreads the telling of, yet knows must be told. How long she knelt and I stood there unmoving, I do not know; only when at length she rose, I was trembling with some strange fear, and could only take her in my arms, and hurry up those many steps, feeling her cheek lying cold against mine, and dreading I knew not what.

On the settle before the fire, when the colour had come a little to her lips, she spoke, but the words died in a wail of grief, and she wept long and bitterly; then once more she looked at me with a pity that filled me with fear.

"Tell me——" I began, but she held up her hand to stop me, and, choking back a little sob, spoke:

"They go to lay siege to Sir Walter at the forest castle!" she cried; "the men-at-arms that he drove out three weeks since; John of High Crofton, whom he came nigh to killing at Crofton market; Will 'o the Woods and his merry men from all the forest; the Lord of Eastby, who has hated him these many years; all that have grudges gather at Eastby; they will go before the dawn, at the dead hour, when all men sleep a little, though they may seem awake, and by treachery will enter the Forest Castle by the postern gate; and she who will open it is none other than Sir Walter's wife. Ah, Heaven! that such treachery should be; surely if he seeks quarrels, he seeketh them fair and knightly; not as a midnight stabber, a plotter in the dark!"

She ceased, and bent her head in her hands, as if to shut out some horror: I, too dazed to speak, could but look at her dumbly till she spoke once more:

"You must go now! Now, at once, ere another hour passes; I see naught but the truth in the crystal,

and this I saw twice, all clear, all certain. Haste, haste!"

While I still stood dazed she called in her strange English speech to the old serving-man, and when he came, bade him help me do on my armour, and get ready my horse. Then when he had gone to do her bidding, and I, ready armed, stood awaiting him, I found words.

"I take you into grievous danger, sweet!" I said, never doubting but she would come also, for I knew that even she knew not the way to or from the castle, only that one old man and her brothers who held her there, and that my going out must be blindfold that I might get no knowledge of the secret. So that, once I left, neither might I come back to her, nor she forth to me; for the way that my horse had found alone that night was one that might be sought ten thousand times, with all weeping and bitterness, yea, even with Hate or Love for a guide, and yet be never found. But my white maid gave me no word in reply, but only stood beside the fire, looking into the heart of the flame, till I, full of deadly fear by now, went to her and took her in my arms and lifted up her pale face that I might look into her eyes all dim with tears.

"I cannot go!" she said; "you, for honour and duty must go; yea, for very human charity, for decent service of one to another, you must go even though it were not your brother in danger. But I, too, have a duty; ah, love, I had hoped to forget what that duty was; I had thought to leave it, and seek my own joy. But I may not! I may not! Oh, love, Aymer! How should I send you forth, and bid you go into dire peril, and seek meanwhile my own joy; aye, it would be but joy for me to ride away with you, though we should both die; better so, I have thought, than to live here all my days. To my kinsfolk and my race I owe somewhat, even as you, dear love! And if I serve England here, and since I alone can



read the secrets that the crystal holds, here must I stay——” Her voice broke, and the pain in it shook my heart so that I could not answer her.

“I cannot leave you!” I cried at last; for the thought of it was unbearable; “I cannot, nay, I will not leave you! Sweet, all my life I have had strife and the vain thing called honour; never have I had love, never peace, save in these days with thee. What is honour? Nay, but a thing of the world, and here surely we are far from the world that dies for an empty name! What is all the glory of war? But giving death to others who are perchance more worthy of life than he who takes it away; tears and blood, weeping of women and little children, plunder and flame. To these things you send me, things unworthy, I cry, to weigh against love. Ah, Aldwith, lady and love most fair and good, see I put my life and my heart between thy hands, a gift. Wilt cast it back to me? Wilt take life from me when I have barely grasped it? All my days long I have been in an evil dream; wilt send me back to it?”

I ceased from no lack of words, Heaven knows, but because my love laid her white fingers on my lips, and bade me cease.

“Neither will I go nor you stay!” she cried, and the fair colour surged back into her face, making it clear and pure, like a flame; yea, a burning fire of resolve. “All my days I have gone meanly and complainingly, weak and void of purpose, ever quarreling with my life. Now have I been made glad above all women, and been given joy enough for ten lives, in that you have loved me. And shall I show unworthy of this gift? Shall I make God ashamed for that He has given me more than my desire? Ah, love, you cannot bend me, for for very love’s sake am I firm. And shall you do less for love than I?”

Then I heard the old man’s step, muffled in snow, and the horse’s tread

likewise, and they came ever nearer till they stopped before the door; and my heart rose in rebellion at her purpose.

“I will not go without you!” I cried. “You know naught of love, if you think it a thing so lightly put aside. Think, sweet, of all the many years, alone—alone! Love comes once; beware how you cast it away! Beware how you bid another despise it! Ah, love, for very pity and charity, come!”

But she stood within the clasp of my arms, flame-bright and unafraid; yet her voice was softer than any whisper of music; and——

“Ah, poor Aymer!” she said, “dost think to move me so lightly? Truly I have pity; pity on the poor soul that flutters blind in that great frame of thine, and on the poor unquiet heart that would draw the soul astray; it will be very hard for the poor heart for a little day; but by-and-bye the strong soul will find light and will be glad because it was set upon the sterner way. Think not but my heart aches likewise and is weak and would cry out, yea, did almost conquer for a space.”

She stopped as if in doubt, then led me towards the great door, where the old man stood with the horse; and she patted the great steed’s sides, and called him brave, for that he had carried me through many battles, while I stood bethinking me how I might yet turn her purpose. Then while I thought she turned to me, and laid one hand on my arm.

“Wilt kiss me once, dear love?” she asked; “’tis time you set out, for Thorkild is old, and may go but slowly; yet once he has set you on the straight road I charge you lose no time!” She stood looking at me, with wide eyes more full of love than I dared think; and for a moment the thought was in me to take her if I might by force; then for very shame I saw that as she said I could do no less for love than she; though for me there was neither triumph nor

glory, but only a great heartache. . . . So I kissed my love, and said some little of all in my heart, and rode away, blindfold, with Thorkild for guide.

\*

Again on a Christmas Eve I rode home through the forest, and, remembering the night a year ago, when my steed had taken a strange path and led me to a great light at the end of a long, dark way, I took little heed whither I guided him. No fear now that he go amiss; too well he knew the road to the Forest Castle; since that night, near a year ago now, when I had warned my brother of his danger, and helped him beat off those who would have settled all scores, there had been little rest from war and intrigue. Interest to be made with Count or Duke or King; bribes to be given here and there; swift vengeance on this one or that. In all I had stood by him, as much, perhaps, because I could not yet bear to give up hope of yet finding Aldwith as for any sort of brotherly love. For it seemed to me, that as long as I dwelt here in the forest near to her in point of distance, though how far removed otherwise God alone knows, there was still some hope that I might win to her at last; I might find the way to that lost manour; or she, remembering pity, might come to me; for I never doubted she could move the old man Thorkild to do whatever she might bid him. Yet now, after a year, it seemed to me that I was less than she would have had me, in thus waiting and filling my time with deeds of no account; and a word had come to me from Baldwin (now King in Jerusalem in place of Godfrey) that my sword was needed there. Welaway! At least, there would be paynims to strive with, and I could hew out for myself some lone lordship among the hills and live there to remember her. And here, what was better, or as good? I looked at the clear sky, golden, like her hair, with the sunset; at the snow,

tinged for a moment with that gold; at the trees, bare of leaves, stiff and upright in the still air; somewhere, far off, a bell was ringing and the sound came, high and sweet, across the forest. In Judea the sky burned bright all day, and the country lay brownish-yellow, streaked with green, beneath; and at night great stars came out and flamed near, like lamps; not high and far-off as that star above the trees seemed now. Then, at a turn in the path, I looked up, and saw—Aldwith. . . . When we spoke, riding down the quiet path to my brother's hold, there were many stars alight, and the gold had left the sky.

"Ah, sweet," I cried at last; "speak and tell me aught to make me believe it is true!" Then for very happiness I could say no more. But Aldwith laughed.

"Truly," she said, "I myself can scarce believe; but true it is, that last eve my brother came in great haste and great joy to the manour, and with him came a long Norman knight, red-faced and red-nosed, with a brawling voice; they made great cheer, and after I left them they talked far into the night, sitting and drinking, by the fire. And I, coming back from my prayers in the little oratory, heard my name and stopped, with the less shame for the act because I had heard, in the next minute, somewhat more:

"What dowry with her?" asked the Norman.

"This manour and the lands at Dymford," says my brother; "and a thousand gold besants; moreover, she is, as you have seen, a very fair lady."

"Aye!" answers the Norman, and as I thought, consideringly, "but how if I care not to have this magic in my house; fair and a maid, but wise; overly wise for me, who am a plain knight; I would not have her see all my doings." Thereat my brother had the grace to flush scarlet and put in a word for me.

"She hath served me many a time by what she has seen," he said, "and you and all of our party as well; aye, and you were as deep in our plans as any Englishman born; but since you so wish it, and since this marriage of the King's has done more for us than any plotting could, I will put the crystal where neither she nor any other can look into it." Then I must needs draw back quickly, for they came tumbling out, none too steadily, and so down the steps towards the place of the crystal; then I heard a crash, and a jar, and lo, the way was blocked with a great stone, and my brother came back laughing. "No need now, for any daughter of the house to live apart for

watching the crystal!" he cried. "For you must know, Aymer, that for more years than I can number the manour has been set apart for those of our house who, like me, could see fate in the crystal. Then they went on, boasting and drinking and making their plans; and I gathered that my brother was to marry the sister of this awkward knight for whom he designed me. And, making sure that they were safe not to follow, I bade Thorkild lead me forth, and then, sending him back, fared alone through the forest."

"In a good hour, sweet!" I cried, and stretched forth my hand to clasp hers. And so we rode onward to the Forest Castle well content.

## PRODIGAL YET

By ETHELWYN WETHERALD

MUCK of the sty, reek of the trough,  
Blackened my brow where all might see,  
Yet while I was a great way off  
My Father ran with compassion for me.

He put on my hand a ring of gold  
(There's no escape from a ring, they say);  
He put on my neck a chain to hold  
My passionate spirit from breaking away.

He put on my feet the shoes that miss  
No chance to tread in the narrow path;  
He pressed on my lips the burning kiss  
That scorches deeper than fires of wrath.

He filled my body with meat and wine,  
He flooded my heart with love's white light;  
Yet deep in the mire, with sensual swine,  
I long—God help me!—to wallow to-night.

Muck of the sty, reek of the trough,  
Blacken my soul where none may see.  
Father, I yet am a long way off—  
Come quickly, Lord! Have compassion on me!



# THE WOODS IN WINTER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES," ETC.

LAST night it snowed. I had been waiting for this first snowfall before I went again to the woods. I did not wish to spy upon their nakedness. It seems like taking an unfair advantage of old friends to visit them when they are unclad, with all the little ins and outs of their realm laid pitifully bare. There is always a November space, after the leaves have fallen, when it seems almost indecent to intrude on the forest, for its glory terrestrial has departed, and its glory celestial . . . of spirit and purity and whiteness . . . has not yet come upon it. Of course, there are dear days sometimes, even in November, when the woods are beautiful and gracious in a dignified serenity of folded hands and closed eyes . . . days full of a fine, pale sunshine that sifts through the firs and glimmers in the gray beechwood, lighting up evergreen banks of moss and washing the colonnades of the pines . . . days with a high-sprung sky of flawless turquoise, shading off into milkiness on the far horizons . . . days ending for all their mildness and dream in a murky red sunset, flaming in smoky crimson behind the westerling hills, with perhaps a star above it, like a saved soul gazing with compassionate eyes into pits of torment, where sinful spirits are being purged from the stains of earthly pilgrimage.

But such days are an exception in late November and early December. More commonly they are dour and forbidding, in a "hard, dull bitter-

ness," with sunless gray skies. The winds that still go "piping down the valleys wild" are heartbroken searchers, seeking for things loved and lost, wailing in their loneliness, calling in vain on elf and fay; for the fairy folk, if they be not all fled afar to the southlands, must be curled up asleep in the hearts of the pines or among the roots of the ferns; and they will never venture out amid the desolation of winter woods where there is no leafy curtain to screen them, no bluebell into which to creep, no toadstool under which to hide.

But last night the snow came . . . enough to transfigure and beautify, but not enough to spoil the walking; and it did not drift, but just fell softly and lightly, doing its wonder-work in the mirk of a December night. This morning, when I awakened and saw the world in the sunlight, I had a vision of woodland solitudes of snow, arcades picked out in pearl and silver, long floors of untrodden marble, whence spring the cathedral columns of the pines. And this afternoon I went to find the reality of my vision in the woods "that belt the gray hillside" . . . ay, and overflow beyond it into many a valley white-folded in immortal peace.

One can really get better acquainted with the trees in winter. There is no drapery of leaves to hide them from us; we can see all their beauty of graceful limb, of upreaching boughs, of mesh-like twigs, spun against the transparent skies. The slenderness or straightness or sturdi-

ness of their trunks is revealed; even the birds' nests . . . "there are no birds in last year's nest" . . . are hung plainly in sight for any curious eye to see. It does not matter now. The dappled eggs have long ago hatched out into incarnate melody and grace, and the birdlings have flown to lands of the sun far-distant, caring nothing now for their old cradles, which are filled with winter snows.

The beeches and maples are dignified matrons, even when stripped of their foliage; and the birches . . . look you at that row of them against the spruce hill, their white limbs gleaming through the fine purple mist of their twigs . . . are beautiful pagan maidens who have never lost the Eden secret of being naked and unashamed.

But the conebearers, stanch souls that they are, keep their secrets still. The firs and the pines and the spruces never reveal their mystery, never betray their long-guarded lore. See how beautiful is that thickly-growing copse of young firs, lightly powdered with the new-fallen snow, as if a veil of aerial lace had been trickily flung over austere young druid priestesses forsworn to all such frivolities of vain adornment. Yet they wear it gracefully enough . . . firs can do anything gracefully, even to wringing their hands in the grip of a storm. The deciduous trees are always anguished and writhen and piteous in storms; but there is something in the conebearers akin to the storm spirit . . . something that leaps out to greet it and join with it in a wild, exultant revelry. After the first snowfall, however, the woods are at peace in their white loveliness. To-day I paused at the entrance of a narrow path between upright ranks of beeches, and looked long adown it before I could commit what seemed the desecration of walking through it . . . so taintless and wonderful it seemed, like a street of pearl in

the New Jerusalem. Every twig and spray was outlined in snow. The undergrowth along its sides was a little fairy forest cut out of marble. The shadows cast by the honey-tinted winter sunshine were fine and spirit-like. Every step I took revealed new enchantments, as if some ambitious elfin artificer were striving to show just how much could be done with nothing but snow in the hands of somebody who knew how to make use of it. A snowfall such as this is the finest test of beauty. Wherever there is any ugliness or distortion it shows mercilessly; but beauty and grace are added unto beauty and grace, even as unto him that hath shall be given abundantly.

As a rule, winter woods are given over to the empery of silence. There are no birds to chirp and sing, no brooks to gurgle, no squirrels to gossip. But the wind makes music occasionally and gives in quality what it lacks in quantity. Sometimes on a clear starlit night it whistles through the copses most freakishly and joyously; and again, on a brooding afternoon before a storm it creeps along the floor of the woods with a low, wailing cry that haunts the hearer with its significance of hopelessness and boding.

To-day there are no drifts. But sometimes, after a storm, the hollows and lanes are full of them, carved by the inimitable chisel of the northeaster into wonderful shapes. I remember once coming upon a snow-drift in a clearing far back in the woods which was the exact likeness of a beautiful woman's profile. Seen too close by, the resemblance was lost, as in the fairy tale of the Castle of St. John; seen in front, it was a shapeless oddity; but at just the right distance and angle, the outline was so perfect that when I came suddenly upon it, gleaming out against the dark background of spruce in the glow of a winter sunset, I could hardly convince myself that it was not the work of a human hand. There

was a low, noble brow, a straight, classic nose, lips and chin and cheek curve modelled as if some goddess of old time had sat to the sculptor, and a breast of such cold, swelling purity as the very genius of the winter woods might display. All "the beauty that old Greece and Rome sang, painted, taught" was expressed in it; yet no eyes but mine saw it.

She is a rare artist, this old Mother Nature, who works "for the joy of the working," and not in any spirit of vain show. To-day the fir woods on the unsheltered side of the hill, where the winds have shaken off the snow, are a symphony of greens and grays, so subtle that you cannot tell where one shade begins to be the other. Gray trunk, green bough, gray-green moss, above the white floor. Yet the old gypsy doesn't like unrelieved monotones . . . she must have a dash of colour. And here it is . . . a broken dead fir branch of a beautiful brown swinging among the beards of moss.

All the tintings of winter woods are extremely delicate and elusive. When the brief afternoon wanes, and the low, descending sun touches the faraway hill-tops of the south-west there seems to be all over the waste places an abundance, not of colour, but of the spirit of colour. There is really nothing but pure white after all, but one has the impression of fairy-like blendings of rose and violet, opal and heliotrope, on the slopes and in the dingles, and along the curves of the forest land. You feel sure the tint is there; but when you look directly at it it is gone . . . from the corner of your eye you know it is lurking over yonder in a spot where there was nothing but a pale purity a moment ago. Only just when the sun is setting is there a fleeting gleam of real colour; then the redness streams over the snow, and incarnadines the hills and fields, and smites the crest of the firs on the hills with flame. Just a few minutes of transfiguration and revelation . . .

and it is gone . . . and over the woods falls the mystic veil of dreamy, haunted winter twilight.

To my right, as I stand breathlessly happy in this wind-haunted, star-scentinelled valley, there is a grove of tall, gently waving spruces. Seen in daylight those spruces are old and uncomely . . . dead almost to the tops, with withered branches. But seen in this enchanted light against a sky that begins by being rosy saffron and continues to be silver green, and ends finally in crystal blue, they are like tall, slender witch maidens weaving spells of necromancy in a rune of elder days. How I long to share in their gramarye . . . to have fellowship in their twilight sorceries!

Up comes the moon! Saw you ever such beauty as moonlight in winter woods . . . such wondrous union of clear radiance with blackest gloom . . . such hints and hidings and revealings . . . such deep copses laced with silver . . . such aisles patterned with shadow . . . such valleys brimmed over with splendour? I seem to be walking through a spell-bound world of diamond and crystal and pearl; I feel a wonderful lightness of spirit and a soul-stirring joy in mere existence . . . a joy that seems to spring fountain-like from the very deeps of my being and to be independent of all earthy things. I am alone and I am glad of it. Any human companionship, even the dearest and most perfect, would be alien and superfluous to me now. I am sufficient unto myself, needing not any emotion of earth to round out my felicity. Such moments come rarely . . . but when they do come they are inexpressibly marvellous and beautiful . . . as if the finite were for a second infinity . . . as if humanity were for a space uplifted into divinity. Only for a moment, 'tis true . . . yet such a moment is worth a cycle of common years untouched by the glory and the dream.



# THE THIRTEENTH MAN

BY A. CLARK McCURDY

*Illustrations by C. W. Jefferys*

"A NOTE!—Any more like this, Sandy?"

"Nine or ten."

The man sat on the plow and looked at the child.

"Let me see them."

"Aunt Kitty told me I musn't be long." The child shyly held back.

Duncan McIntyre played with a dime. "Going to Aclleman's?"

"Yes, one of the notes is for 'im."

"Then you can buy some candy. Let me see the notes. Thanks! Francis Aclleman, who can't do anything else but sell buttons and smile all over when you talk to him; Angus McLean—um—um—by gum, there's ten of the list! What about old Neil McQuire?"

"Oh, she said he'd come without askin'. He was workin' about all mornin' an' goin' for me' cause I asked 'im if he was done courtin' Sarah yet." The child danced gleefully at the remembrance.

"And how about Tate?"

"Oh, Mr. Tate killed the turkey for her, so he's comin'."

"Well, tell her I have a headache and can't go." His massive jaw snapped like a steel trap.

"What, you a headache!" The combination was past the child's apprehension.

Duncan turned abruptly, walked with a firm step to the barnyard, caught a turkey in a twinkling, picked up an axe, sat down, prepared and hung him up for future use. "I'll have a turkey dinner to-night, but not at Kitty's," he mut-

tered, then resumed his plowing in full view of Kitty's house.

A very few minutes sufficed for his lonely lunch and the straight, even furrows continued to grow rapidly during the afternoon.

About four o'clock he put away his team, got the turkey, entered his solid looking bachelor home, and soon the bird was sizzling in the oven, while the man sat in a straight-backed chair and the big Newfoundland dog "Slave" circled about and poked his nose under his arm in silent companionship. He motioned the dog between his knees and stroked the smooth, black head.

"Yes, Slave, old boy, those eyes are as intelligent as any of the lot of them. You know I might have had her before had I begged a little harder, but I'll not beg her hand and forever after do homage for the blessed boon of her presence. No, old boy, she's got to meet me as an equal, to be made to feel that I confer as much favour or more by marrying her as she on me! Get that 'the-world-and-all-that's-in-it-was-made-for-my-special-benefit' spirit out of her, and she's good stuff! Yes, Slave, good stuff!" Slave rubbed his head against his master's knee in perfect agreement.

"She's too pretty and too vain. That's what's the matter with her! She gets that from that feeble-brained, silly mother of hers; and we all love her too much, yes, by gum! but it's the stuff down deep she inherited from that old noble father

that we love, not her mere frivolity. I wonder if she knows what happened to bury her father out here!" His spoken thought became lost in the contemplation of the live coals that peeped from the front of the kitchen stove. Slave wagged his tail and departed.

He was a master! No man could look at that high bridge of his nose, that firm mouth and chin, those keen, penetrating eyes, without a feeling of comparative inferiority; some, perhaps, with a suggestion of awe and wonder that this man should have been reared in their midst.

Day merged into twilight, the door opened sharply and little Sandy Morrison burst in.

"It's spoilt! Neil McQuire spoilt it!"

"What's spoilt?"

"The turkey! Old Neil was bound he'd carry it in and tripped over Slave, and Slave made off with it all over the field, and it's all spoilt!" The child appeared to think it a huge joke.

"And what did she do?"

"She can't do nuffin, an' everybody is tellin' her that they'll go an' kill all the hens and turkeys they's got for her, but she won't let 'em, an' she's mad at somethin' besides the turkey, too, 'cause I know she is."

Duncan rose and opened the oven door; the turkey was done to a dark brown. He whipped it out, looked at it a moment, perhaps a trifle longingly, balanced it on the end of a big fork, picked an unused cow-bell from the wall, and started towards the gate.

"Where you goin'?"

The man strode rapidly through his gate, up the hundred yards of road and in through Kitty Karlington's gate, the child running along side in an effort to keep up. A murmur of voices and coarse laughter came from the house.

"Sandy, is the calf still in the pen?"

"Yes."

"Well, take this bell, hold on to the tongue now, fasten the strap about her neck and let her go."

"What for?"

"Do as I tell you!"

"All right," he returned, giggling with suppressed excitement.

Duncan McIntyre waited for a moment. Presently the sound of a cowbell tearing madly about the field smote loudly on the still night. Twelve men were seen to leave the house at a run. Duncan strode to the open front door. All was quiet in that square room; great logs blazed in the open fireplace; above hung old Karlington's sword, the single emblem of its dead master's better days; the solid, smoke-begrimed beams overhead—all lent an old-time background to the long gaudily-decorated table in the centre of the room, laden, in real old country style, with all kinds of good things. He entered, placed his turkey on a large plate, and set it at the head of the table.

Outside, he glanced around for a moment to see Kitty entering the room. Yes, she was as she always looked, a lithe brunette, a noble, independent, dainty pet child. He smiled at her look of astonishment as her eyes rested upon the turkey; then a puzzled expression flashed over his face for a moment as if he wondered if she would take it as he meant it—a sign of his indifference to her charms and good wishes to the other fellows. And was that a sigh of disappointment that she should thus crown her frivolity by giving a dinner to her many lovers?

Back in his lonely kitchen he sat in the straight-backed chair, watching the play of fire in the coals that peeped under the stove door. Slave appeared and curled himself half under the stove. Thus they sat long into the night.

Sandy burst rudely in upon his reveries.

"What! Are you up at this time of night?"



*Drawing by C. W. Jefferys*

"THE MAN SAT ON THE PLOW AND LOOKED AT THE CHILD"

"Yes," and the child, hugging himself in an exuberance of mirth, danced about, caught Slave, and rolled all over him; finally righting himself.

"Kitty!"

"Yes, what about Kitty?"

"Oh, they all proposed to her, everyone of 'em! And she took them all out under them maples an' I hid in the spruce, and could see as plain, 'cause the stars were bright and they's no leaves on the maples to hide anything!" He danced gleefully.

"Who proposed?"

"Oh, old Neil McQuire, what proposes to every girl he sees; an' him over a hundred, Kitty says, though he told her he was only fifty, and Kitty could hardly keep from laughin' at him, he went to it so hard, like that 'vangelist throwin' his arms about and hollerin', for all he was trying to whisper!"

Duncan smiled, but he was not interested in old Neil.

"And who else?"

"Oh, Frances came next and he was smilin' all over that hard he couldn't speak till she laughed and sent him off."

But he was not interested in Frances.

"Was that all?"

"Oh, no, they all came, Angus McLean, Rory McNeil, all of 'em. Oh, I couldn't keep from laughin', and then Kitty saw me and got mad and made me come down and then I put over here and she couldn't catch me!"

"And did she accept any?"

"Dunno! Mr. Tate was the only one who didn't come and maybe he was bidding his time. Kitty says he's awful smart."

"You'd better go home now."

"Can't I sleep with you to-night?"

"If you promise you won't kick too hard."

"Oh, I won't, I'll lie as still as anythin'!"



For a week he continued his fall plowing, and the straight, even furrows grew rapidly and steadily. Each morning he went over to the Karlington's farm and cut their day's fire-wood as usual; but he was very particular to treat Kitty with perfect indifference, and made but the one visit a day instead of his innumerable former ones.

Tate was there constantly ministering to her every want.

One evening as he was driving his team to the stables, the long, narrow form of Tate appeared. His yellow hair seemed a little more yellow, the Kaiser William turn to his moustache a little more fierce. Duncan could not even notice the semblance of a chin that was usually perceived half-way between the book agent's long neck and his weak mouth.

"Good evening, Mr. McIntyre!"

Duncan silently continued to follow the steady tramp of the large farm horses.

"You're not going to speak to me, aren't you? You're gettin' a bit too stuck up for that! And you try to treat Kitty (he had formerly called her Miss Karlington) in the same surly fashion, do you? I'll——" but the lash of a whip wound around his slim body, and left a dirty mark on the fancy white waistcoat.

The fellow looked for a moment at that massive, masterful face, mumbled something and departed.

That evening Duncan stood by his front door while the crescent moon, appearing now and again between the rolling, billowy clouds, bathed the farm and the autumn-coloured forest on the mountain beyond Kitty's, in a fascinating, soothing light. A dark head and pink dress appeared around the maple grove, came through the gate, and tripped lightly down the walk.

"Good evening, Duncan!" Kitty's voice was soft and clear. "The moon is pretty, isn't it?"

"Charming, Kitty, charming."

"Is that all you have to say when

I haven't seen you for ever so long?"

"Did Tate get any goose grease from you to-day?"

"Goose grease!"

"Yes, I gave him a bit of a cut and thought maybe he went to you for salve."

"Duncan!" Her tone betrayed surprise at the touch of bitterness in his voice.

He laughed mirthlessly.

The girl moved uneasily; it was a new experience to her to play second in a *tête-à-tête* with a young man.

"Come on down to the brook, Duncan. I love to hear the ripple of the water on an evening like this."

Unconsciously she had assumed command, and he as unconsciously followed.

They sat on the edge of the brook, where the moon peeped between the alders. She sat close to him and they listened silently to the ripple of the brook over the pebbles. A half-exultant smile played over the girl's lips as if she loved to play thus with the hearts of men, not from heartlessness, but from some innate desire to be loved and served by all. She leaned closer and brushed some dust from the back of his farther shoulder; then laid her hand temptingly open on her lap. She did not notice the firmer compression of his lips.

"Do you know, Duncan, it was such a night as this, with the music of the brook in our ears, that I always used to dream I would meet my lover!"

She was silent; she was close; her hand was temptingly near; the moonlight was magical. She heard a click; it was the snapping of those massive jaws. He rose and said:

"Let us go in."

She rose wonderingly and they strode silently up the hill to his home. He curtly bid her good-night; she wonderingly did the same and walked thoughtfully away.

"If I marry her she will do the wooing and do it under adverse circumstances. The day we marry (if



*Drawing by C. W. Jefferys*

"WITH ONE BLOW HE SEVERED THE STICK

we do) she will not only love me, but will consider it a privilege to be my wife! I marry no woman who thinks she is the centre of the world and all benefits must converge to her own sweet self! Converge and be absorbed, giving no return!"

One afternoon he went over to the Karlington's to take Sandy for a promised ramble through the woods.

He was nearing the house when he saw Kitty bending over a washtub that stood on a bench by the kitchen door. Her back was to him; her sleeves were rolled to the shoulder, showing her round, tanned arms; her shoulders were moving up and down vigorously as she rubbed the clothes on the washboard, and the steam rose up from the hot water in the tub.

He stopped for a moment to contemplate this other side of her character—the serious side. Her back straightened; her head sprang erect as she tossed back the dark ringlets that kissed her cheek, and with the exclamation, "Mother!" ran towards the wood pile. His gaze followed and he saw weak, old Mrs. Karlington staggering forward under an armful of firewood. With another cry of "Mother!" uttered in tender reproach, the girl took the load and staggered for a moment as it came upon her suddenly; then straightened and walked rapidly to the door.

Duncan could see that the sharp edges of the hardwood bit into her soft, round arms, and a lump came in his throat. It was too late to offer his help; she would be in before he could reach her. He forgot his promised ramble with Sandy and walked slowly home, talking to himself the while.

"That's the side of her character we love, and it wasn't because it was her mother that she did it, she would do it for any one of us, yes, even for Slave, if she thought we needed her help. But if she thought we were good and able," here he laughed softly, "she'd sit or stand there like a queen and accept our gifts, our work, our hearts; but then, too, if we were in trouble she'd come, heal our wounds, lighten our loads and help us, not only with her quiet sympathy, but with her own small hands—we all know it and we all love her."

For days after this he watched the growing intimacy between Tate and the Karlington household. Doggedly he still cut their day's firewood and treated Kitty with the utmost indifference.

One afternoon Tate took Kitty for a drive. Duncan saw them go merrily past his gate without looking up, but he drove the fiercer into his work. In the evening Sandy came over. "I think Kitty is goin' to marry Mr. Tate."

"Why do you think so?"

The child jumped at the sharp tone, but replied:

"Well, he's with 'er all the time, and they were out drivin' to-day, an' don't they always plan to get married when out drivin'?"

"Not always Sandy." The tone was more kind.

"But he stayed to tea and Kitty was awful nice to him. She says she likes his town ways. I think they's goin' drivin' agin' to-morrow."

Duncan's face hardened.

"Sandy, come till I get you some cookies, but maybe they're not as nice as Aunt Kitty's?"

"Oh, yes, they are. Gimme some, will you?"

The child crammed several into his mouth at once.

"Sandy."

"Yes'ir," came the muffled voice.

"Tell Kitty that I send her and Mr. Tate my congratulations."

"But I'm not sure," he mumbled.

"Tell her just the same, and that I sincerely wish them joy. Don't forget that word 'sincerely.'"

"No sir, but may I sleep with you to-night?"

"When you come back. Now quick!"

The next morning Duncan went, as usual, with his axe on his shoulder, to cut the Karlington's firewood. He passed the feeble old Mrs. Karlington in her doorway and gave her a cheery good morning. But, at the woodpile, Tate stood, with his coat off, his cane hanging over a stick, his fancy waistcoat showing gaudily, hacking at a small stick.

Duncan was striding forward, but Kitty barred his way and said loftily:

"You needn't bother cutting my wood in future, Mr. McIntyre."

Whatever Kitty expected she was astonished at the clear, quiet answer.

"Kitty, if you imagine I am cutting firewood for you you are very much mistaken. I cut it for your mother and for Sandy, that's who I cut it for." He strode past her;





*Drawing by C. W. Jefferys*

“YOU HAVE COME TO ME, KITTY”

with his left arm he swept Tate from his path, tumbling him over the wood-pile; with one blow he severed the stick, hacked a dozen times by the discomfited Tate, and in ten minutes having a snug pile of wood, turned about without a word and departed.

'Twas the middle of the afternoon, Duncan was fencing in a distant corner of the farm when the long and narrow Tate strode jauntily down the field; behind him swung big Neil McEachern and big Alex. McAskill, from the upper Glen; both rough characters and noted fighters. He came along with his thumbs in his vest arm-holes, and the cane hanging from his little finger, and said insolently, while his face grew livid and he took his cane by the point and shoved it before Duncan's face:

"I'll show you! You think I'm nobody to be swept from your path at will, do you? You think I want your Kitty!"

Tate's cane sped across the yard.

"You don't touch that chicken!" Big Neil and big Alex. stepped forward together, their voices husky with liquor, their calloused fists clenched tightly.

Like a flash Duncan grabbed Tate's ankle and swung him over his broad shoulders. "One step more, fellows, and I'll crack the chicken's skull over your heads; it wouldn't hurt you because it would smash like a bad egg, and there's not enough in it to dirty your face."

The bullies listened for a moment to the howling supplications of their employer to avert the catastrophe; they trembled before the steel of those steady eyes, laughed nervously and said:

"Drop him, Dunc, and shake. We ain't goin' to quarrel with you for the likes of him."

Duncan dropped the craven, gave each a curt handshake and resumed his fencing.

Big Neil produced a five-dollar bill and looked at big Alex. "Goin' to give yours back?"

"Ugh! I guess we earned it by comin' over here and givin' him a chanst to chin to Dunc!" They laughed and departed. Tate did the same, taking a different route.

Little Sandy came running up. "Why didn't you give it to 'im, Duncan?" Him and Aunt Kitty had an awfu' row after you left; she talked to 'im that hard he nearly cried."

"Did she?" Duncan took the lad up on his shoulder and carried him, in his favourite manner, back to the farmhouse.

"I killed a chicken to-day, do you want to have supper with me?"

"Yes."

"Will you go home as soon as it's over?"

"Yes, jus' the second!"

That evening the moon was again a crescent and showed between the billowy, rolling clouds. More than a month had passed since Kitty had given the dinner to her twelve lovers. Eleven had not appeared since that night; Tate was gone; Duncan, the thirteenth suitor, alone remained, or was he also discarded? Just a month ago he had sat with Kitty by the brook; the moon and the night were the same, and he remembered Kitty's words:

"'Twas on a night like this, with the music of the brook in our ears, that I always used to dream I would meet my lover."

Unconsciously he wandered down the hill, skirted the alders, and entered the sacred spot. He was absorbed by his thoughts and the glitter of the moon on the ripples of the brook. For a moment he stood thus, then becoming aware of another presence, turned and beheld Kitty. His indifference to the winds, he threw out his arms. "You have come to me, Kitty?"

She placed her hands in his. "Yes, Duncan, I am yours—if—you want me?"

The magical moonlight bathed a single double figure in its soft light.

# THE LITTLE MIZPAH MAID

BY G. B. BURGIN

"YOU owdacious young warmint! Come 'ee out of that theer apple tree immejit. In the name of the law, I commands 'ee to let me take 'ee to prison. Come down, in the name o' the law."

"Lor!" said a shrill, mocking voice from the middle of the apple tree, and a pair of very skimpy, black-stockinged little legs swung in perilous proximity to the purblind old constable's nose. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dickie Hartburn, to talk to a lady like that."

The startled constable again peered up into the apple tree. "I should ha' known them pipestick legs anywhere," he muttered. "I'm main sorry it be you, missie; but I must do my dooty in that state of life to which I'm called, and——"

"You know very well you weren't called," said the shrill voice indignantly. "You called yourself when old Smithers died, and went round asking everyone to help you to get his place. If it hadn't been for papa, you wouldn't have got it."

"I'm main sorry it be you, missie, but I must do my dooty," said Hartburn, prudently declining to continue the conversation in so unpromising a direction. "Main sorry."

"So 'm I," nonchalantly returned the girl. "Have an apple, Mr. Hartburn, and let bygones be bygones."

Without waiting for an answer, she shook the bough with such force that a particularly fine Bismarck descended with much expression on old Dickie Hartburn's prominent nose.

Mr. Hartburn impulsively uttered

a word which rhymed with jam, then coughed in a vain attempt to hide his confusion.

"Swear word! I heard you. That's a fine of five shillings, Dickie," said the girl triumphantly. "Go home, and try to be good, or I'll send down some more apples on you."

The old constable scratched his head. "I dussent do it, Miss Patience. Them Bismarcks be wuth six shillin' a bushel. Last time I caught 'ee, 'ee promised never to do the like again."

"It was only because you made me," said the shrill voice in the apple tree; "and you know very well that a promise isn't a promise if you can't help yourself. Don't you dare touch my toes, Dickie; it's most ungentlemanly."

"I thought as how it would ha' ended the contro-versey if I hauled 'ee down by them little black legs of yours, Miss Patience. Parson says to I, 'ee says, 'Next time any of my Bismarcks goes and you don't catch nobody, you lose your place,' 'ee says. What be I to do, missie? Do 'ee come down and be caught and say no more about it. It's only a whippin' at the wust."

The girl chuckled, and shook her thin legs tantalisingly just out of Dickie's reach. "You'll have to come up if you want me, Dickie. 'Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.' That's what's the matter with you."

"Me bein' an ancient man, I bain't good at climbin' trees, I bain't," said Dickie, painfully preparing to take



off his coat ready for climbing.

"I wouldn't if I were you," mocked the girl. "As the rector says, you'll only cover yourself with contusions."

"These be the rector's apples, missie, and I'll ha' to haul 'ee along afore his worship for judgment."

"He shouldn't have his orchard so near the road; it's enough to tempt any little girl," said the voice, with a slight quaver in it. Then coaxingly: "Dickie, I'll knit you a woollen comforter as red as your nose, and promise you, by my halidame, not to do it any more if you'll let me off this time."

The old man shook his head. "You come down, or I'll ha' to come up, missie," he said obstinately.

"Very well, then." The girl's laughter showed that her fears were not very deep-rooted. "Come along, Dickie. Only, I'm on a branch that won't bear your weight."

"I'll get a pole and hook 'ee down, missie," said the old man, ruefully beginning to shin up the apple tree.

He was stopped by the sound of a pony's hoofs hammering along the hard high road.

The girl called out shrilly: "Cyril! Cyril! A Gaunt! A Gaunt! To the rescue. I am sore beset by this Saracen knave."

A boy of twelve, who had been riding along the road with a big bulldog at his pony's heels, pulled up and burst through the hedge with a joyous shout of "A Gaunt! A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue!—Who calls upon a Gaunt?"

"A damsel in distress, shrilled the voice from the apple tree. "Wot ye well, Sir Knight, a foul dragon hath clomb halfway up this tree with intent to do me grievous wrong, just because I shook a red apple down upon his old red nose."

"Has he? the blighter! I'll soon have him down again," said Cyril Gaunt, and made a rush at the common foe.

"Why, it's old Hartburn," he said

in astonishment. "What's he worrying you about, Patience?"

"Just because I've been helping myself to a few Bismarcks"—the girl put her fair, pretty face through the green leaves and smiled delightedly at Cyril Gaunt—"this malapert knave vows to hale me off to the nearest dungeon."

"Not much," said the boy. "Come down, Hartburn, or I'll hike you out of it," he added to the old constable who, after much puffing and blowing, had shinned half way up the trunk of the apple tree. "Can't you see it's Miss Pennifeather?"

The old constable respectfully shook his head. "Beggin' your pardon, Muster Cyril, it be the rector's orders I be to comprehend all apple stealers, respectful of their sex."

"Regardless, you mean," said the boy. "It's not very respectful to Miss Patience to worry her like this. Come down at once."

The old man shook his head, and braced himself for a further climb.

"You won't?" asked the boy incredulously.

The constable worked himself a few inches higher.

"This slimy dragon vomiting forth sulphurous flames declines to come down," Cyril Gaunt said to the girl, whose blue eyes again peered mischievously through the leaves.

"Hath not a lance wherewith to prod the life out of him, Sir Knight?" she asked.

"Not even a clothes prop," said the boy; "but," he added cheerfully, "O damsel in distress, my bloodhound is with difficulty held in leash."

The girl looked anxiously down. "If you think you can tree him with dear old Mrs. Bully, I'll drop from this bough and make a bolt for it."

The boy nodded. "My charger waits beyond the hedge." He turned to the brindle bulldog. "Now, Mrs. Bully, keep old Hartburn up there till we've a good start. I'll catch you, Patience, if you'll let yourself

down from the end of the bough, and then drop."

The girl nodded joyously. "I have fastened the rope ladder to the castle's topmost turret, Sir Knight."

"Then hurry up," said the boy.

"You mean hurry down," said the girl. There was a rustle amid the leaves, and her skinny legs began to kick convulsively in mid-air as she suspended herself from the extreme end of the bough.

"You be a harbourin' and a fosterin' of a law-breaker, Muster Cyril," cried the old constable in anguished tones. "Call off that theered danged dog of yours afore the bough breaks, and I'll come down and catch her."

But he shouted to unheeding ears, for the next moment a little black figure, followed by a half a dozen fine apples, dropped into the boy's arms and bore him to the ground.

"Methinks 'twas a shrewd shock, Sir Knight." Patience scrambled to her feet. "Besides, I've twisted my ankle. If that malapert knave descends from yonder bough, I'm done for."

"It's 'all right, Patience. He shan't descend," said the boy confidently. "Mrs. Bully, keep your eye on him till we're well away."

As the bulldog wrinkled back her lips into an affable smile, Cyril Gaunt turned to the little girl. "Now, put your arms round my neck and I'll carry you through the hedge. My pony's just outside."

The girl put her thin arms round his neck, and he gallantly carried her to what he called his "palfrey"—a stocky little black Dartmoor pony. With some difficulty, he lifted her into the saddle and led the pony at a walking pace in the direction of Dr. Pennifeather's.

They were within a hundred yards of the doctor's when the girl uttered a cry of alarm. "All's lost. We are discovered, Sir Knight. Here comes your recreant sire."

The rector strolled along towards

them. "What's all this about?" he inquired, stopping to survey them with deep-rooted suspicion. "Why are you on my son's pony, Miss Pennifeather?"

"She's twisted her ankle," said Cyril hastily, "and I'm just taking her home. By the way, sir, there's someone in your best apple tree. I told Mrs. Bully to keep him there until you could identify him."

The rector frowned ominously. "I have every reason to believe that Miss Pennifeather and her friends are not wholly unacquainted with the contents of my orchard. Which tree was it?"

"Your best Bismarck. You can't mistake it," said the boy.

"My best Bismarck! I was saving those apples for next week's show!"

As the rector waddled off toward the orchard, the girl looked after him somewhat apprehensively. "I don't like your father, Cyril. He's what my father calls a clerical error in a white tie. He'll be back before we can get to the house."

The boy swung himself up behind her, put his strong arms round the thin form. "You poor little motherless kid! Shut your eyes and hold on like blue blazes." In his excitement, he quite forgot to be mediæval. "We'll do him yet."

He pushed the old pony into a hand-gallop, and lifted Patience off at her father's gate, just as Mrs. Bully lolled after them along the road. "I had to let him come down," she explained, her tongue sticking out apologetically. "The rector was peremptory."

As the boy lifted Patience down, though it hurt her to put her foot to the ground, she bore the pain without wincing.

"You just crawl into the house, and I'll make myself scarce until this has blown over," said the lad. "Come on, Mrs. Bully. We'll have to spend my last day here on the downs."

He gave the pony a thwack on his flank and galloped off, throwing a

coin to the girl as he did so. "I had it made into a brooch for you," he shouted, turning in the saddle. "It wouldn't run to more than sixpence. Send me this token by some trusty messenger in your hour of need, and I will come, sword in hand, to your rescue."

"Don't go, Cyril! Don't go!" the girl cried after him. "I don't believe I shall ever see you again."

The boy wheeled his pony, galloped back to the sorrowful child, bent down, and kissed her. "Some day I'll come back and carry you off," he said earnestly; "and we'll never be parted any more."

She kissed him again and again. "Flee, Sir Knight; the enemy approach," she cried; and the boy once more galloped away, followed at a distance by the indomitable Mrs. Bully.

The girl limped painfully up to the house, holding the cherished coin against her heart. "It's a sixpence with 'Mizpah' on it," she said; "and he's going away to-morrow, and I shall never see him any more."

## II.

"How will you have it? In gold, Captain Gaunt?" asked the obliging cashier, as he scooped up a heap of sovereigns with a dexterity born of long practice. "With a pound's worth of silver?"

"Yes, I'll take some silver, thanks," said the bronzed young officer, and gazed round at the familiar furniture of the Dumbleton Bank. "Does anything ever change here?" he asked wonderingly. "Fifteen years ago, it all looked exactly the same."

The cashier, although ordinarily the soul of good nature, was almost offended at this iconoclastic remark. "It was repapered eight years ago," he said, with modest pride; "and the ceiling whitewashed."

"Seems to me it's the same pattern on the walls," hazarded the young officer after another look round at

the dingy old room, bisected by a dinted mahogany counter which was guarded by a strong wire netting. "I suppose someone comes and lets you out of this cage every day at meal times?"

"The pattern's always the same," said the cashier, ignoring the last remark. "Don't they do things like that in the unchanging East?"

Captain Gaunt shook his head. "No such luck, Mr. Warber. Just when you've got to know a house and the pet snakes in the roof, someone comes and burns you and them out, and you have to begin all over again."

The cashier paused to hold a sixpence up to the light, then put it aside with a frown. "I've always heard the East is the land of romance."

The young soldier laughed. There's just as much romance in Dumbleton as anywhere else, if you know where to look for it," he said, picking up his silver. "What's the matter with that sixpence? Someone let you in for a bad one? I thought you could smell out bad money in your dreams."

"Tisn't bad," Mr. Warber explained, "but it's not a legal tender. Someone's defaced it by having the word 'Mizpah' engraved on one side. Besides, there's a hole in it, and it's much worn."

"I'll give you a new sixpence for it," said the captain. "I've no doubt there's a romance in this. See, it's been used as a brooch. Here's the mark where the pin has rubbed off."

"If I may take the liberty of presenting you with it?" hazarded the cashier.

"First time anyone ever apologised for giving me money." The young soldier stretched out his hand for the battered coin, and put it in his pocket. "A good many changes in the village," he said casually. "I see poor old Dr. Pennifeather has gone at last."

"We gave him a very popular



funeral," said the cashier. "If he'd been alive at the time, he'd have enjoyed it thoroughly. He always did like funerals, and the arrangements were quite *recherché*."

The captain was engrossed in his own thoughts. "Were they? And pretty little Miss Pennifeather? What of her?" he asked. "Many's the time we raided my father's orchard together." He rubbed himself reminiscently.

The cashier shook his head. "Everything was sold up at the doctor's death to pay his debts. The poor girl hadn't a farthing to bless herself with, and was forced to go to her aunt's at Penn Hall."

"That sounds all right."

The cashier again shook his head. "It isn't all right. Such a lovely girl as she is, too."

"Why isn't it all right?" eagerly asked the young captain. "We were always chums, and——" He stopped confusedly.

"She's the poor relation of fiction," explained the cashier. "They work her like a horse, make her go up the back stairs, teach the children, mend her aunt's dresses, attend to all the social arrangements, and—dine in the schoolroom, when they don't give her high tea."

"The blighters!" The captain fell back on a familiar expression of his boyhood. "Why, I'm dining at Penn Hall to-night. I only accepted the invitation because I wanted to meet her again."

"I'm afraid you won't meet her," said the cashier sympathetically.

The captain shook hands with Mr. Warber.

"You're staying some time, I hope?" said the latter.

"No; I go back to India in ten days. They want me in a hurry as a special commissioner."

"Lonely work without anyone to help you," hazarded the cashier, with the familiarity of one who had known Gaunt from childhood.

Gaunt nodded. "Just what I was

thinking. Remember me to Mrs. Warber and all the little Warbers. I've sent down a pocketful of Indian bangles to your house for them just as a souvenir," he said, and swung out of the bank.

Unconsciously, Gaunt's steps bore him down the sunny village street toward the old orchard which had once been his father's. He was staying with the new rector and settling up his father's affairs, and, as he said, the visit was a flying one.

"Warber hit the mark," he thought, as he came to the old unmended hole in the hedge. "Wonder how my friend Bismarck is getting on." He began to smile at the memory of the past. "Poor little Patience! She must be sweetly pretty by this time. I remember those skimpy black legs of hers."

He came to the tree. The only change in it was that a huge branch, which had cracked beneath old Hartburn's weight, now nearly touched the ground, and formed a sort of leafy tent.

The captain took the sixpence out of his pocket. "It reminds me of the one I gave her. Poor little Mizpah Maid! I promised to come to her aid if she ever sent it to me," he said sorrowfully. "I'll not go back till I've seen her. I wonder why she stopped writing to me!"

The leaves shook a little as he put the sixpence to his lips. "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are parted"—something like that it runs. I wonder why she wouldn't answer my letters. Perhaps she saw that I was getting too fond of her. Why, I'm dashed if it isn't the same sixpence!" he said abruptly. There's the hole I punched in it with a bradawl before I had it made into a brooch for her. How did she lose it? Someone must have picked it up, wrenched off the pin, and passed it off on poor old Warber."

The boughs of the Bismarck were gently parted, and a beautiful face, the lips smiling but tears in the eyes,

looked out. "A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue! Some malapert knave hath stolen my Mizpah brooch."

The sixpence dropped from Gaunt's hands. "You!" he said, with a little catch in his breath. "You! A Gaunt to the rescue! A Gaunt!" And before Patience knew it, he had taken both her little hands in his, and was looking down into her exquisite blue eyes. "Patience! Patience! You!

"Yes," she said, vainly endeavouring to free herself from his grip.

"Yes. A damsel in distress. I thought you would ride away without seeing me, and so I came down and hid myself in the old apple tree on the chance of your revisiting the place. This time," and she looked at her skirt, "I preferred not to climb."

"You!" he repeated, still holding her hands. "You, Patience! How did you know I would come here?"

"I don't know how I knew it, but I knew. Aunt Pennifeather would be very angry with me if she heard of my doing anything so unladylike."

By this time, she had succeeded in freeing herself. "You're not as gentle as of old, Cyril."

"I'm awfully sorry." Gaunt took her hands again. "Now, look here," he said squarely, "I've bullied you all my life, Patience, and I'm going to begin again. Answer my questions, or it will be the worse for you."

"That doesn't sound very much like a Galahad coming to the rescue of a maiden in distress."

"I'm sorry, but my time's short, and life is long," he said incoherently. "Little Mizpah Maid, why did you leave off writing to me a couple of years ago? Was it because your dear old dad died, and you had suddenly become poor, or was it because——?" He hesitated.

"Because——" Her colour deepened. "But you've no right to ask. I can't tell you."

"Do you want me to set the ghost of Mrs. Bully at you?"

She shook her head. "You—you—were——"

"I know I was. And I'm just as bad as ever. So that was the reason?"

"Yes," she said defiantly. "I am poor, and—that was the reason."

He still held her hands. "Anyone else?"

"N—no." Her eyes flashed in the old indignant fashion he remembered so well. "Of course there wasn't anyone else."

"Then you've forgotten all this." He looked comprehensively around him. "You've forgotten the old days when we played here as children. You've forgotten when I took your lickings for you, when I shared everything with you, when I gave you the Mizpah sixpence on the last day, and you went crying into the house. You've forgotten, Patience; forgotten all our plans, all we were going to do, the dragons we would slay together some day?"

"No," she said, her colour deepening and the sweet eyes looking frankly up into his brown ones. "I haven't forgotten; but we were only children. Since then, I have grown up and the world has been very hard and cruel to me. There are no knights to come to my rescue now, no one to help me. I am a drudge at Penn Hall. No one loves me; my poor old father is dead; and you were in India. I have eaten the bread of tears, and drunk of the waters of affliction."

"Poor child! Poor child! But if you didn't wish to remember, why did you come here?"

"I wanted to see you ride away and take with you the closing leaf in the life of a child. We were happy then, Cyril. If we had only known it, we were happy then, very, very happy."

"Yes," he said, a little brokenly. "We were happy then, Patience. In spite of the dragons, life was all joy; we slew them so easily. Now that I am a man and you are a woman—the sweetest little Mizpah Maid the sun ever shone on—the dragons aren't

slain so easily. They come again and again and overpower us. Do you know why, little Mizpah Maid? Do you know why?"

Patience shook her head. The tears again filled her eyes.

"Because we fight them singly. You call to me, and I am far away; I call to you, you answer not. Little Mizpah Maid, life is a sorrowful business for both of us. But I am going to change all that."

"You!" She looked at him wonderingly. "You! How will you do that?" Something of the old belief, the old faith in his power to slay dragons, came back to her. "How—will—you—do—that?"

"Like this." He took her in his arms. "Little Mizpah Maid, life has been sad for us because we fought our dragons alone. Now, we will fight them together."

### III.

"CAPTAIN GAUNT," announced the old butler, as he ushered the young warrior into the drawing-room of Penn Hall, and that tyrannical lady of the manor, Mrs. Pennifeather, swam forward with effusion to meet him. "I was afraid you were not coming," she said graciously.

"I can assure you, Mrs. Pennifeather, I wouldn't have missed it for anything. I made up my mind that nothing should stop my being here to-night."

"I'm so glad, the more especially as I have not been unmindful of your interests." She looked at him archly.

"That's very good of you, but I don't understand."

"There's Miss Worthall, the rich brewer's daughter. She's specially invited to meet you. I want you to take her into dinner."

"That's very nice of you, my dear Mrs. Pennifeather, but I was going to ask you to let me take in my fiancée," said the captain, searching the room with eager eyes.

"Your fiancée! I didn't know."

For once, Mrs. Pennifeather was at a disadvantage. "But there's no other unmarried girl here than Miss Worthall. I don't know of——"

"Oh, yes; you've known her all her life; it's your niece," said the handsome young warrior, with scarcely repressed impatience. "I suppose she'll be here directly?"

"Oh, yes!—that is—of course." Mrs. Pennifeather touched the bell. "James, let Miss Patience know that we are waiting for her." Then, in a hurried whisper, "Tell her to scramble into her best frock, and have another place set for her."

"Yes, madam," said the bewildered old butler, without moving; "but they've taken Miss Patience's tea to the school-room long ago."

"Go and do as you're told," Mrs. Pennifeather said furiously. "There's some mistake," she blandly explained to Gaunt. "The dear child has a bad headache, and is evidently staying in the school-room."

"With your permission," Gaunt bowed over her hand, "I'll find my way to the school-room in search of her."

Mrs. Pennifeather waited a quarter of an hour, but the captain did not return. "I thought I heard carriage wheels on the drive," said the worried hostess. "I didn't expect anyone else."

The sound of the carriage wheels faded away, and the old butler came back with a letter on a silver salver. "For you, madam," he said. "I found it in the school-room."

"Excuse me." Mrs. Pennifeather tore open the letter.

"DEAR AUNT PENNIFEATHER,—

"So sorry that I cannot accept your somewhat belated invitation for dinner, but Captain Gaunt has brought his aunt to fetch me to stay with her, as, owing to his sudden return to India, we are to be married almost immediately. In my childish days, he was always accustomed to come to my rescue, and he has not failed me now. He asks me to apolo-



gise if his absence disarranges the dinner table. Your niece,

"PATIENCE PENNIFEATHER."

"There is no answer!" Mrs. Pennifeather dropped the letter to the floor. "He is suddenly called back to India," she whispered to Miss Worthall. "We must find you someone else, my dear. After all——" She paused significantly.

"He's very handsome," said Miss Worthall disconsolately.

\*

The carriage pulled up as it passed the ancient orchard. "Do you mind stopping a moment?" said Patience to a sweet-faced, silvery-haired old lady who sat opposite the young couple.

"Certainly not, my dear; but remember the London train."

The girl slipped out, made her way to the old apple tree. The next moment, her voice rose high and clear. "A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue!"

"It's an old game we used to play," said Gaunt. "Sit tight, auntie, and I'll bring her back." He went to the hole in the hedge. "A Gaunt! A Gaunt to the rescue! Who calls upon a Gaunt?"

"A damsel in distress," shrilled the voice from the apple tree.

Gaunt pushed his way through the hedge, carrying Patience in his arms. "To the station as hard as you can go," he said rapturously; and the coachman set off at a gallop.

The old lady began to cry softly.

## THE PASSING OF SUMMER

By MARY S. EDGAR

FAIR summer's fading, and from those bright eyes,  
 Deep-set and sweetly sad, her love out-goes;  
 Her face lights up in brief resplendent glows,  
 And bending low, she kisses ere she dies  
 The close-cropped fields where drowsy cattle graze,  
 The grass-grown paths, the fruited boughs that nod,  
 The asters blue, the burnished golden-rod.  
 Before her face the hills grow dim in haze;  
 Then throwing wide her arms she takes the trees,  
 Those slender maples, in a close embrace,  
 A passionate, silent moan, and lo! one sees  
 Her life-blood spread o'er all like filmy lace.  
 The hills, the fields, the forests hide a tear,  
 And autumn sadly kneels beside the bier.



# THE FAIRY TALE IN ART

BY A. B. COOPER

THE fairy tale is older than civilisation. It comes down to us from the time when man inhabited the clearing in the primeval forest, the lake-village surrounded by unsealed and stupendous mountains, the cave-dwellings from which he had expelled the bear and the wolf and perhaps many another fearsome beast of which only the footprints and bony fragments remain to-day; when the world was a wonder-world of mystery, peopled with the creatures of a crude but prolific imagination. But as the world has grown older it has lost the art of making new fairy tales, just as it is losing the capacity of belief in the old ones. Is there, indeed, a corner of the old earth left where even a fairy, or a gnome, or a pixy—not to mention a giant or an ogre—could find a dwelling-place free from logical observation and scientific investigation?

That is the price which civilisation pays for knowledge—sanitation, electricity, ocean liners, and the like. It loses the authentic romance, and has to put up with substitutes. This is why the artist returns again and again to the old, old stories, the stories made in the world's childhood, before it grew up and became sophisticated and *blasé* and when not only children but grown-up people could believe in witches and warlocks, in wizards and enchantresses, in fairy godmothers and wicked stepmothers, in dragons and djins and trolls, and all those beneficent and malevolent powers of earth and air, of moonlit plain and darksome wood, of moun-

tain, lake, and morass, which made the old earth interesting, at least, if just a trifle awesome and frightening.

Yet, despite the ancient lineage of the fairy tale and its inevitable appeal to the imagination, it is only in recent years that it has seemed to appeal to the painter. In fact, the call of the fairy tale to the artist synchronises with the quite modern cult of childhood. In the days when the child was instructed "to be seen and not heard," the fairy tale, although retold from generation to generation by grandmas and old nurses, had not yet reached that artistic and literary eminence to which it has attained in these later days. It was the trivial topic of the fireside, but by no means the serious subject of the artist, and we may explore the galleries of Europe without finding a single picture, having the slightest claim to the title "Old Master," which has for its subject an incident from a fairy tale.

Legend, parable, mystery, mythology—these are represented almost *ad nauseam*. But the fairy tale, pure and simple, is conspicuous only by its entire absence. But the modern artist has found the fairy tale a mine of wealth. Of course, he was forestalled by the word-painter. The poet is ever the seer, the originator, and his pictures will be vivid, real things when the painter's canvas is no more. Keats and Shelley and Tennyson were pre-Raphaelites, in the best meaning of that much-abused term, whilst Millais and Holman Hunt were still



*Painting by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes*

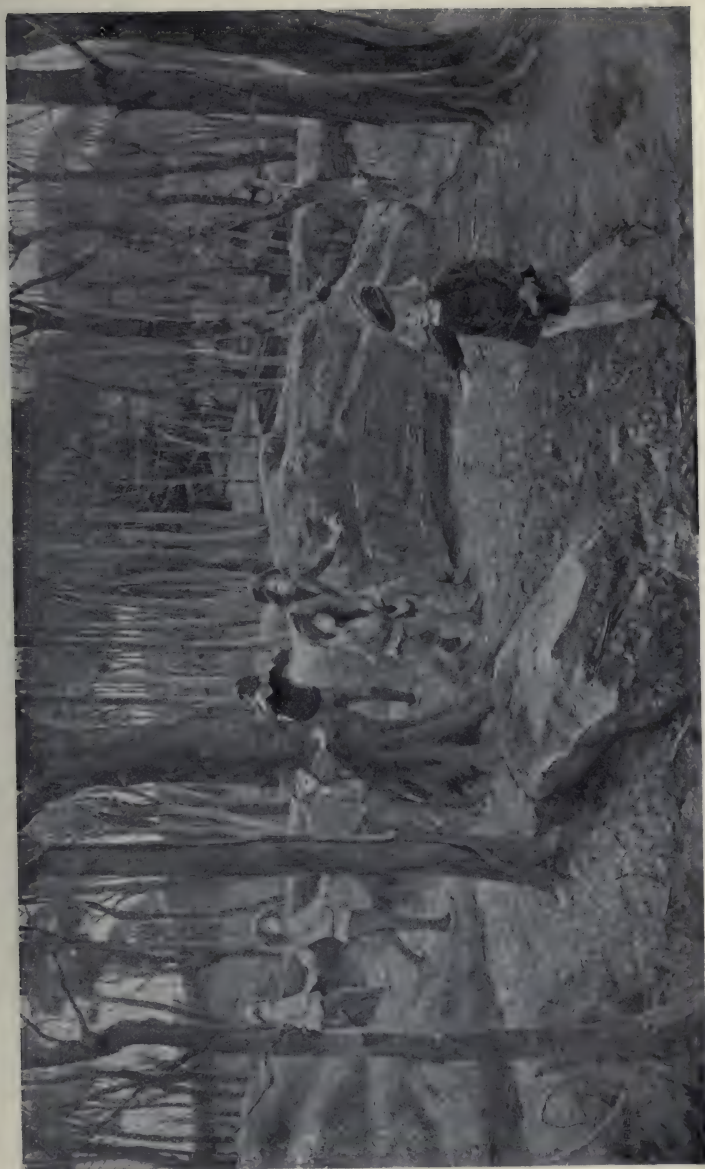
THE WOODCUTTER'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

playing marbles, and when Burne-Jones had not even arrived on this planet. In the same way Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm had written down the old folk tales and sagas, the fairy legends, the witch lore, the bird and beast stories—which had come down the long, long centuries from lip to lip—and made

them immortal word-pictures before they came into the artist's ken.

Nevertheless, during the last fifty years some great artists have not thought it beneath their dignity to make the fairy tale the subject of their art. Sir Edward Burne-Jones, following Tennyson's lead in his treatment of the Arthurian





*Painting by Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes*

AND HOP-O-MY-THUMB GUIDED HIS BROTHERS SAFELY THROUGH THE WOOD

legends, attempted to lift the old fairy tale of the "Sleeping Beauty" into an allegory of life, "Shadowing sense at war with soul," typifying the ascent of man and his winning, in

quality of a fairy tale, simplicity, and that in elaboration its aroma is lost.

Perhaps a certain type of artistic mind turns to the fairy tale, or something analogous to it, for its best in-



*Painting by Val. C. Prinsep, R.A.,*

CINDERELLA

despite of a thousand temptations and harassments, to the goal of ideal beauty. Perhaps the artist succeeded in his quest, and even if he did not, his achievement is a beautiful one from the point of view of artistry. On the other hand, it may be urged that he forgot that most essential

spiration, for we find that George Frederick Watts (whose art seemed inevitably to run to allegory, a form of the fairy tale which loses its perfect artistry in its desire to point a moral, a thing which no good fairy tale ever thinks of doing) painted as one of his earlier pictures "Little Red



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

*Painting by Mont Louis*



Riding Hood," now in the Birmingham Art Gallery. Still another painter of "pictures with a purpose," Sir Noel Paton, was proverbially fond of fairy subjects; but these are perhaps not so much in illustration of well-known fairy tales as pictures in which fairies take the place of human beings, as, for instance, in Charles Sims's "A Fairy's Wooing."

But it is when we come to the real, authentic fairy tales, like "The Babes in the Wood," "Cinderella," "Hop-o'-my-thumb," "The Goose Girl," "Beauty and the Beast"—the dear old favourites—that we get within the real boundaries of fairyland as understood by the children. Here the children are on their own soil. They know their way about. They are fully-fledged art critics. They can tell you whether the Old Man of the Sea is ever likely to be shaken off by Sinbad the Sailor, whether the robins are making sufficiently good progress with their self-imposed task of covering up the Babes in the Wood with leaves, whether the forest through which Little Red Riding Hood wends her way is indeed the forest of their imagination, and whether the gold in Little Snow-drop's hair, as she lies in her glass coffin, is as ravishing as their dreams had painted it.

Now, surely the artist who can achieve a success with such critics as these, in their own realm and among their own folk, has done something well, and I think that this high praise will be accorded by all children lucky enough to have seen her pictures, to Elizabeth Stanhope Forbes, a Canadian painter, now living in London, England. Here are two examples, out of many which have come from her brush, of this lady's sympathetic handling of the fairy tale, "Hop o'-my-thumb" and "The Wood-cutter's Little Daughter"—stories too familiar for particularisation. But notice in both cases not only the charmingly sympathetic painting of the children, but also the

delightsomeness of Mrs. Forbes's woodlands. They are true fairy woods, yet so far from being unnatural that one may see just such a one any day in the course of a country walk. What art is it which Mrs. Forbes uses to make her woodlands so alluring, so full of the mystical spirit of Fairyland?

Val. Prinsep, R.A., has his own way of treating a fairy subject, and who shall say that it is a bad way? It is certainly neither Elizabeth Forbes's nor Marianne Stokes's way, and yet, though the local colour of his canvases is so natural and unstrained, he has contrived, with that art which conceals art, to give to "Cinderella" and "The Goose Girl" an air of mystery and other-worldness which is redolent of the fairy tale. You know the story of the Goose Girl which Grimm tells? How she was a King's daughter and rode with her maid over hill and dale to marry the prince of a neighbouring land, and how the wicked maid forced her to change places, married the prince in her stead, and had the real princess sent out into the fields to tend the geese. Here she is, with her luminous eyes, her fine nose, the hair which was her glory, her delicate hands, and her sad, sad thoughts. It is just a little fairy princess in the midst of an English field, with the marguerites around her and the tell-tale thistle blowing in the wind.

No one would be surprised to learn that the artist's model for these two pictures was one and the same beautiful woman. But in Cinderella's case we can see the feet, and that is something to be thankful for, because they are worthy of Trilby herself. Now, most illustrators of Cinderella would never have been content to leave the fairy godmother out, but Mr. Val. Prinsep has a better way. Every child who looks at this picture will know instantly that the fairy godmother is just round the corner, and that Cinderella, with her ragged skirt full of sticks, has just espied her.



*Painting by Val C. Prinsep, R.A.*

#### THE GOOSE GIRL

But there is the pumpkin ready to be turned into a chariot, and when this lovely girl puts off her rags and puts on her fairy raiment, who shall blame the Prince for falling in love with her, or the fairy slipper for slipping on to that lovely foot?

Still another maiden, and a lovely one to boot—Mouat Loudon's "The Sleeping Beauty." It is Burne-Jones's "The Legend of the Briar Rose" without his inevitable vein of allegory, unless the little rose-bearing cherubs come into that category. But Burne-Jones never painted a lovelier lady.

"Roses are her cheeks and a rose her mouth."

The Prince, her deliverer, is coming, and the dear little Cupid who sits clutching his bow by the side of the lady's pillow would almost seem to be

sad that the lady should not sleep another decade at least, that he might be old enough to marry her himself! Meanwhile:

"She sleeps: her breathings are not heard  
In palace chambers far apart.  
The fragrant tresses are not stirr'd  
That lie upon her charmed heart.  
She sleeps: on either hand upswells  
The gold-fringed pillow lightly pressed;  
She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
A perfect form in perfect rest."

The story of Rapunzel, of which Miss Gloag has made such exquisite use, is perhaps but little familiar, even to the fairly appreciative reader of fairy tales, though it forms the subject of a poem by William Morris under the same title. Morris, however, could be very evasive in style when he cared to be, and he seems to have made special effort in this direction when dealing with this

pretty fairy legend. Thus, his telling of the story in verse has not increased its familiarity.

Rapunzel was a maiden confined by enchantment to the topmost turret of a witch's castle. The inevitable knight comes to rescue the fair lady, and Rapunzel, seeing him from her tower, lets down her hair, which had been the wonder of the world, and by its golden braids the knight climbs. Whether it is this first meeting or one of the many subsequent visits which the artist has chosen for her picture it would be difficult to say, especially where fairy tales are concerned, for in them love is ever at first sight; there is no maidenly coyness or manly diffidence, but perfect understanding from the first moment of meeting. However, the knight went many times to the bottom of the witch's turret, and saying:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down your hair,"

would see the golden strands come floating down from above, and by their aid would reach his lady love. But one night the wicked witch, who had overheard the knight's invitation, imitated his voice, and said:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down your hair,"

and when the maiden expected to see her lover, she was horrified to see her jailor. Then the witch, as a punishment, cut off Rapunzel's hair, and when the knight came and said:

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel,  
Let down your hair,"

she let fall the tresses, holding them tightly in her hands behind the but-tress of the tower. She thought thus to entrap the knight and slay him. Though he fell into her trap, baited as it was with so lovely a bait, yet the witch failed in her object, and was slain herself. Thus was the en-

chantment broken, and thus was Rapunzel set free. And though she lost her hair, she found freedom and a husband, which Rapunzel would not be alone among the fair sex in reckoning a good exchange.

But what a number of fairy tales are still left out in the cold night of artistic neglect! They are an artistic treasure cave of Ali Baba, where gems rich and rare are scattered in seemingly careless profusion. But the Open Sesame is given to few. Only such as have the key to the child heart can enter in.

Yet is it wholly a matter for re-mining? Is not the fairy tale, more than most things, independent of the artist's brush? Are not its pictures sacred and incommunicable? Every child, at least, makes its own pictures—ethereal imaginings, too delicate for delineation by brush or pencil—yea, which brush and pencil tend rather to spoil and dissipate.

I know at least one child who says: "Pictures spoil my imagination." Ah, there it is! How crude is the attempt even of a great and true artist to catch the true inwardness of the fairy tale as it appears to the vivid, un-spoiled fancy of a little child. So, perchance, it is well that the fairy tale has no great status at academy exhibitions. The criticism would be too keen and searching—not the criticism which appears in the daily print or the monthly review, but that subtler, finer, higher criticism which, failing to see in the "counterfeit presentment" the picture which fancy has painted on the canvas of the mind, says: "This is not *my* Red Riding Hood. That is not *my* Jack the Giant Killer. That is not my tiny, wee house where the dwarfs dwelt in the midst of the fairy forest." Ah me! When the critic is a little child, who shall attain the required standard?



# THE MADNESS OF THE MILLIONAIRE

BY PETER McARTHUR

THIS is a story of John Smith the millionaire told for the benefit of John Smith the populist.

John Smith was a millionaire of the kind that all toilers hope to be some day. He had risen from the lower ranks by his own efforts, and, as he rose, he observed and learned, so that when his fortune was made he was able to marry a cultured wife and move in good society without causing pain to those with whom he came in contact.

In fact, he was partly civilised, and as he was a jolly soul who never showed more than a justifiable pride in his achievements, he was popular with all men. But no man, however high he may rise, can wholly rid himself of his past any more than a transplanted tree can thrive unless some of the original soil clings to its roots. So it is not surprising that some of John Smith's early tastes should still cling to him and occasionally make him unhappy amid his luxuries.

One afternoon he went down to this office feeling out of sorts, for his digestion was not all that could be desired. When lunch hour came, he sat at his mahogany desk and wondered what he would like to eat. Suddenly a memory came to him with an overpowering longing. He would like to have a plate of pork and beans, such as he used to get in his youth when he was a clerk working for eight dollars a week. Fine, meally

beans, clinging to one another, soft and succulent, with here and there a clot of sweet, half-transparent pork-fat shot with streaks of fine, delicious lean meat. His mouth watered at the thought of it. Years had passed since he had eaten a plate of pork and beans. In fact, he had not tasted them since he had rounded off his first hundred thousand dollars, for the expensive chef in the kitchen of his Fifth Avenue palace never sent to the table anything so gross and populist as pork and beans.

As soon as he decided what his jaded appetite demanded, he picked up his hat, with the intention of rushing away to Guggenheimer's restaurant on William Street, where he used to eat years ago. But suddenly he paused. How would it look for a man of his eminence in the financial world to eat at Guggenheimer's? The reporters always spoke of him as one of the *habitués* of Delmonico's, and if they should see him at Guggenheimer's it would give them something new and breezy to write about. They would gibe at him as only newspapermen writing on space can. And even if they didn't see him, Guggenheimer himself, old, fat and greasy, would certainly remember him from of old and disgust him with fawning attentions. He simply couldn't go there—that was flat.

\*

"My dear," he said to his wife, as they sat at the dinner table that



"No man, however high he may rise, can wholly rid himself of his past any more than a transplanted tree can thrive unless some of the original soil clings to its roots. So it is not surprising that some of John Smith's early tastes should still cling to him and occasionally make him unhappy amid his business."

night, "this dinner does credit to your judgment and the chef's ability, but do you know, I would rather have one old-fashioned dish than all of it."

"What is it, dear?"

"Well, you know I couldn't always afford fine things like these, and all to-day I have been craving a plate of old-fashioned pork and beans."

"Then you shall certainly have them. We would have them to-night, only it always takes time for the chef to concoct a new dish, and I don't think he has ever cooked pork and beans."

"Can we have them to-morrow for lunch, do you think?"

"Why certainly!"

"Then I'll run home from the of-

fice for lunch to-morrow, and you and I will have an old-fashioned pork and beans lunch, with a glass of milk and a good big thick slice of pie, eh? It will be just as good as going slumming for you. You will be able to see how the poor live."

So it was all arranged, and the astonished chef received his orders. But, having been trained abroad, the Jeffersonian simplicity of the recipes for cooking pork and beans did not appeal to him.

"Let zem soak over night, add pinch of soda, drain off water, etc., layers of sliced pork, etc., bake in oven, etc.! Zat was feed for one pig! Ah! we gif ze madame and monsieur one leetle surprise. I show zem how



"Let them soak over night, add pinch of soda, drain off water, etc., layers of sliced pork, etc., bake in oven, etc.! Zat was feed for one pig! Ah! we gif ze madame and monsieur one leetle surprise. I show them how cook pork and beans, yes? Sure!"

cook pork and beans, yes? Sure!"

After purchasing a peck of the best beans, he selected the finest kernels, steeped them, and all night long dreamed of wonderful sauces and gravies that would disguise the plebeian flavours of the rank dish he was to concoct. Next morning even his mistress, when she called to see how he was progressing, found him cross-grained and uncommunicative.

"If madame vill please vait, all vill be vell!" was all the information he would vouchsafe. So after ordering an old-fashioned, deep, thick-crust apple-pie and a supply of milk, she left him to his own devices.

In the meantime John Smith was down town trying to attend to business. Once when looking over the tape, he found himself mechanically hunting for quotations on pork and beans, and several times he was heard absent-mindedly repeating the words "pork," so that the impression got

abroad that the old man was trying to corner pork. It caused quite a flurry on the street. At last he stopped trying to work, and hurried away to his home.

He was decidedly early for lunch when he greeted his wife.

"Well, are the beans done?"

"I'll see. I'll order the dinner at once."

"You haven't forgotten the apple pie, have you, and the milk?"

"No, everything will be just as you asked for."

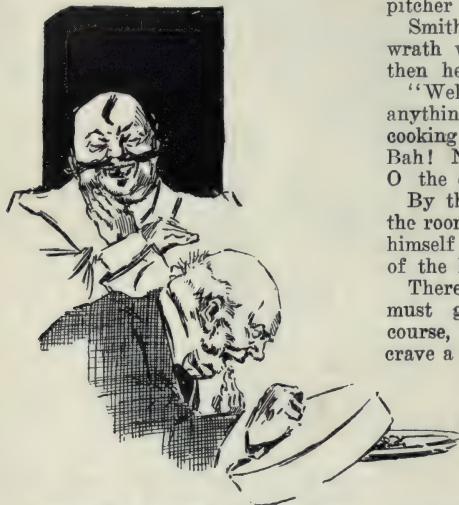
A few minutes later she returned, saying that everything was ready and that *Monsieur le Chef* was so proud of his work that he asked for the privilege of bringing it in himself.

When they were seated monsieur appeared, bearing aloft a large silver cover and smiling as only a Frenchman who has achieved a *chef d'œuvre* can. Placing the cover before the master of the house he bowed profoundly and stepped back



to await the effect of his masterpiece. Smith removed the cover and stared in amazement.

"What on earth is this?" he roared. "Why you have rubbed



“‘What on earth is this?’ he roared. ‘Why have you rubbed these beans through a colander and covered them with a gridiron of sliced bacon? Whew! and the whole thing smells like a burning spice factory!’”

these beans through a colander and covered them with a gridiron of sliced bacon. Whew! and the whole thing smells like a burning spice factory!”

“But will not monsieur taste?” ventured the cook, startled, but still hopeful. “He may find zem delicious.”

“Delicious nothing! I wanted beans, not a poultice.”

It was in vain that his wife asked for a helping and protested that they were delightful. Smith stormed, and the cook waddled away to his own domain shrugging his shoulders until his head disappeared like a turtle’s.

“The idea of paying \$5,000 a year to a cook who can’t cook beans! Bah!

The cooks in the lumber shanties can do it. Let me try the pie!”

“Humph! you could paper the wall with the crust, and it might as well be made of turnips as apples, he’s got it so infernally spiced. Pass me the pitcher of milk.”

Smith tried to appease his rising wrath with a draught of milk and then he growled:

“Well thank Heaven he didn’t do anything to the milk. The idea of cooking beans in his Frenchy way! Bah! Now you needn’t start crying! O the devil!”

By this time Mrs. Smith had left the room in tears, and Smith, mad at himself and everybody, stormed out of the house.

There was nothing else to do. He must go to Guggenheimer’s. Of course, it was absurd that he should crave a plate of pork and beans—yet there were precedents. Had not King David longed for a drink from the little well that was by the gate of Bethlehem, and had not Christopher Sly, after being elevated to the peerage,

called lustily for “a pot o’ the smallest ale?”

Fortifying himself with such thoughts he made a descent on Guggenheimer’s, but just as he was within a few steps of the door, he was hailed by a couple of brokers. Congratulating himself that they had not noticed his destination, for they would have made an undying joke of it on the street, he fell into step with them and, in a burst of geniality that he was far from feeling, led them to a gilded saloon and stood treat.

It was now clear that he couldn’t go to Guggenheimer’s, but, thinking the matter over, he hit on a bright idea. Why not send for a plate of pork and beans? Hurrying to his office, he called in an office boy.

“Jimmie, he said, if I give you a little job to do, will you keep your mouth shut about it and do it as quickly as you can?”

"Yes, sir," said Jimmie hopefully.  
 "Then here is five dollars. Go down to Guggenheimer's, on William Street, and get a plate of pork and beans for me! Bring it to me in a

can Iguana, the edible lizard, that is said to be the finest eating of anything to be found between the two poles? Well, I telegraphed to a friend in Mexico to send up a consignment



" 'Pork and Boston ' shouted the waiter down the chute. A few minutes later he slammed the steaming fish before Smith. They did not look attractive, but he tried them heroically. Alas, it was he and not the beans that had changed! "

basket, and don't on your life let anyone know who it is for or what it is."

The dazed Jimmie ambled away to fulfill his commission.

A moment later Smith's old-time friend and fellow epicure, Henry Morton, burst into the room in the most unbusinesslike manner imaginable.

"Where have you been to-day," he exclaimed. "I have been trying to catch you ever since morning."

"I have been busy," growled Smith.

"Busy or not busy, you have got to come with me."

"What is the matter with you now?"

"You have seen articles in the papers, haven't you, about the Mexi-

of them to me, and they got here in good condition last night. The chef at Delmonico's is going to have them cooked for me this afternoon. Now I want you to come up with me right away, and we will have the feast of our lives." Smith thought of the Iguana, and he also thought of the beans.

"No, Henry," he said, "I cannot do it. I have an engagement this afternoon involving tremendous interest, and I cannot leave my office."

"Hang it all. You can let your interests wait over until to-morrow."

"I wish I could, old man; but it is utterly impossible."

"Well, that is too confounded bad," said Morton. "I thought I was going to give you a treat."

"Well, I thank you just the same,

but it can't be done to-day." After a little more grumbling and arguing, Morton took his departure, and Smith went to the outer office and gave orders that, under no circumstances, was anybody to be admitted to his room for the next hour. He then retired to wait for Jimmie. After a tedious wait he was gladdened by seeing his messenger appear, bearing the basket.

"Put it on my desk," he said sternly.

Jimmie had no sooner closed the door than Smith hastened to open the basket. The sight that met his eyes was by no means appetising. Bumping against people on the street, Jimmie had shaken a large part of the beans from the plate, and, of course, had forgotten to ask Guggenheimer for a fork. But Smith took a pen-knife and a paper cutter and began the attack. The first mouthful satisfied him. The beans were cold and the pork fat simply greasy, and the whole dish was a mussy, soggy insult to an epicure's digestion. Those were not the beans he used to get thirty years ago, but the reason was plain. They had been kept too long after cooking, and, besides, they were cold.

It would be tedious to narrate the sufferings of the multi-millionaire during the week that followed. He whirled around Guggenheimer's like a moth around a candle, but never could summon up the courage to enter. And all the while Jimmie used to look at him, at least so he thought, with an air of accusing knowledge that was very annoying, until at last he raised the boy's salary and sent him into another department, where he would not see him.

It is hard to say how long this would have gone on had it not been that one day he was walking along William Street, with his coat collar turned up and an umbrella spread before his face to shield him from a

passing shower, when he suddenly found himself in front of Guggenheimer's. He glanced up and down the deserted street, for the longing for a plate of beans had come over him again, and then rushed into the open doorway. Guggenheimer was sitting at his desk in phlegmatic supremacy, watching his patrons feed. He scanned the new-comer with a vacant look that did not show any sign of recognition. This made Smith feel a trifle more at ease, though it was a sad blow to his vanity to find that he was so completely forgotten. Pushing his way to a chair beside a greasy table he finally caught the eye of a waiter and ordered a plate of pork and beans.

"Pork and Boston!" yelled the waiter down the chute. A few moments later he slammed the steaming dish before Smith. They did not look attractive, but he tried them heroically. Alas, it was he and not the beans that had changed! They were no good.

That night John Smith stole humbly home to his Fifth Avenue mansion and meekly apologised to his patient wife, with whom he had been barely on speaking terms for over a week.

Indeed, he felt of so little importance that he almost called up the chef to apologise to him, but his wife would not hear of that, and he sat down to his dinner of turtle soup, porterhouse steak and mushrooms, and a new and wonderful pudding that had lately been achieved by the lord of the kitchen.

Now the moral of this for John Smith populist is that millionaires are all ordinary human beings, with ordinary tastes and longings, just like the rest of us, if they would only admit it. As they will not admit it, the writer will take on himself the responsibility of admitting it for them.



## CALGARY STATION

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

DAZZLED by sun and drugged by space they wait,  
These foreign peoples, at our prairie gate;  
Dumb with the awe of those whom fate has hurled,  
Breathless, upon the threshold of a world!  
From near-horizoned, little lands they come,  
From barren country-side and deathly slum,  
From bleakest wastes, from lands of aching drouth,  
From grape-hung valleys of the smiling South,  
From chains and prisons, ay, from horrid fear;  
(Mark you the furtive eye, the list'ning ear!)  
And all amazed and silent, scared and shy—  
An alien group beneath an alien sky!

See—on that bench beside the busy door  
There sleeps a Roman born; upon the floor  
His wife, dark-haired and handsome, takes her rest,  
Their black-eyed baby tugging at her breast—  
Mother of Cities, Glory of the Past!  
Have ye no place for these? Must they at last  
Turn from thy seven hills and stray afar  
To lose thy fire beneath a northern star?  
Thou hast but memories, Imperial Rome!  
Thy children leave thee, seeking for a home!

Yonder, with stolid face and tragic eye,  
Sits a lone Russian; as we pass him by  
He neither stirs nor looks; his inner gaze  
Sees not the future fair, but, troubled, strays  
To the dark land he left! Ah, strange, sweet tie  
Of patriot's love, cast out, but loath to die—  
O land of tears, thine exile's eyes are wet,  
He left thee, but he suffers for thee yet!

Here is a Pole—a worker; though so slim  
His muscle is of steel—no fear for him!  
He is the kind which conquers; he is nerved  
To fight and fight again. Too long he served,  
Man of a subject race! His fierce, blue eye  
Roams like a homing eagle o'er the sky,  
So limitless, so deep! for such as he  
Life has no higher bliss than to be free!

This little Englishman, with jaunty air  
And tweed cap perched awry on close-trimmed hair—  
He, with his faded wife and noisy band,  
Has come from Home to seek a promised land—

He feels himself aggrieved, for no one said  
That things would be so big and so—outspread!  
He thinks of London with a pang of grief,  
His wife is sobbing in her handkerchief!  
But all the children stare with eager eyes.  
This is their land. Already they surmise  
Their heritage, their chance to live and grow,  
Won for them by their fathers, long ago!  
This shall be Home for them—though no less dear  
The Motherland which claims their parents' tear.

Another generation, and this Scot,  
Whose longing for the hills is ne'er forgot,  
Shall rear a son whose eye will never be  
Dim with a craving for that distant sea,  
Those barren rocks, that heather's purple glow—  
The ache, the burn that only exiles know!

This Irishman who, when he sees the Green,  
Turns, that his shaking lips may not be seen,  
He, too, shall leave a son who, blythe and gay,  
Sings the old songs, but in a cheerier way;  
Who has the love, without the anguish sharp,  
For Erin dreaming by her golden harp!

All these and many others, patient, wait  
Before our ever-open prairie gate,  
And, filing through with laughter or with tears,  
Take what their hands can glean of fruitful years.  
Here some find home who knew not home before;  
Here some seek peace and some wage glorious war;  
Here some who lived in night see morning dawn;  
And some drop out and let the rest go on!  
And of them all the years take toll; they pass  
As shadows flit above the prairie grass.  
From every land, they come to know but one—  
The kindly earth that hides them from the sun!  
But in their places children live, and they  
Turn with glad faces to a common day.  
Of every land they, too, but one land claim—  
The land that gives them place and hope and name—  
Canadians, they, and proud and glad to be  
A part of Canada's sure destiny!  
What if within their hearts deep mem'ries hide  
Of lands their fathers grieved for, till they died?  
The bitterness is gone and in its stead  
A broad and kindly tolerance is bred—  
A tolerance which yet may show the world  
Its cannon dumb, its battle-flags close-furled!  
—Dreams? We may dream, indeed, with heart elate,  
While a new nation clamours at our gate!

# THE PIONEER TEACHER

BY W. T. ALLISON

AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER ARMY" AND "MILTON'S TENURE OF KINGS  
AND MAGISTRATES"

A FEW weeks ago the Associated Press sent out a meagre despatch to the leading newspapers of Canada, stating that Mr. Kenneth G. Beaton, headmaster of a public school in St. Catharines, had resigned after forty-five years' service as a teacher in Ontario. There were no important headlines given to this item; it was hidden away among the smaller chroniclings of the day, but to myself and to many Canadians scattered across the continent, it was a piece of news of great interest, for it called up the vision of the little red school-house of the long ago, and of the old master, who shaped our first imaginings, who seemed then, and seems still, to one person at least, to be the personification of rectitude and wisdom. For the sake of his pupils everywhere, for the edification of teachers generally, and as an instructive interlude for those who are reading at all times eulogies of our captains of industry and kings of finance, I wish to sketch the life of this Ontario teacher, who has laid down the insignia of office after long and noble service; I desire not only to review his career, but to add my personal tribute to his worth.

Kenneth Beaton, now the Nestor of Ontario teachers, was born in Vaughan township, county of York, in 1847. He inherited two blessings that have put iron into the blood of many an Ontario boy, poverty and a Scotch love of learning. His father

had come out to Canada from Argyleshire, and, although there was much work to be done on the farm, he encouraged Kenneth to go to school. The boy needed no stimulation, however. He was extremely fortunate in having as teacher Mr. John Morrow, who was afterwards for many years connected with the excise department in Toronto. Mr. Morrow was a normal-trained teacher and was not only well-educated, but grudged no time or pains to help along promising pupils. He gave extra attention to the boys in the higher classes who were ambitious to become teachers. In those days there were no high schools in Vaughan or anywhere else in Ontario. Hence the machinery for making public school teachers was not at all complicated. Likely youths went up from the public schools to be examined by the local superintendents of the different townships in the county. As a rule, these superintendents were ministers, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist. Mr. Beaton and one of his fellow-students, Mr. James McMurchy, who afterwards became high school teacher in Harriston, appeared before this examining board at Richmond Hill in 1866. One of the examiners was the Rev. John Bredin, a Methodist minister, then stationed at Richmond Hill; another was the Rev. James Carmichael, the veteran Presbyterian minister of King, who celebrated last year his fiftieth anniversary as minis-



ter in that place. The examination was partly oral and partly written. The good, old-fashioned subjects set for the examination were reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, algebra, Euclid (the first four books), and natural philosophy, an imperfectly developed subject in those days, ranging from a study of the hydraulic press to problems on the mechanical powers. Needless to say, Mr. Morrow's pupils passed this examination with credit. Mr. Beaton proceeded to his first-class certificate in 1868, and obtained the highest qualification as a teacher, his first-class A, in 1870.

In 1868, however, he began his career as teacher, his first school being near Mono Mills, in the south-western corner of the township of Ajala, in the county of Simcoe. He taught there for three years, then obtained a school nearer home, on the sixth concession of Vaughan township, where he remained for the next five years. His next move was to the village of Kleinburg, in the same township, where he held sway for thirteen years. In 1887 he went to Nobleton, several miles distant, but remained there only two years. In 1889 he was offered a position as insurance agent in St. Catharines and there entered upon a new experience. But the teaching instinct was too strong for him; after six months in the new field he went back to his first love, becoming principal of a public school in St. Catharines, where he was to remain for more than twenty-two years. This position he resigned a few weeks ago to spend the remainder of his days in Toronto.

For forty-five years, then, this pedagogue has engaged in faithful service. And what of the recompense? We have heard a great deal about the salaries of school-teachers during the last few years. Some miserly Ontario farmers, who are willing to pay more for the improvement of roads than for the furnishing of their children's minds, still continue, even in the

midst of their prosperity, to bewail the increase in salaries, but when we consider the harder times and greater purchasing value of money in earlier days, it appears that the public school teacher is more poorly paid now than in the 'sixties. When Mr. Beaton took his first school he received £60 a year. The standard of currency was the old-fashioned Halifax pound, equal to four dollars. During the next few years his salary gradually increased from \$240 to \$400 per annum. When he went to Kleinburg, to teach in a fair-sized village school, he received \$425 a year. Before long his salary was raised to \$500, and so continued during his thirteen years in that generous community. In St. Catharines he received at first \$600 a year; later his salary was raised to \$700, but, despite the increased cost of living and growth of the city, the figure never went higher, although Mr. Beaton served there for twenty-two years. Comparing the salary received at the close of his career with that of the first years, therefore, it must be reluctantly admitted that Ontario people in the days of adversity were more generous, more appreciative of the work of a teacher, than in these latter days of boasted intelligence and progress.

Of course, the employment of women led to a fall in salaries. When Mr. Beaton took his first school there was only one woman teacher in the county of York. In a few years more women appeared upon the scene, but they received the same amount of salary as the men where they did equal work, showing that school trustees in those days were not only generous, but fair-minded men. Soon, however, when the high and model schools were established the female teacher waxed numerous. School trustees were only human after all. They allowed the women to underbid the men, so that in the 'eighties and henceforth it became almost impossible for a married man to make a living at school teaching in country districts or in small

towns. Hence the rarity of teachers of the Beaton stamp to-day. We have come to see now that it is a good thing for a small boy to have his character shaped by a masculine teacher. I do not say, of course, that it is not beneficial for him to be brought under the sweet and refining influence of a lady teacher, but he needs both models to look up to, the one for manly strength, the other for grace and gentleness. I am not alone in bemoaning the fact that men have been driven from the teaching profession in our public schools in country places.

Mr. Beaton looked upon Mr. S. McAllister as one of the leaders in the profession as far back as the 'sixties. In those days other leaders were Messrs. Robert Doan, William Rennie, of Newmarket, Robert Alexander, Robert Rice, Thomas Moore, and A. B. Clark. Before the days of institutes the teachers of North York organised a local teachers' organisation and met regularly at Newmarket. Mr. Beaton remembers 1871 as a very important date in the history of Ontario public schools, for in that year the old local superintendents were replaced by county inspectors, and teachers were required to attend the county institutes. For many years he belonged to the Provincial Teachers' Association, which developed into the Ontario Educational Association, the annual meeting of which creates such widespread interest at the present day.

During his whole career Mr. Beaton taught in free schools. While he was still a scholar a very acrid controversy was waged in nearly all districts in the Province, as to whether the schools should be free or should be what were called "rate schools." This was the great issue at the election of school trustees, and many a strong campaign was fought out on this question previous to 1867. It was a difficult thing in those days for a teacher to keep out of the strife, for he was always secretary of the

trustee board in his section. When all Ontario public schools became free, not because of the option of a particular section, but by the public school law, one great trial in the life of the early teacher was removed.

Forty-five years ago the public school teacher and his pupils had few holidays. They enjoyed every other Saturday, a week at Christmas, Good Friday, the Queen's Birthday, and a brief and delectable vacation of two weeks in the harvest season. Probably the pupils would not have had the two weeks in midsummer had they not been needed in the fields. The teachers also were in demand as harvesters. In the early years of his service Mr. Beaton always went forth to wield the scythe or to bind the sheaves. One summer in the 'sixties, so I have heard him say, he made a bargain with a Vaughan farmer. He agreed to pull an eight-acre field of peas in exchange for a two-year-old heifer. It was a trying task. He blistered his hands, but completed the work, and joyfully led the lowing heifer to his father's farm. Eventually the heifer developed into a cow, and one of her descendants supplied milk for the school teacher's family fifteen years later when he lived in Nobleton. In the summer vacation Mr. Beaton received the sum of \$1.25 and board a day, the wages of an able-bodied harvester in those by-gone golden days.

Although the school was in full operation nearly all the year, many of the boys were able to attend only during the winter months. I can remember as a boy in the Kleinburg school that in winter-time nearly all the back seats were occupied by young fellows, ranging from fifteen to twenty-three. One of the oldest pupils wore a moustache and was a local Samson. He was so strong that he was able to throw a small stone with such force as to knock off a picket from the school fence. He was not so strong in the intellectual sphere, however, and one of the con-

stant gratifications of the younger boys was to stand ahead of him in the class. Often the older boys who were new-comers, made astonishing progress. There was one boy, in particular, who was fourteen when he entered for the winter session. He had been at other schools, but had never got further than the second book. The simple rules of multiplication and division made him flounder deplorably, to the amusement of small boys and his own vexation and despair. Mr. Beaton took him in hand, and for some weeks struggled to enlighten his brain. But there seemed to be "a veil hanging before his understanding." The boy was interesting outside of school and he was doing his best, so, like a wise teacher, our master showed the greatest patience, then he thought of a way to help the flounderer. He would sit down at the same desk, write out a problem on the slate, then imagine that he was in the boy's place, and think his way through, speaking loud enough for the boy to hear him. It was the very thing. No teacher had ever done this for the lad. He learned how to think, and, to the amazement of the teacher, the veil was withdrawn, the boy saw clearly, and, so wonderful was his progress, that in nine months he swept through book after book and stood as head boy of the school. Such was the effect of the sympathetic, individual treatment of the old-time pedagogue.

Among the letters received by Mr. Beaton from old pupils in all parts of the country there came a few weeks ago an epistle of gratitude from that very boy, who is now a commercial traveller in Western Canada. In the course of his letter the ex-pupil says: "While travelling through Saskatchewan the other day I chanced to read a despatch in one of the Winnipeg papers from St. Catharines telling about the retirement of perhaps the oldest school teacher from the standpoint of continuous service in the whole Dominion of Canada. I

have been wondering ever since if you are the Kenneth Beaton to whom I went to school in York county, Ontario, more than thirty years ago. . . . I can look back upon my school days of that period with a great deal of pleasure. You were then a young, active man and were in the habit of participating in all kinds of athletic sports, much to the amusement and enjoyment of your scholars. . . . We moved to Iowa many years ago and I remember you telling me when I left the school-room that I was going out among the Indians."

Although he was intensely interested in his pupils, Mr. Beaton always managed to inspire them with a wholesome respect for his authority. My own reminiscences of those years in the Kleinburg school are not altogether unclouded. In the words of Wordsworth, our teacher was "a rod to check the erring." He helped out moral suasion by corporal persuasion. He used a lithe rawhide that had a disagreeable habit of curling around the recipient's hand. At certain seasons he used a broad elm ruler; at all times of year he handed out just punishment for offences, which ran all the way from the minor sin of whispering in school to the greater offence of fighting on the way home. A strong hand was needed to check the pugnacious instincts of that generation, for all the boys of the school called themselves either Downroads or Uproads, and numerous were the collective and individual encounters, due not to personal so much as to topographical differences. There was no boy in the school, not even the picket-breaker, who dared dispute the *ipse dixit* of the master. There were none of those picturesque combats between teacher and scholars, such as we read about in hoosier schoolmaster stories. Mr. Beaton was a burdly Scot, and his strong frame was surmounted by a stern countenance. There was often a twinkle in



the keen brown eyes, however, and we always suspected that beneath the granite front of the master, behind his mask of reserve and self-control there was a warm heart. He taught us the way to love through the wholesome, if somewhat sombre, avenue of fear.

Obedience and faithful work—these alone won his words of praise, which he dispensed with the usual economy of a Scotsman, who never enthused over anything. Even if he loved a scholar, he would have perished rather than betray any par-

tiality. But his autumnal sunshine was worth more than the full summer splendour of other eulogists of our boyhood days, and the discipline with which he whipped us along the path of life made us revere him afterwards as one who had conveyed to us a tonic power. He was one of the fathers of our flesh who corrected us, who gave us our first visions of the beauty of the world, and the grandeur of life, and the love of God. To him I bow in humble acknowledgment of the great good which he poured into my heart and brain.

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## COMMONWEALTH

By VIRNA SHEARD

**G**IVE thanks, my soul, for the things that are free:  
The blue of the sky, the shade of a tree,  
And the unowned leagues of the shining sea.

Be grateful, my heart, for everyman's gold;  
By roadway and river and hill unfold  
Sun-coloured blossoms that never are sold.

For the little joys sometimes say a grace:  
The scent of a rose, the frost's fairy lace,  
Or the sound of the rain in a quiet place.

Be glad of what cannot be bought or beguiled:  
The trust of the tameless, the fearless, the wild,  
The song of a bird and the faith of a child.

For prairie and mountain, wind-swept and high,  
For betiding beauty of earth and sky  
Say a benediction e'er you pass by.

Give thanks, my soul, for the things that are free:  
The joy of life and the spring's ecstasy,  
The dreams that have been, the dreams that will be.



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

## DRIFTING AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR

(Local Council of Women, Kingston.)

Never a ripple on all that river,  
As it lies, like a mirror, beneath the  
moon;  
Only the shadows tremble and quiver,  
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in  
June.  
All is dark and silent: each shadowy  
island,  
Like a silhouette, lies on its silvery  
ground,  
While just above us a rocky highland  
Towers grim and dusk, with its pine  
trees crowned.

Never a sound, save the wave's soft  
splashing,  
As the boats drift idly the shore along,  
And the darting fire flies silently flashing  
Gleam, living diamonds, the woods  
among;  
And the night hawk flits o'er the bay's  
deep bosom,  
And the loon's laugh breaks through  
the midnight calm,  
And the luscious breath of the wild  
vines' blossom  
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of  
balm.

Drifting! Why cannot we drift forever?  
Let all the world and its worries go;  
Let us float and float with the flowing  
river,

Whither, we neither care nor know:  
Dreaming a dream—might we ne'er  
awaken—

There's joy enough in this passive bliss,  
The wrestling crowds and its cares for-  
saken,

Was ever Nirvana more blest than this?

Nay; but our hearts are ever lifting

The screen of the present, however fair.  
Not long, not long, can we go on drifting,  
Not long enjoy surcease from care.

Ours is a nobler task and guerdon  
Than aimless drifting, however blest;  
Only the heart that can bear the burden  
Can share the joy of the victor's rest.

\*

WHEN Isabel Beaton Graham, of  
Winnipeg, gave her brilliant  
address on homesteads for women be-  
fore the National Council of Women  
in the twin cities of Port Arthur and  
Fort William, little she realised the  
interest created throughout the Do-  
minion regarding this cause.

Knowing the intense feeling and the  
numerous petitions being circulated  
in favour of homesteads for women,  
I asked Mrs. Graham to write for us  
something about the subject, which is  
so dear to her heart and the Canadian  
Club of Winnipeg. She has written  
in reply the following:

"Here and there over the Cana-  
dian West great tracts of fertile  
lands lie awaste, waiting an occupant.  
Here and there over the Dominion,  
and, indeed, over the Empire, num-  
bers of us attached women working  
for fathers, working for brothers—  
work and wait, work and wait—wait-  
ing for what—Eternity? How many  
men ever thought that the present  
homestead law was unfair even to  
men themselves? Here we have two



HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS GREY

farmers, both homesteaders. The family of one consists of sons; the other's of daughters—a common thing in the West.

"In a few years the man with the sons spreads out—homesteads right and left—acquiring a wide area of land—a half-section—320 acres—for each son. The man with the daugh-

ters cannot extend his homestead rights.

"The accident of sex in the family enriches one household and impoverishes the other.

"The law steps in and provides a birthright dowry for the man having sons and nothing for the man having daughters.



"The law discriminates against the man having daughters, practically assuming that the father does not care to provide for them.

"Why hasn't a Canadian woman a birthright in her country?

"In every economic distress that sweeps a land, in every epidemic of disease, in storm or stress of whatsoever sort woman bears a full burden.

"Full sharer in adversity, why not sharer also in her country's gifts?

"Across the international boundary any naturalised woman of eighteen years of age may homestead. Hundreds have homesteaded there on exactly the same terms as men and successfully.

"Set woman free financially. Give her a homestead such as is given to men. Let her whose nature craves it work out her own future as she wills.

"Homesteads for women perhaps might be conceded as a matter of sentiment, but 'business' surely was rampant here at the making of the present homestead law. The only woman eligible to homestead is the widow having minor children.

"A woman may be a widow, with minor children, all girls, and abundantly provided for, yet she may, homestead.

"A woman may have a number of brothers and sisters, minors, whose sole head and support she is—but no homestead for her.

"A woman may have minor children and the additional millstone of a dissolute husband—but no homestead for her.

"A woman may be an unfortunate, with minor children—a victim of bigamy or a victim of the "no dower law for women"—no homestead for her.

"Any woman of any of these classes may be as worthy and as needful of a homestead as the widow with the minor children.

"Leaving the vagaries of our homestead law and returning to deal with the expansion of the law as it should

be, making all women of British birth eligible to homestead on exactly the same terms as men, would leave the conditions of both women and the country on a much improved plane.

"The inestimable value to our West that an influx of British women of some means and culture would add surely needs not be enlarged upon.

"Should women be given the homestead rights, single women might locate in small groups of two or three (or contiguous to male relatives). One outfit at the beginning could easily do the duties of all until a market would justify a wider cultivation.

"Residence upon a homestead is compulsory six months a year for three years, preferably during the summer of the first year or perhaps two, after that a continuous residence would be pleasant. It would be 'home' at the end of three years. Each woman would have a quarter-section of land, which if properly cultivated would secure to her an independence for the rest of her life.

"It is painful to realise that our own Canadian men—our own fathers and brothers—deliberately set us aside as undeserving of a share in our country's gifts. We Canadian women are here—literally on the ground—and want to occupy some of these still vacant prairies; yet we cannot have a share, except by purchase."

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Her Excellency the Countess Grey, Honourary President of the Canadian National Council of Women, gave much of her valuable time to the cause of women during her residence in Canada. Her position in the Council, while honourary, would suggest that only her patronage was given. Not altogether is this true. Lady Grey has been a most enthusiastic devotee of the Council.

Travelling much over the Dominion, Her Excellency had many opportunities of visiting the various Councils, which she always did and

being a home always for these girls when off duty, and she advocated in very strong terms the great necessity for a chain of hostels from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Not only was the hostel a blessing to these girls, but also a great comfort to the dear mother in the "old land."

Her Excellency, like her husband, was ever interested in our great Northwest, and though somehow we feel that the Hudson's Bay Railroad and its proposed shorter sea route to England, moving more quickly our Western crops, has been fathered by His Excellency, so the women of the West have appealed to Lady Grey's sympathies, and it was owing to Her Excellency's efforts that the "Lady Grey Country District Nursing" scheme was happily inaugurated.

In writing to Mrs. F. H. Torrington, the Countess Grey sent the following message to the Council:

"I am beginning to feel very depressed at saying good-bye to so many kind friends in Canada, and to so many things that for the last seven years I have been so interested in. May I, through you, as President of the Canadian National Council of Women express to your Council my thanks for all their past kindness and courtesy towards myself while I have been their Honourary President? I shall not soon forget the deep interest of those days of meeting during the gathering of the International Council of Women in Toronto, and I shall always continue to feel the most lively satisfaction in hearing of the good and valuable work that the N.C.W. will be enabled to accomplish in the future for the betterment of the national life of Canada, both public and private."

*you have accomplished  
at what you are aiming  
I shall remain  
true to that until you  
are.*

*Believe me dear  
Mrs. Torrington*

*Yours very truly  
Alice Grey*

*Sept 16 1911*

*These few lines to you*

GOVERNMENT HOUSE  
OTTAWA

REPRODUCTION OF PART OF A LETTER FROM THE COUNTESS GREY  
TO MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON

was a most interested listener and a most interesting speaker in many of the affiliated societies. For one so petted and donned by her family and then by the Canadian people at large her addresses were ever womanly and full of much feeling and sympathy.

Especially do I remember when Her Excellency spoke in Toronto in favour of the Women's Welcome Hostel, a scheme set on foot by the Toronto Local Council of Women. With an almost girlish simplicity, she came forward and told of the warm hospitality of the Canadians, not only to their visitors of prominence, but also to the women seeking service in this country, where there was so little time in their busy lives to become lonesome. Her Excellency spoke, too, of the great good the hostel did, in



## The WAY of LETTERS

NO Canadian novelist should be guilty of conventionality, and yet we have two recent novels that are conventional above all their other characteristics. One is "The Singer of the Kootenay," by Robert Knowles (Toronto: Henry Frowde); the other, "The Course of Impatience Carningham," by Mabel Burkholder (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). One might almost look for something better from Mr. Knowles. This author has now an increasing circle of readers outside his own parish at Galt, and it would be reasonable to hope that his novels would succeed one another with a corresponding increase in points of merit. At any rate, none of them should be conventional. And yet "The Singer of the Kootenay" harps upon a chord that already has been pretty well thumbed. The singer is a young man who is reckless enough or unfortunate enough to cause his name to be removed from the roll at Queen's College, but he has redeeming goodness, goodness that comes to the front when it encounters real badness in a British Columbia town. At his worst, he is scarcely wild enough to be attractive, nor at his best scarcely good enough to be convincing. But he can sing with a superhuman voice, so superhuman, indeed, that when he feels his waning importance at his first meeting with the heroine he assumes a romantic at-

titude and emits several bars of melody, with the result that the maiden is entranced. She feels sure that he is, after all, something more than a mere nightwatchman, and she beseeches him to sing again. The influence that his singing has on her proves to be equally effective at revival meetings. The revival meetings play an important part in the story, inasmuch as they bring the hero and heroine together on a common ground and satirise the Presbyterian denominational view of sensational or undignified revival. The first time the heroine attends one of the meetings, she goes "forward" with a girl whom she and the singer have saved from white slavery, and after the meeting, on the way to the heroine's home, this love scene is enacted, and it is described by Mr. Knowles as follows:

It is a great moment—Niagara in all the stream of life—when a man who has come to the strength of manhood, possessing still the purity of early youth, realises to what purpose the sanctity of his inmost soul has been kept inviolate; realises that the long garrisoning of the heart is all for this, that he may lay its treasure store in sacred passion at the feet of one whom he has come to love, to love with abandonment of life, and through no volition of his own, to love regally, almost madly, his Paradise gained at last in the very luxury of loving, all the long momentum of the years pouring the forces of his soul in this mighty waterfall that sweeps all before it and enriches the future days with fruitfulness and beauty.



Thus loved Murray McLean in that trembling hour, beneath the shadow of Old Observation; and amid the light of the mystic moon, and beside the sobbing form of one whose very grief was her holy dower.

"Hilda," he began huskily, his hands going nervously out, nervously withdrawn; "Hilda," he said once more, as some sweet strain that perforce must be repeated, "oh, my love, my darling—you know, you know—come," as his hands touched hers and tried to draw them from her face, his whole frame a-tremble with the thrilling impact. "You don't need to go back home—to come here—to go anywhere—only to me, to me, my darling," his voice strange of utterance as his soul poured through it with resistless passion, "I love you so. And—and—"

He stopped, as if fearful, bending over her in ineffable compassion. Then he waited—and it seemed an eternity.

The book is made up of much sentimentality, and there are numerous excursions aside in order that the hero or the heroine might perform some service of mercy. We had thought that E. P. Roe had drained these wells of sentiment long ago. They are the same wells, whether you sound them in Chicago or in the Kootenay valley.

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MISS BURKHOLDER is a newer writer. She is a resident of Hamilton, and is clever as a short story or descriptive writer. Her delineation of the character of *Impatience Carningham* is convincing in many respects, but it is a pity that she should have taken the hackneyed factory town as a setting for this girl's development. Strife between factory employees and their employers is neither new nor attractive, and the idea of ultimate affinity between an owner or a partner and one who has risen from the bench is at best commonplace. In spite of these drawbacks, Miss Burkholder has depicted in *Impatience* a lovable personality—lovable for her open heart, her fidelity to truth, her unswerving loyalty, her quaint philosophy, and her gradually unfolding charms. *Patience*

is her real name, but she is called *Impatience* because she cannot give countenance to the small practices of her associates.

\*

WHEN James Medill Patterson produced "A Little Brother of the Rich" it created so much stir as a seeming exposure of the under side of the upper crust of New York society that there was little consideration given the reason for such a compilation of disagreeable incidents. But when his latest, "Rebellion," is read with the memory of his first in mind the first thought is that the author must have an uncomfortably morbid mind or have received his training as a scandal reporter. Obviously he intends the book to be a treatment of the divorce question, a justification of divorce and remarrying; but for such a bit of heterodoxy it requires a much more subtle, convincing, experienced hand than that of James Medill Patterson. There are authors who might have effected what Patterson has attempted—E. Temple Thurston, for instance, but all that the author of "Rebellion" accomplishes is to rouse a feeling of something very akin to disgust, even with the tendency of the modern novel in mind. The delineation of such repulsive characters as Patterson gloats over can effect little good to author or reader, and the attempt to use such men and women as a support of heterodoxy is obviously futile. Divorce may be justified or not, but the selection of extreme brutality and repellent characters to prove it must be ineffective. Although the author has ensured acceptance among a certain class by outrunning public desire for that which savours of scandal it would be more interesting to the majority of readers to see Patterson, for Patterson's sake, turn his art to more agreeable subjects. Even Gertrude Elliott, with all her ability and attraction, and with the advan-

tage of having eliminated the most disgusting of the incidents of this book, was unable to present "Rebellion" during a recent visit to Toronto, in a light that left anything good to say about it. And the book is cruder and more revolting in the roughness of its details. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

\*

**M**ARCHMONT must have his admirers; that can be gathered from the fact that his books are turned out with regularity. But the reader who can follow him with admiration or interest through his newest book, "Elfa," must be mesmerised. "Elfa" abounds in all the time-worn strategies of last century novel writing: "Little did I think to what that promise would lead"; "Later on I came to know," etc.; "Fate stepped in to thwart me"; "Little did he guess that Fate was close on his heels"; "It was thus that Fate mocked me." In plot it is just as stereotyped. But, worst of all, this author, whose experience makes the subterfuge the more unpardonable, takes advantage of that cheapest of all artifices—the narration of the most harrowing events, ending with the revelation that it was only a dream. Marchmont must have wrung himself dry before he wrote "Elfa." (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

**I**N "The Miller of Old Church" Ellen Glasgow has adopted an old theme, that of the universal and inevitable struggle of the lower classes to rise and the selfishness of the highborn who would hold them back. But she has imparted interest by using local modern conditions and describing them vividly. It is in reality, through one of the characters in particular (*Angela*), a personification of the survival of the old-time Southern aristocracy, and in

the history of *Molly Merryweather* we see the terrible odium that rests socially on one who happens to be conceived out of wedlock in the South. Illicit love plays a large part in the story, and yet Mrs. Glasgow is most adroit in her treatment of delicate passages. There is a very strong and complex plot, but it is perhaps in character sketching that the book is strongest. This story is a richly embroidered piece of living tapestry. Considered as a story dealing with the intimate concerns of a group of people whom we grow to love in a very personal way on account of their stirring merits or rare whimsicalities, the real interest of the book lies a good deal less in the plot structure than in the fine portraiture of character—in which respect it is far richer than any of Mrs. Glasgow's earlier works. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

**T**HE new Encyclopædia Britannica is a noteworthy achievement in book-making. Not only has it been revised and enlarged by a great staff of experts, but it bears the imprimatur of the University of Cambridge, and can now be obtained in flexible binding over India paper, which makes possible thin, light volumes, convenient for holding agreeably in the hand. In respect of size and convenience in handling the new volumes have an immense advantage over the large, old-fashioned volumes common to most encyclopædias. (Toronto: Cambridge University Press).

\*

**A** WELL-ILLUSTRATED volume entitled "The Aeroplane, Past, Present, and Future," has been issued under the guidance of Claude Grahame-White, winner of the Gordon-Bennett International Aviation Cup, 1910, and Harry Harper. Articles on various phases of aviation have been contributed by Louis

Bleriot, Howard T. Wright, C. G. Grey, C. C. Grunhold, Colonel J. E. Capper, Cecil S. Grace, G. Holt Thomas, Henry Farman, Roger Wallace, and Louis Paulhan. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

\*

A BOOK about which every reader should form his own opinion is Charles Morice's "The Re-appearing," of which there is a translation into English, with an introduction by Coningsby Dawson. It describes a visit made by Christ to Paris, where he remains from December 14th until Christmas Day. The book is at least a fine example of realism, and it is regarded by some as an indictment of the ethical and social standards of modern Christianity. Others will regard it as vulgar and irreverent. Personal belief influences judgment on such a book as this. (New York: Hodder and Stoughton).

\*

A NEW volume of poems by Dr. J. D. Logan is announced by William Briggs. The title is "Songs of the Makers of Canada and Other Homeland Lyrics." There is also an introductory essay on "The Genius and Distinction of Canadian Poetry." A fellow-poet, John Boyd, of Montreal, has contributed a foreword. The poems are mostly patriotic, and as the author is known as a sincere and finished writer, as well as a conscientious and analytical critic, this volume should have a wide reading.

\*

A NOVEL literary venture was recently made by the Harrington and Richardson Arms Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts, whereby they gave cash prizes of from \$100 to \$5 for true stories of "What I did with a gun." The company have published fifty of these stories in book form, and they offer the book at three cents, the cost of postage.

MY RAGPICKER" is the title of a little story by Mary E. Waller, whose novel, "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus'" made the author famous. It is the story of *Nanette*, a motherless little ragpicker, whose heart-hunger is artistically depicted. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

\*

THE best in negro dialect must be conceded to Ben King, whose "Southland Melodies" touch the heart and stir the fancy. The author possesses a fine sense of humour, is whimsical, and his quaint philosophy oftentimes has a keen edge. The latest volume of his songs is exceedingly well illustrated from photographs of negroes in characteristic attitudes and moods. (Chicago: Forbes and Company).

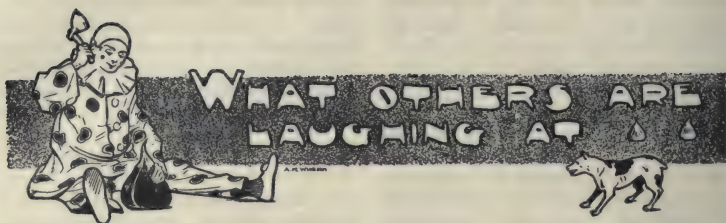
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ACCORDING to Arnold Bennett, in "Literary Taste and How to Form It," the world is never a dull place to those who read in the right spirit. His book, therefore, is more than a lecture on how to enjoy literature; it purposes to show how to enjoy life. Most persons who read this book will feel that for them at least literature has a new meaning and a new place in their scheme of existence. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

A NEW edition of Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is always interesting, for this celebrated masterpiece of phantasy seems to increase in value year by year. It has been illustrated many times, and in various ways, but a recent edition contains ninety-two illustrations by John Tenniel, and sixteen of them are reproduced in colours. These drawings add greatly to the pleasure of the reading, and they have the additional merit of being works of art. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).





### ENTHUSIASM

"How did your act take amateur night?"

"Great. When I sang the first verse they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'" —*Christian Intelligencer*.

✱

### NOT TOO HEALTHY

Client—"Before we decide on the house, my husband asked me to inquire if the district is at all unhealthy."

House Agent—"Er—what is your husband's profession, madam?"

Client—"He is a physician."

House Agent—"Hum—er—well, I'm afraid truth compels me to admit that the district is not too healthy." —*London Opinion*.



THE BLACK HAND

—Life

### ON SECOND WASHING

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy—and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it all right, if you'll wash the boy." —*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

✱

### FIRST AID

A little lad was desperately ill, but refused to take the medicine the doctor had left. At last his mother gave him up. "Oh, my boy will die; my boy will die," she sobbed.

But a voice spoke from the bed, "Don't cry, mother. Father'll be home soon and he'll make me take it." —*Woman's Home Companion*.

✱

### HANDY ANDY.

And these, according to the examination papers in one public school room, are what Andrew Carnegie is, was, and did:

Invented the mower and reaper.

Member of the President's Cabinet.

A British spy.

Went to France to get help for the United States.

Best after-dinner speaker in America.

A steel magnet.

Invented wireless telegraphy.

General in the Spanish-American War.

Head of the Steel Trust.

—*Everybody's Magazine*.



CLERGYMAN (returning on Christmas morning from the sick bed of aged parishioner, to very deaf old woman)—“Poor Mr. Smith is in a high fever.”

OLD WOMAN—“The same to you, sir, and many of ‘em.”

—Punch

#### A BAD EGG

“He always was a bad egg, but nobody seemed to notice it while he was rich.”

“Yes, he was all right until he was broke.”—*Sacred Heart Review*.

✱

#### NOT TO BE DISTURBED

Waiter (to night nurse watching patient) — “Have some coffee, ma’am?”

Night Nurse—“No, I greatly fear that that would keep me awake.”—*Le Rire*.

✱

#### SO FRANK

He (wondering if his rival has been accepted)—“Are both your rings heirlooms?”

She (concealing the hand)—“Oh, dear, yes. One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer”—(blushing)—“it only dates from the conquest.”—*Tit-Bits*.

#### ANSWERED

“Why do you put the hair of another woman on your head?” he asked severely.

“Why do you,” she replied sweetly, “put the skin of another calf on your feet?”—*Suburban Life*.

✱

#### MORE TO THE DOLLAR

George Ade, at the recent Lambs’ gambol in New York, objected to the extravagance of the modern wife. “It is true that the married men of to-day,” he ended, “have better halves, but bachelors have better quarters.”—*The Mirror*.

✱

#### WHY THE ICE FORMED

Old Gent—“’Pon my word, madam, I should hardly have known you, you have altered so much.”

Lady—“For the better or for the worse?”

Old Gent—“Ah, madam, you could only change for the better.”—*Judge*.



"I DON'T CARE!"

—Life

#### ABOUT ALL

Bride—"Were you very much embarrassed, dear, when you proposed to me?"

Hubby—"Only about £20,000, love."—*Variety Life*.

\*

#### PHILOSOPHIC

He—"Whenever I borrow money I go to a pessimist."

She—"Why?"

He—"Because a pessimist never expects to get it back again."—*Winnipeg Tribune*.

\*

#### AN AMERICAN QUERY

Stories continue to come in of the doings of Americans during the Coronation. Every American goes sight-seeing, and as one of the conducted trips drove past Grosvenor House the guide pointing it out said:

"That is the town house of the Duke of Westminster, one of our largest landed proprietors."

A pretty girl on the second seat looked up in sudden enthusiasm.

"Oh!" she cried. "Who landed him?"—*Tit-Bits*.

#### HER GAIN

Mrs. Jones—"Does your husband remember your wedding anniversary?"

Mrs. Smith—"No; so I remind him of it in January and June, and get two presents."—*Harper's Bazar*.

\*

#### CRAFTY

"What does the veterinary surgeon next door advise for your pet lap dog's sickness?"

"He forbids my playing the piano."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

#### A MODERN VERSION

The following remarkable answers were recently given at an examination for teachers in New York. The questions were for the purpose of testing the general culture of the applicants:

1. Who built the ark? Theodore Shonts.

2. Who interpreted Pharaoh's dream? Eusapia Palladino.

3. Who received the Ten Commandments? J. P. Morgan.

4. Who led the Israelites into the Promised Land? Senator Guggenheim.

5. Who slew the prophets of Baal? Lyman Abbott.

6. Who preached in Athens the unknown god? Charley Murphy.

7. Who wrote the Book of Revelation? Thomas W. Lawson.

8. Who raised the siege of Orleans? Andrew Jackson.

9. Who was the author of *The Divine Comedy*? Ann Dante.

10. Who was the author of "The Declaration of Independence?" Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

11. Who was the author of *Faust*? Anheuser Busch.

12. Who said "England expects every man to do her duty?" Lillian Pankhurst.

13. Who was the author of *Les Miserables*? Nell Brinkley.

14. Who said *L'Etat, c'est moi*? Theodore Roosevelt.—*Life*.







*Painting by J. E. H. Macdonald*

THE JANUARY THAW

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## QUIDI VIDI

NEWFOUNDLAND'S SHOW FISHING VILLAGE

BY W. LACEY AMY

*Illustrations from Photographs by the Author*

THE first one to sound the praises of Quidi Vidi (pronounced Kiddy Viddy; the more abrupt the better) was the first Newfoundlander I met. After it had headed the list of St. John's attractions of every Newfoundlander I talked to during the first day of my trip across the island, I changed the wording of my inquiry and asked for things worth seeing around St. John's—"apart from Quidi Vidi, I mean."

But still each one persisted in commencing his list with the fishing village, until I firmly made up my mind that if there was one spot in Newfoundland that I did not want to see it was this show place that I knew would have a high iron fence around it and a sign, "Don't point your umbrella at the picture."

Later on I met a friend who had not learned the list by heart; and the same name headed his list. Quidi Vidi was more in the conversation than if it had been the new baby.

But I went—accidentally. I have now to acknowledge that through some strange mistake someone has put the Newfoundlander about right in the name at the head of the stereo-

typed rigmarole that is learned in every country for the benefit of the innocent tourist. Who accomplished this feat is the leading mystery of St. John's. For Quidi Vidi deserves every bit of the devotion it receives.

It is its misfortune that a visitor begins to think of Quidi Vidi like porridge in a Scotch home: he simply has to take it in. But once he has visited it, his resentment that it should be vulgarised by the undue familiarity of thousands who can understand no more than that it is "the thing" makes him somewhat loth to add to its local celebrity.

The one who properly appreciates Quidi Vidi will seldom advertise it any more than the fisherman makes known the best fishing holes. Some day the gaze of the hurrying tourist will dispel the halo around the place; at present he has seen no more than its glow. Certainly the village should be placed behind a glass case, with a pointed railing in front; and away down the road towards St. John's should be stationed a policeman to keep away the throng that is beginning to smooth the roads and paths for no other reason than that some



great man, some day or other, has seen fit to describe Quidi Vidi as it is. There are few places worth writing about that receive the first attentions of the guidebook tourist. The tiny little village that adjoins St. John's is the most remarkable exception on record.

Quidi Vidi is divided from St. John's by about two miles of road and a cab tariff that is fearfully and wonderfully made, so far as the visitor is able to discover. Fortunately for my impressions, I fought shy of both on my visit. It is due to the fact that I was wandering without a guide that I came upon the fishing village before I knew it, and it had impressed itself on me before I was aware I was looking at that which I had determined carefully to avoid. The road to the village is a hard gravel, smoothly graded, city-entrance affair, just what one would expect as the route to a popular resort, as well suited to what it opens into as a starched collar to a fisherman. Custom and a reckless travesty on fitness have done their most against Quidi Vidi; but the village has until now managed to confine the modernity of the road within its ditches. Singularly successful in its fight for exclusiveness in the face of heavy odds, it offers little out of the ordinary to the cab-fare or the hustling motorist. To see the village one must cross the ditches.

Forced by the exigencies of Regatta Day patronage, I was fortunate enough not to be able to secure a cab. Perhaps therein lies the sweetness of my memory of Quidi Vidi. Up Signal Hill I had struggled on foot, leaving the crowds streaming away to Long Pond, where the regatta races were held; and I had been rewarded by having the Hill all to myself, able to look down on the hillside city and its marvellous harbour, on the gorge that serves as an outlet for the fishing smack and ocean liner, without

the annoyance of the "how-perfectly-splendid" tourist anxious only to see the superlative things. Far below me, as I stood beside the Tower, lay the regatta course, two miles away, but strikingly outlined by the flashing white and deep black of the gathering crowd. Along the edge of the precipitous cliffs that went straight down to the ocean I pulled myself over the rocks and pathless moss, with nothing in mind but the ocean scene beneath. Then there opened far down in front a rickety cluster of houses, with a glimpse of glistening water and cod flakes. I had no idea it was Quidi Vidi; but what I did know was that there lay something I must see more closely, and for miles I clambered down the steep rocks along the water's edge.

Once I sank out of sight of the village and came upon the cable office, a break in the desertion, a little, long, white building that concealed the conversational access to ocean-distant lands. There was no evidence that I was coming in touch with a guide-book route; the road I passed along was but a crude break in the rockiness, a byway making it easier for the foot-farer without mutilating the landscape. The village had disappeared over a rugged rise, but I pushed on, with the knowledge that it would break upon me without disappointment. Ahead of me the road branched into two forks, and, following the rougher, I came to the top of the rise, where the village came suddenly into sight, only a couple of hundred feet below me, the tall, rocky hillside rising abruptly behind it, and the ramshackle fish-houses hanging sleepily over the merest bit of glassy water.

I cared not what was the name of the village I dreaded to disturb with the prying eyes of the passer-by; at that moment I was content to stand and look. Up the grass-covered lane came a silent fisherman, toiling slow-



QUIDI VIDI, OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR

ly upward as if reluctant to widen the distance to his favourite element. The rattle of a string of carriages stopped him for a moment to look away to his right beneath shaded eyes. Then he came on more quickly, reminded of some errand which he seemed to have forgotten when I first caught sight of him.

of the quaint and the beautiful, but went along its way indifferent to its fame.

Down the roadway where vehicles had never passed, but where the village cattle or goats had worn a path deep into the grass, I passed. On one side a barbed-wire fence cut off not a detail of the view. On the other a



QUIDI VIDI, FROM THE HARBOUR

"Is this a village?" I asked, more as a means to conversation than for information. "Has it a name?"

"Quidi Vidi," he answered in a voice that matched his pace, and with an abruptness of pronunciation that left me searching for the vowels.

And I lost all desire for conversation. I had come where I had intended not to; the mountain path had hoodwinked me into a spot I had wished to avoid. But there was no chiding of the deceiver—just a wonder that at last I had come upon the one great exception, and an admiration for the village that was, after all, no show village, but a real centre of a real industry that had unintentionally fashioned itself to suit the guide-book and the tourist, the lover

steep bank had been cut away when sometime it had been intended that this should be a real highway. The scene was like a painting, so quiet and lifeless was it. From where I stood there was no sign of movement save in the gentle, sun-touched ripple that sometimes fled across the bit of water, and a line of white clothes that waved lazily in the light breeze. The cod-flakes were white with desertion where the cod lay baking, and dusty-dark where the owner had decided the sun was too warm for perfect drying. Not a sound came up to me to fit in with the anchored boats, the evidences of industry—nothing save the occasional bleat of an invisible goat. The few houses which made up the hamlet were splashed around



on the rock with utter disregard for everything save a white road that ran along one side in irregular curves and twists, stamping itself by its colour as the belt-line route around

flakes, now half covered with drying cod, the remainder showing up in a tangle of poles and dead evergreen brush. Farther away and facing me was a row of fish-houses, with noth-



QUIDI VIDI—UNDER THE FLAKES

the pond, a mile away, on which the regatta sports were being held. Carriages passed along it in spots of moving black, followed by a thin cloud of white dust. Now and then a swifter cloud marked the passage of an automobile working up speed to take the hill at high power. It was possible to look down on the village without the blot of the travel-stained road, and I turned hastily to it.

Down near the flakes there was nothing but Quidi Vidi at its best—Quidi Vidi as the tourist does not see it; and there I was content to think that, while there was a tourist-gaped part, there was also that which really counted. Out from me, over the old fish-houses, stretched the cod-

ing more definite as a line to toe than the irresponsible water-front. And to my surprise, on this bright day each staging was fronted by its fishing-boat. Later I discovered that it is part of a fisherman's upbringing that nothing short of a postponement will keep him from the 'gatta.

But even yet I had not come to the Quidi Vidi that will long withstand the fame that spoils. Ahead of us the road seemed to end abruptly, and I hesitated to look for the outlet; but the discovery was made that the road passed beneath the flakes, as if ignoring their presence as serious obstacles or offering overhead a common flake of good extent and unsurpassed drying qualities. And through

the unused flakes fell the sun in a dizzy network that made it impossible to place the group of little children running towards me. All above and around the flakes covered the ground

Somewhere I could hear the puffing of the cars and the rapidly fading laughter of flying visitors; but they were apart from the world down there, and the descriptions that would



QUIDI VIDI—THE FISH-HOUSES AND FLEET

and the water's edge. To give access to them boards were slanted up with cleats to hold the feet; or rough stairs opened above, with creaking gates to keep down the hens and overyoung children. Acres of ground and roadway were buried in darkness beneath the cod-covered flakes, or lit with the patterned rays that came through the poles and branches. Houses pushed peevishly against the encroaching poles in all directions, resenting the fact that they were allowed to exist only on sufferance. The road was marked by many feet, but not a wheel. It was the real main street of the village, whatever the autos might think of the white road beyond.

be carried home of Quidi Vidi to listening friends would fit as well as—as tourists' word-pictures usually do. One automobile with instincts for the hidden crept carefully around a corner and stopped at the edge of the overhanging flakes. But it did not delay. With some haste the chauffeur turned with many a backward plunge and forward pitch, and facing the return road darted away in a cloud of dust that had never before followed this break in the scene. Another car, with longings for intimate views, but a commendable sense of decency, stopped on the main road, just where one of the private streets branched off and showed the corner of a covering flake, satisfied itself

with looking, and then quietly went on its way with unusual modesty and respect. There are hopes for the owner of that car. There should be signs along the travelled road warning modernity from leaving the beaten track. An automobile in Quidi Vidi is like whistling in a Catholic cathedral.

A woman came towards me beneath the flakes, shading her eyes from the flickering sunbeams to see me the more readily. I waited to speak to her, but she turned aside under the network of poles, her pail knocking noisily against projecting ends as she wound down to the fish-houses.

The merry sound of children broke on me from some unseen playground close at hand, and now and then they would cross the path with disturbing suddenness, to disappear as unaccountably into paths known only to these underflake dwellers. Two little girls passed, their hair done up in strange veils, and their clean, white dresses conspicuous with hands that carefully held them up from all danger of dirt less deep than the knees. I accepted the invitation and asked the reason of the special garb and seeming haste.

"We're going to the picnic," one of them answered, describing the regatta as it appeared to her.

"But most of the people are there now," I said thoughtlessly. A shadow passed across their faces, and their reply was full of disappointment.

"We know. But mother won't let us go 'fore dinner, 'cause our dresses wouldn't last. We'd rather go 'thout dinner if she'd let us."

A call came from some unplaced direction, and the girls dropped their dresses and darted into a narrow opening among the poles.

Near the edge of the village a small stream had worn its way down through centuries until it

boasted a gorge entirely out of proportion with the volume of water. And beside the hill-enclosed pond it fell into a shower of falls that gave the finishing touch to the native beauty of the spot. A few goats struggled for existence on the sparse verdure, placed there, it would seem, more for their picture-effect than for their use.

Of course, now that I was in Quidi Vidi, I had to visit the spot from which all the local photographs are taken. To the top of the rock a well-worn path showed the reason for the advice I had received from admirers of Quidi Vidi, who saw I carried a camera. Everyone took pictures from that point. Acquiescing to conventions, I did the same. It proved to be another instance where custom was not injudicious. Below lay the village church, with its squatty steeple, the sole attempt at conventional architecture in the village. Close beside it was the tiny school, a building with ambitions, but limited realisation. Its brown sides stood out abruptly fresh in colouring; in its short length an attempt had been made to squeeze in three windows, with the result that they crowded the end-walls with terrifying effect.

Climbing down the hill to the road the village ended abruptly in the gravelled, much-travelled highway that vindicated the guide-books. Now it was a procession of cabs and carriages and automobiles filled with tourists and residents who had selected the long way around through Quidi Vidi to the regatta pond. The show fishing village had ceased to be as suddenly as it had come into view. But it should always be. If anything in Newfoundland has justified itself in the list of local attractions, or to the traveller who sees it accidentally, Quidi Vidi can claim that distinction.

This is the first of a series of Newfoundland and Labrador articles by Mr. Amy. The next will appear in the February Number and be entitled "St. John's: The Impossible Possible."



# BURNS'S MESSAGE TO CANADA

BY J. D. LOGAN, PH.D.

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THERE is a deeper connection between the poetry of Robert Burns and the life of the Canadian people than the fact that Burns was born in the same year that Quebec was captured by General Wolfe. Burns first saw the light on January 25, 1759; Quebec, that is to say, Canada, formally passed into British dominion some months later in the same year; but how both events were equally epoch-making, the one in the social sphere and the other in the political sphere, is far from being obvious, even after a century and a half of social and political evolution since the events occurred.

Interpretative and constructive criticism has done less to disclose the real Robert Burns, his social philosophy and its significance, than it has done for any other paramount British poet. Indeed, it would seem that the world is yet hardly aware that Burns had a social philosophy which he embodied in his poems. Even so acute a critic as Thomas Carlyle saw in the fact that Burns, as Carlyle himself puts it, "became involved in the religious quarrels of his district," nothing more than a regrettable fact—a view which, in critical insight, is about equal to asserting that it was a pity that Burns, for his peace of mind or for his intellectual integrity, did not remain sound in the Presbyterian faith.

The truth is that the admirers of Burns, as a poet, still after the

passage of more than a hundred years since the publication of his poems, and after scores of critical commentaries on them, divide into two classes: those who regard him as the supreme lyrist of love and of jollity, and those who regard him as an adroit craftsman of quotable moral maxims. None seems as yet to see, with proper depth of insight or true perspective, that in the hundred years between the publication of Fielding's *Tom Jones* in 1749 and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* in 1850—the one beginning the rise of the modern novel and the other effecting a reconciliation between Wordsworth's "natural piety" and the "scientific faith" of the evolutionist—the two greatest and most significant men-of-letters were Sir Walter Scott, the historical romanticist, and his fellow-countryman, Robert Burns, social poet *par excellence*. For indubitably Burns, not Keats or Byron or Wordsworth, was the greatest and most significant poet of that busiest century in the history of English life and literature. Not one of his contemporaries saw the world with the same inclusive, subtle and voracious vision of reality as he did. "He saw it," as James Douglas finely puts it, "without their illusions and without ours."

It is, then, from the point of view of Burns as a social poet that I hope in this essay to write something

fresh in treatment, if not wholly original in conception, about him, and to apply it significantly to certain recrudescences in Canada of the Scottish conditions which he remorselessly excoriated either with immanent criticism, by envisaging in certain of his poems the democratic aspirations of his age; or with philosophic and satiric humour, by showing in certain other poems that the contemporary view of the Deity and of His relations to men was aristocratic and immoral; that the view of the Deity which conceived Him as the Lord of socially and spiritually "privileged" classes—in Young's phrase, "a Deity that's perfectly well-bred," infinitely superior to His creatures, but still urbane, gracious, forgiving—invariably led to immoral tenets and immoral practices.

Let me, then, not by conventional dogmatic appreciations of the poet, but by just constructive criticism, first put Burns in his rightfully supreme place in the history of British literature and, next, show forth how he—not Gray, or Shelley, or Wordsworth—was the original and foremost poet—seer and prophet—of sane social democracy. For Burns's social ideas, as we shall see (p. 226), were original, human, and universal; Gray's were affected, literary, and paternal; and Shelley's and Wordsworth's derivative, sentimental, and communistic.

In his function of literary critic Matthew Arnold always reminds me of those fair devotees of whist who at the most strategic points in a "rubber" triumph over their opponents with exasperating glee, but who are

eventually discovered to have been "reneging," and when discovered, with the most naive *insouciance* remark: "It's very odd—I can hardly believe it possible." They are an amusing lot, but, be they never so competent and clever at other times, they must be watched. Arnold was the most amusing—that is to say, diverting and stimulating—critic of his century, but he must be watched, for the reason that he takes us along with him so swiftly, and yet so divertingly and with such seemingly calm and straight-sailing logic, that in our absorption in his stimulating criticism we never stop to reflect that he has really been "reneging" by making several negative retrenchments and modifications of his original thesis.

We have only, then, as I said, to watch Arnold in his attempt to maintain that, after Shakespeare and Milton, Wordsworth ranks first amongst British poets, to see for ourselves that by certain denials and qualifications in the course of his argument he takes away with his left hand from Wordsworth the beautiful gift which he gave the poet with his right hand. Nay, more: if we take Arnold at his word and apply his express criterion of poetic greatness,\* compounded of his own phrases and of Wordsworth's, to the poetry of Wordsworth, we behold Arnold not only taking away his gift from the secluded, reflective and benignant poet of Mount Rydal, but also, at least by implication, handing it over to the wayward, racy, blithe poet of the soil and of lowly humanity, Robert Burns.

\*"It is important to hold fast to this: that . . . the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life." (Poems of Wordsworth, G. T. S., Preface, p. xvi.). In another place in the same essay, in his characteristically loose way, Arnold uses the epithets "noble and profound" for "powerful and beautiful," applying the former to Homer and the latter to Wordsworth, whose superiority, he says, "arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful application to his subject, of ideas 'on man, on nature, and on human life.'" (Op. cit., pp. xiv. and xv.). Note the characteristically Arnoldian critical qualifications in the phrase, "his best pieces."

On only one of Arnold's reservations in his critical estimate of Wordsworth shall I dwell; the rest I shall merely catalogue and let their cumulative effect count, along with the other, in my constructive method of giving to Burns, amongst British poets, the palm for the most beautiful and powerful application of ideas to life, which, according to Arnold himself, "is the most essential part of poetic greatness." Let me begin with the catalogue, to get it out of the way.

Arnold opens his argument by remarking that Wordsworth had confessed to him that "for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings." The significance of this will appear later in connection with an admission on Arnold's part concerning the ratio of the quality of Wordsworth's poetry to his productiveness compared with a similar ratio in the verse of Burns and other poets. Next, Arnold himself confesses that in Wordsworth's case "the poetry-reading public was very slow to recognise him, and was very easily drawn away from him," and that Scott, Byron, and Tennyson, even during Wordsworth's life-time, "effaced him with this public." Yet, seemingly unaware that these facts were symptoms that there was something wrong, not with the public, but with Wordsworth, Arnold goes on to detail, as if the matter were of no negative consequence for the reputation of his idol, certain profound deficiencies in Wordsworth and his poetry, not only not to be found in Burns and the other eighteenth and nineteenth century poets and their poetry, but actually replaced in these other poets and their verse by positive excellences which Wordsworth had not.

Burns and the others, he says, "attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine

poets," and, at the same time, "they have treasures of humour, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain." Again: Arnold admits that in Wordsworth's seven volumes of verse "the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass (mess?) of pieces . . . so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both," and that to be "possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of poetical baggage." We shall search in vain for any reputable critic who will dare to say that of Burns: for Burns, as Arnold once truly said of Homer, rises with his subject when it is high, and falls with his subject when it is low, consciously does so; but, says our critic concerning Wordsworth, "work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat, and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work." Yet, again, as if he were quite unconscious of having already, in a forthright manner, cut off the head of Wordsworth's poetical reputation, Arnold proceeds to cut off its legs and arms, and, finally, to mutilate its torso, thus: "If," says Arnold, "it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Coleridge, or Keats. . . . It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority."

That is a fatal admission on the part of Arnold: for, judging by single pieces, Wordsworth never wrote anything which in inspiration or beautiful artistry equals Gray's *Elegy*, Burns's *To A Mountain Daisy*, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, or Keats's *Ode To a Grecian Urn*. As to Wordsworth's "ampler body of



powerful work," we are informed by Arnold that "the *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his (Wordsworth's) poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work," that they are, indeed, "a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry," and that even the idea embodied in the famous *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, though "of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind . . . has no real solidity." Precisely the opposite of this characterises Burns's poetry. None of his poems is a tissue of abstract verbiage: each rises or falls consistently with the degree of dignity possessed by its theme or subject: all have reality and solidity, each in its own kind and degree.

Once more: what, to put it paradoxically, what derogatory compliments has Arnold for Wordsworth's inspiration and style? Arnold assures us that in Wordsworth's case inspiration is, as he puts it, an "accident, for so it may almost be called," that Wordsworth "has no assured poetic style of his own," that "when he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity," and that when he has "something which is an equivalent for it," his style is an imitation of the manner of Milton or of Burns.

As to inspiration, Arnold confesses that "Wordsworth composed (and published) verses during a space of some sixty years," and that, notwithstanding so long a period of productiveness and so great an output of verse, "within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, all his really first-rate work was produced." Now, Burns lived but 37 years, and composed and published all his poems between 1786 and 1796, or practically within a decade, and yet after the publication of his first volume kept right on producing poetry of first-rate quality, or, at

least, "social"—satiric and philosophical—poetry of first-rate quality: and what is of more significance, during Burns's life-time there were published three editions of his poems within a year after the publication of the first edition, an enlarged edition (including twenty new poems) in 1793, another edition in 1794, and since Burns's death a legion of editions of all sorts up to the edition of 1906, with the illuminating Introduction by James Douglas. Surely this is enough to prove that, despite Arnold's noble attempt to save Wordsworth, to make him "possible and receivable as a classic" by relieving him of his "great deal of poetical baggage," Burns still remains supreme in public favour, and that in Wordsworth's case the fault was and is not with the public, but with his inspiration—that is to say, with his total lack of the gift, in his poetry, beautifully or powerfully to apply ideas to life.

Finally, as to poetic style: "Wordsworth," says Arnold, "has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his master's manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines." Again: "Wordsworth," says Arnold, "owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and the force of that which it utters," and in support of this quotes Burns's lines, beginning "The poor inhabitant below," from *A Bard's Epitaph*, as a signal instance of the kind of plain style Wordsworth borrowed from Burns. But observe how Arnold "reneges," as I put it, giving the palm to Wordsworth with his right hand and immediately taking it back and presenting it to Burns with his other hand, unconcernedly and with the most amusing naivete and good-nature, as if it were of no consequence to his argument. Note, first, Arnold's gift to Wordsworth: "Everyone," he says, "will be con-

scious of a likeness here (the lines quoted from Burns's *A Bard's Epitaph*) to Wordsworth." Match that, if you can, for naivete, in any other critic: for surely we are conscious of a likeness in Wordsworth's lines to the style of Burns, not, as Arnold puts it, conversely. Note, secondly, Arnold's left-handed gift to Burns: "If Wordsworth," says he, "did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always be forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him."\*

Alas for Arnold's high hopes and critical ingenuity! We behold the poetical reputation of his idol, Wordsworth, with its head and limbs severed from its trunk and its trunk much mutilated, not by the present writer, but by Arnold himself. My own critical function was to afford, through Arnold's own words and critical principles, what is called in logic the "disproof" of his claim "that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time," and also, by implication, to furnish at least "proof presumptive" that the glory of this distinction belongs to that poet whom the people still crown as the original and supreme Laureate of Nature and the Soil, of the Heart of Man, and of sane Social Democracy—the Kelto-Scottish poet Robert Burns.

Let it be granted, then, that Burns, as the hackneyed conventional criticism has it, is the incomparable lyrist of love and of joy in life. I hold also to this: In the history of world-literature Robert Burns is the most significant "voice" of the unprivileged classes—the supreme poet and prophet of social democracy. Of this

thesis I shall now proceed to offer indubitable proof, by showing that Burns's social philosophy is the essence and explanation of the (real) man and of his poetry, and that he himself was the first and foremost among British poets beautifully and powerfully to apply universal democratic ideas to life. What, then, is there in the substance and inspiration of Burns's poetry that makes it the vehicle of a novel social philosophy, and gives it the right to take precedence over the poetry of Gray, Shelley, and Wordsworth? Only this: his ideas of Man and Society, of God, of Nature, and of their fundamental relations are more original, human, and universal than the ideas of these other poets, and are more truthfully envisaged, more passionately and powerfully expressed, than theirs. Nay, even up to this day Burns's social ideas are the most original, human, and universal of all poets, British or other, dead or living.

First: Burns is the poet of the social enfranchisement of Man. If I had phrased this by saying that Burns is the poet of the poor man and the working man, I should have limited his appeal, and perpetuated an invidious distinction not in his poetry, and a superstition. The fact is that in Burns's social philosophy there is no individual man or class of men to whom belongs a monopoly of humanity: there are only the privileged and the unprivileged men or classes, and, in his view, this distinction is man-made, arbitrary, unreal and futile. It is a superstition of conventional criticism that in his fine song, *A Man's a Man for A' That*, Burns meant to glorify the poor man as such at the expense of the gentry, as if to say that a labourer was as worthy a creature as a lord or king. There is no such distinction or senti-

\*For Wordsworth's express acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Burns see his genuinely beautiful poem "At the Grave of Burns," sixth stanza, beginning "Well might I mourn that he was gone."

ment implied in Burns's idea of social democracy, in his conception of right-minded Brotherhood of Man. He was too acute a psychologist, too close a student of real human nature and of society, to commit so egregious a fallacy. He was envisaging the Ideal of society, writing the human Declaration of Independence—for all men, low-born, high-born, poor or rich:

"Then let us pray that come it may  
(As come it will for a' that),  
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,  
Shall bear the gree (prize), an a' that,  
.....  
That man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Burns did not make the mistake of thinking, as the lowly are prone to do, though he himself was lowly-born and poor, that *per se* a democracy is better than an aristocracy, or conversely; nor did he make the mistake, as many have done in their construction of the meaning of a certain phrase in an historic Declaration of Independence, that men are born free and equal, and that because they are born equal they ought to remain equal. No psychology can justify the proposition that all men are born free and equal: and neither psychology, ethics, religion, nor common-sense, can justify the proposition that, however born, men should remain equal. Equal in what? or why remain so? This is the most immoral doctrine ever promulgated. The progress of society is based on the instinctive desire of men to become unequal, on their refusal to remain homogeneous in faculty, capacity, aims, achievements, material and spiritual possessions.

What Burns meant was that neither the poor man nor the rich man, the peasant nor the lord, may confound essential social worths, and substitute, note! either the lack, or the possession, of privileges, which is traditionally symbolised by the lack or possession of riches and high social status, for the "natural right" to

decent respect from one another, to equitable opportunity ideally to enhance life, and to genuine brotherhood in affairs of paramount importance for the happiness and welfare of all—community, country, or world. To Burns, then, I hold, belongs the distinction of having been, not only the first poet but also the first man, truthfully, and more beautifully and powerfully than any other of his fellows, to formulate and express the two fundamental principles of sane social democracy, namely, that amongst men there shall be no privileged classes, and that, in all essential matters, as he so inimitably puts it: "Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth, Shall bear the gree, an' a' that."

That he was original in this view, a novel interpretation of one of his best-known poems, in the light of the history of English literature, will easily assure us. It is thought that Gray, in his *Elegy*, has anticipated Burns's social idea of the dignity of Man as such, and that Burns himself has acknowledged this, by implication, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*. The implied indebtedness of Burns to Gray is taken to lie in the fact that the motto-lines ("Let not Ambition mock," etc) to *The Cotter's Saturday Night* are from Gray's *Elegy*, and that the stanza employed by Burns in this poem is modelled after the *Elegy* (Burns's stanza consists of two quatrains in iambic pentameter, followed by an alexandrine).

The truth is that all Burns is indebted to Gray for is a single instance of literary technique. The rest of Burns's poems have no technique: their structure, rhythm, and diction are indigenous to his native land, and their ideas are wholly original with himself. The slightest reflection will show that Gray's social ideas are, as I have said, affected, literary, and paternal or condescending. For Gray was by birth a gentleman, by academic training a closet-scholar, and



by taste or preference a devotee of culture. So that, beautiful as his *Elegy* is, as poetry, it was impossible for him to do more than to simulate sympathy with the "short and simple annals of the poor," and to embody in his verses, however finely done, anything more than affected sentiment: there could be for him no natural sympathy, no natural emotion, in his realisation of the fact that the poor and the labouring man in essence were the sons of God, the universal Father. Let us note, then, the psychological impossibility of Gray's being, as Burns, by social condition and temperament, naturally was, the spokesman of the poor, and the originator of the basal idea of democracy. Gray's refined sensibility and insight led him to speak for a more humane, not human, view of those less privileged than his class; but he did not speak as one of the lowly-born or through them—in their vernacular. In short, Gray's so-called immortal *Elegy* is, in structure, imagery and verbal music, one of the world's loveliest poems, but taken as the envisagement of veracious social ideas, it is an unique example of specious sentiment in a superb literary exercise.

On the other hand, once Burns gets away from Gray as a model for his literary technique, *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is a vivid, veracious, and intensely human *genre* picture, as the painters say, wherein we see genuine humanity, neither degraded in the sight of men nor unworthy in the sight of God, but vindicated and made happy with simple thoughts and homely pleasures. This is an instance of what I mean by Burns's "immanent criticism" of society in his poetry: the vivid reality of the picture of lowly, but genuine, humanity in *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is more potent to effect, in all right-minded men, just social ideas than are a myriad polemics and preachments. For Burns spoke not con-

descendingly for the unprivileged, as did Gray, and as too many others do to-day, but as one of the unprivileged, uttering their humanest feelings and the democratic aspirations of the age, and therefore his poetry has truth, passion and power: its truth is his discovery; its passion is his sincere sympathy with the unprivileged; and its power is the direct appeal of his ideas to a world waiting for a prophet and singer of the social enfranchisement of Man. Such precisely was Robert Burns.

Again: Burns is the poet of the *spiritual* enfranchisement of Man. This he accomplishes in an original and unique way. He was the first British poet, nay, the very first of all poets, not only to "humanise" (I do not mean "moralise"), but also, in a wholly novel way, to "democratise" God and Nature. In his view, God, Man and Nature form a single cosmos, spiritual through and through: God is pre-eminently the Lover, Companion, and Friend of Man, of all men and women as such, and Nature is not an alien "thing," but a "living creature," fashioned and garbed by the Deity for the express love and companionship of Man. In short, Burns is the universal socialiser. Let us observe the methods by which Burns sets free, enfranchises, the spirit of Man to love and enjoy God and Nature. He employs two methods—pure lyrism and satirical humour.

In all British literature from Chaucer to Pope, there were just two poets of first-rate genius who made of Nature something better than a mere or pleasing landscape. These two were the Kelto-English poet Shakespeare and the Kelto-Scottish poet Burns. Shakespeare's love of Nature was the Keltic love of exquisite colour. Burns's love of Nature was the Keltic love of her animate elements and aspects. He delights in Nature because he can tune his heart

to reciprocal sympathy with Nature's varied moods and expression: these are the reflex of the moods, passions, and emotions of his own soul. He first humanises Nature, and, next, democratises her appeal and companionship:

"The Laverock shuns the palace gay,  
And o'er the cottage sings:  
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween,  
To shepherds as to Kings."

But not in verses such as these, nor in such as those addressed to a Mountain Daisy, which, as Stopford Brooke truly says, "makes one feel as if it were a beautiful child too rudely treated," do we get the inimitable humanising, democratic note of Burns's unique and elemental sympathy with animate Nature. As in *A Man's a Man for A' That* Burns, we saw, first formulated, with truth and finality of phrase, the basal ideas of social democracy, so in *To a Mouse* Burns formulates, also with unique phraseology, a higher social democracy, namely, the sympathetic union of Man and Nature:

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken Nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion,  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,  
An' fellow-mortal."

This is partly what I meant when I said that Burns is the poet of the spiritual enfranchisement of Man. It was Burns who first showed to the world that if the privileged were permitted to monopolise the material possessions of the earth, there was no such thing as the exclusion of the unprivileged from the supreme spiritual possessions in the gift of Nature: her delights in garb and mood, in companionship, in messages of peace and joy, and in communings with the unseen, were as freely granted "to shepherds as to Kings."

With his satirical humour Burns effected the complete spiritual enfranchisement of Man. This he accom-

plished by reducing to an absurdity the Calvinistic view of God as an aristocrat and the immoral implications of the Calvinistic religious asceticism. Some gentle and other fastidious souls have been shocked by the seeming irreverence, and by the palpable coarseness, of Burns's most popular satirical poems. But these persons must be told that a long-standing pernicious belief justified, for its removal, extreme measures, and that what seems irreverence in Burns is unequivocal condemnation of a profound lie, and that what seems coarseness is the veracious picture of ugly moral facts hidden behind a religious exterior.

Burns went straight back to Christ for his view of God. To Burns the Deity is pre-eminently the Lover—not of Man merely, but of the animate universe. It was impossible, therefore, for Burns to accept the Calvinistic doctrine, or that construction of Calvin's doctrine, which held that the Deity had elected, *ab aeo*, an aristocracy of the sons of men who alone should enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, while all others should be cast into outer darkness. Burns reduced this view to an absurdity in his *Address to the Deil*, wherein, with droll kindly humour, the poet expresses a fellow-feeling for the Devil himself, and thus exalts the humanity of Man above that of the Calvinistic Deity.

Calvinism, Burns saw, results either in remorseless puritanism, the absolute abnegation of the natural joys of life, or in outward religiosity and secret sin. The one is based on the "fear" (not the "love") of God, and the other on the fear of men and the belief that, according to the Calvinistic economy, the elect are immune, by hypothesis, from hell. The first Burns treated with respect, or with tolerant humour, as in *Auld Sir Symon*. But he relentlessly excoriated the sham Calvinists, notably

in *Holy Willie's Prayer* and *The Holy Fair*, and their provisional morality in *The Jolly Beggars*, a poem, by the way, which could yet be constructed into a libretto and lyrics for a modern comic opera, with a satiric purpose, that would be as effective to-day as were the social comedies of Aristophanes in the days of the decline of Greece. But the real Burns and his real points of view are compacted in a single poem, namely, his *Address to the Unco Guid*, wherein he mingles derision of the rigidly righteous, sympathy for the weak, and charity for all after the manner of Christ. Thus did Burns complete the spiritual enfranchisement of Man, by substituting for an aristocratic view of the Deity a universally social view, and by freeing the conscience of men from fear of divine wrath for participating in the natural joys of Life.

As a craftsman in literary technique, Burns is surpassed by a score of British poets. But he still takes the foremost place amongst them all—first, as the supreme lyrist of love and of joy in life, and, secondly, as the greatest social poet of any age. For his social ideas are more original, veracious, human, and universal in their scope and application than those of any other poet, not excepting Shakespeare. Supreme as Shakespeare is in drama, he left us only this half-truth: "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Burns taught us this all-embracing truth: "God, Man and Nature form a single social

economy, of which the animating power and unifying bonds are Love."

To the young Confederacy Canada, the formative genius of which is Kel-tic, the social democracy of this great Kelto-Scottish poet, Robert Burns, should have a significant message. Canada is the latest warder of Democracy. Burns formulated for all time the two essential principles of Democracy: that irrespective of social origin or status, the right of men to respect and to office shall be based on individual worth (intelligence, character and capacity), and that the goods of the spirit (educational, cultural and aesthetic) shall be equally free to all. At present in Canada there is a tendency on the part of the capitalist to regard himself as better than the artisan, and on the part of the artisan to regard himself as the equal of the capitalist. There are no capitalists or artisans in social democracy, but only men, all unprivileged, all free to win the prizes by fine good sense and worth.

Again: in Canada there is a tendency to reerudescence the old Calvinistic doctrine of the elect in religious relations and in other spiritual possessions. To those who are promoting this tendency Burns's message is that God is the Lover of the animate universe, and that He walks abroad in the beauty of His Holiness, canopied only by the heavens and carpeted only by Nature, where all men may meet and commune with Him, and take joy in life, without creed or ritual or tithes.





# HEARNE AND MATONABBEE\*

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

IT will be news to most people that a British fortress in Canada was surrendered to the French long after Canada became British—I think the only one that was given up by a commander who was nothing of a soldier, who never fired a defensive shot, and who has never been listed among military failures. This extraordinary event happened on the shore of Hudson Bay in 1782. The stronghold was Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of Churchill Harbour, the commander was Governor Samuel Hearne, whose military failure was no failure at all, and whose literary renown is becoming more renowned because of the patriotic labours in the publishing world of the Champlain Society of Canada.

If ever military science was reduced to the proportions of comic opera, it was on the shore of Canada's inland sea, which was icebound for two-thirds of the year, and was the last place in the world you would think of where some men would build a fort and man the walls with twenty-four-pounders; but the fort is there yet, it has walls up to forty-two feet thick, it has cannon still where they were when Hearne thought it was not worth while to fire them, and in a short while there will be raised in sight of this deserted structure, overgrown with wild currants and raspberries and scrub willow, the eleva-

tors and terminal apparatus of the railway that is to bring to Hudson Bay part of the overflowing wheat crop of Manitoba and Saskatchewan and Alberta, and that will be the latest thing in the faith and works of public ownership.

The fort was nearly forty years in building. It could only be a weapon of defence against the French. From this distance it looks a mighty foolish thing to have spent so much time and money on constructing a place which, as the event proved, could not be held against a force that amounted to anything, and that was not worth holding because the conditions of sailing those waters and of sustaining the civilised life in that region were such that it was not gunpowder but food and warmth that would quickly decide the day.

So when Admiral La Perouse with his three ships of war came to Churchill and demanded the surrender of Fort Prince of Wales, Hearne, who was inside the building with a handful of men, knew that with no hope of succouring ships of war from England, with the certainty of implacable winter taking possession of everything, the equal certainty that even if British ships should arrive in the following year they would not appear until August had come around again, discretion was by far the better part of valour,

\*A journey from Prince of Wales's Fort, in Hudson's Bay, to the Northern Ocean, in the years 1769, 1770, 1771, and 1772, by Samuel Hearne. New edition, with introduction, notes and illustration by J. B. Tyrrell, M.A. (Toronto: the Champlain Society, 1911).

and so he surrendered and was transferred with his papers and private goods to the Admiral's flagship, where, on the way to England, the two discussed together the journal of his remarkable journey to the Coppermine River ten years before. So that the practical service which Fort Prince of Wales rendered to the civilisation of North America and to posterity was an editorial consultation on board a French frigate, the soundness of whose conclusions is attested to by the republication of the journal that Hearne carried into bondage by the Champlain Society of Canada, under the editorship of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell.

It is remarkable that Hearne's first editor should have been a French Admiral who knew more about fighting than Hearne did, and that his last editor should be a Canadian mining engineer who has been over much of the Hearne country and who knows infinitely more about the business which took Hearne to the Coppermine than Hearne ever knew.

Hearne was hopelessly out of place as the defender of what was intended to be an impregnable stronghold. He was also out of place as a reporter upon the fabulous copper deposits on the edge of the Arctic Sea. It is pretty clear also from his own story, which furnishes the principal material for Mr. Tyrrell's summing up of his character, that he was out of place as the head of an overland voyage of discovery. He had been a sailor, and he had learned something about surveying, but he had none of the gift of leadership which enables the civilised man to control a horde of barbarians on whom he must depend for food and safety and locomotion in a vast unknown territory.

Hearne started first from Fort Churchill for the Coppermine in November, 1769, and his departure was distinguished by inspiring salvo from seven of the guns there mounted. Chawhinachaw, the Indian chief, who

convoyed him, robbed and starved him and left him in the wilderness, listening to their ribald laughter as they disappeared into the bush, wondering how he was going to find his way back to Churchill. The second time he received no parting salute. He was not quite so despitely used by his Indians, but they led him a dog's life all the same. He had got nearly as far north as Chesterfield Inlet, when, leaving his quadrant while he lunched, the wind blew over and broke the instrument and compelled him to walk back to the fort, which he reached in November, after nine months' resultless marching through the treeless waste. When he started forth the third time he was not really in charge of his own expedition, for his letter of instructions from Governor Norton says that Matonabee, the Indian, would take good care of him.

Hearne's story is not told in the style of a modern magazine writer skilled in the discovery and display of human interest, but the most inveterate writer for the twentieth century press could not give more vividness to the things seen and heard on a tramp through the wilderness along with Indians than Hearne gives in page after page of his journal. As a book on conditions in a country which carries fewer people now than it did then, Hearne's story easily deserves the description his editor gives it of being a classic of its particular kind.

I feel a certain guiltiness in having said anything of Hearne's inability as a commander and his complaisance as a fighter. A man is not to be blamed because certain qualities were not vouchsafed to him at birth. There is other courage than physical courage; there are other gifts than those of accurate measurement and mineralogical sense. Hearne was given a piece of work to do. He did it to the best of his ability, and in

doing it he displayed a cheerful tenacity that more than over-sets the disadvantages of which he must himself have been painfully conscious.

"You look frightened to death," said a soldier to another as they climbed the heights of the Alma. "Yes, I am," was the answer, "and if you were half as frightened as I am you would have run long ago." It required very much more nerve from Hearne to perform his work than would have been exacted from a man of greater natural intrepidity, and if he had been more dominant over his Indians, the chances are we should not have had his remarkable pictures of an aboriginal life that has disappeared from the backyard of Canada.

Hearne's character sketch of Matonabbee, Mr. Tyrrell says, is one of the most appreciative and sympathetic accounts of a North American Indian that has come to his notice. There is a separate chapter upon him, and, of course, he appears on many pages of the journal. He apparently had the contradictions in character which afflict nearly all genius. He was magnanimous and vindictive, strong-minded and superstitious, barbarous and refined. All through his life he exhibited qualities of leadership that would have made him a great figure in any environment. He was a cross between a Northern and a Southern Indian, and spent several years at Churchill as a protege of the father of that Governor Norton who sent Hearne to the Coppermine. Here is Hearne's description of him:

"In stature, Matonabbee was above the common size, being six feet high; and, except that his neck was rather (though not much) too short, he was one of the finest and best proportioned men that I ever saw. In complexion he was dark, like the other Northern Indians, but his face was not disfigured by that ridiculous custom of marking the cheeks with three or four black lines. His features were regular and agreeable,

and yet so strongly marked and expressive, that they formed a complete index of his mind; which, as he never intended to deceive or dissemble, he never wished to conceal. In conversation he was easy, lively and agreeable, but exceedingly modest; and at table, the nobleness and elegance of his manners might have been admired by the first personages in the world; for to the vivacity of the Frenchman, and the sincerity of an Englishman, he added the gravity and nobleness of a Turk; all so happily blended as to render his company and conversation universally pleasing to those who understood either the Northern or Southern Indians, the only languages in which he could converse.

"He was remarkably fond of Spanish wines, though he never drank to excess; and as he would not partake of spirituous liquors, however fine in quality or plainly mixed, he was always master of himself. As no man is exempt from frailties, it is natural to suppose that as a man he had his share; but the greatest with which I can charge him, is jealousy, and that sometimes carried him beyond the bounds of humanity."

Matonabbee, when only a youth, was sent as an ambassador and mediator between the Northern Indians and the Athapuscow tribe, who until then had always been at war with each other. The story of this embassy is told by Hearne from hearsay a good many years after the event, and perhaps it may not have lost anything in the journey to Hearne's ears, for Matonabbee probably had his share of vanity regarding his own exploits.

But that he was magnanimous is clear from Hearne's own narrative. He tells us of the commercial perfidy of the Chief Keelshies, who, falling in with a party of Indians who were going to Fort Churchill with furs,

"took twelve of these people under his charge, all heavy laden with the most valuable furs; and long before they arrived at the Fort, he and the rest of his crew had got all the furs from them, in payment for provisions for their support, and obliged them to carry the furs on their own account.

"On their arrival at Prince of Wales Fort, Keelshies laid claim to great merit for having brought those strangers so



richly laden, to the Factory, and assured the Governor that he might, in future, expect a great increase in trade from that quarter through his interest and assiduity.

"Keelshies and the rest of his execrable gang, not content with sharing all the furs those poor people had carried to the Fort, determined to get also all the European goods that had been given to them by the Governor. As neither Keelshies nor any of his gang had the courage to kill the Copper Indians, they concerted a deep-laid scheme for their destruction; which was to leave them on an island. With this in view, when they got to the proposed spot, the Northern Indians took care to have all the baggage belonging to the Copper Indians ferried across to the main, and having stripped them of such parts of their clothing as they thought worthy their notice, went off with all the canoes, leaving them all behind on the island, where they perished for want. When I was on my journey to the Fort in June, one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two, I saw the bones of those poor people, and had the foregoing account from my guide, Matonabbee; but it was not made known to the Governor for some years afterwards, for fear of prejudicing him against Keelshies.

"A similar circumstance had nearly happened to a Copper Indian who accompanied me to the Fort in one thousand, seven hundred and seventy-two; after we were all ferried across Seal River, and the poor man's bundle of furs on the Southside, he was left alone on the opposite shore; and no one except Matonabbee would go over for him. The wind at the time blew so hard that Matonabbee stripped himself quite naked, to be ready for swimming in case the canoe should upset; but he soon brought the Copper Indian safe over, to the no small mortification of the wretch who had the charge of him, and who would gladly have possessed the bundle of furs at the expense of the poor man's life.

"When the Northern Indians returned from the Factory that year, the above Copper Indian put himself under the protection of the Matonabbee, who accompanied him as far north as latitude 64 degrees, where they saw some Copper Indians, among whom was the young man's father, into whose hands Matonabbee delivered him in good health, with all his goods safe and in good order."

Matonabbee had an extraordinarily high appreciation of the value of wo-

man, but he would scarcely have been an equal suffragette. He told Hearne that he had failed on his first two journeys because he had no women in the party, for a woman could always do twice as much work as a man, and in times of scarcity could live on the licking of her fingers. He practised what he preached, for being a leader and governor among his people, he had always on the trip with Hearne from six to eight wives, whom he selected for their size, rather than their beauty.

The fires of jealousy were always smouldering with him. One spouse whom he had taken from her husband ran away. Some time afterwards her husband was in the camp, and because he spoke disrespectfully of Matonabbee for having robbed him of his wife, Matonabbee coolly procured a new, long, box-handled knife from the bundle of one of his wives, took the offender by the collar, stabbed him three times, fortunately, not fatally. Says Hearne:

"When Matonabbee returned to his tent, after committing this horrible deed, he sat down as composedly as if nothing had happened, called for water to wash his bloody hands and knife, smoked his pipe as usual, seemed to be perfectly at ease, and asked if I did not think he had done right?"

Another time when a young woman was found near Great Slave Lake, who had lived by herself several months without seeing a human face, she was wrestled for half a dozen times before the assembled company. Matonabbee would have entered the lists but for one of his wives, who made a taunting remark to him, when

"Matonabbee took it as such an affront that he fell on her with both hands and feet and bruised her to such a degree that, after lingering some time, she died."

The Indian who behaved so nicely when he was at the Fort and had a fine taste for Spanish wines, was also an epicure in the field.

"Partridge were very numerous in the North in those days," says Hearne, "and though their flesh is generally very black and bitter, occasioned by their feeding on the brush of the fir tree, yet they make a variety, or change of diet, and are thought exceedingly good, particularly by the natives, who, though capable of living so hard, and at times eating very ungrateful food, are, nevertheless, as fond of variety as any people whom I ever saw; and will go as great lengths, according to their circumstances, to gratify their palates, as the greatest epicure in England. As proof of this assertion, I have frequently known Matonabbee and others who could afford it, for the sake of variety only, send some of their young men to kill partridges at the expense of more ammunition than would have killed deer sufficient to have maintained their families many days, whereas the partridges were always eaten up at one meal, and to heighten the luxury on these occasions, the partridges are boiled in a kettle of sheer fat, which, it must be allowed, renders them beyond all description finer flavoured than when boiled in water or common broth. I have also eaten deer skins boiled in fat, which were exceedingly good."

In spite of his associations with white people, Matonabbee was still uncommonly superstitious in some respects. He was a sort of Christian Scientist the other way on. He believed in the efficacy of absent treatment as a punative measure.

"As a proof of this, Matonabbee (who always thought me possessed of this art), on his arrival at Prince of Wales's Fort in the winter of 1778, informed me that a man whom I had never seen but once had treated him in such a manner that he was afraid of his life; in consequence of which he pressed me very much to kill him, though I was then several hundreds of miles distant; on which, to please this great man to whom I owed so much, and not expecting that any harm could possibly arise from it, I drew a rough sketch of two human figures on a piece of paper, in the attitude of wrestling; in the hand of one of them, I drew the figure of a bayonet pointing to the breast of the other. This is me, said I to Matonabbee, pointing to the figure which was holding the bayonet; and the other is your enemy. Opposite to these figures I drew a pine-tree, over which I placed a large human eye, and out of the tree

projected a human hand. This paper I gave to Matonabbee, with instructions to make it as publicly known as possible. Sure enough, the following year, when he came into trade, he informed me that the man was dead, though at that time he was not less than three hundred miles from Prince of Wales's Fort. He assured me that the man was in perfect health when he heard of my design against him; but almost immediately afterwards became quite gloomy, and, refusing all kind of sustenance, in a very few days died."

In Hearne's time there was no regular attempt to Christianise the Indians, but Matonabbee was so often at the Fort that he gained a knowledge of the Christian faith, which, he declared, was too deep and too intricate for his comprehension. He did not think he had any right to ridicule any person on account of his religious opinion, declaring

"that he held them all equally in esteem, but was determined, as he came into the world, so he would go out of it, without professing any religion at all. Notwithstanding his aversion from religion, I have met few Christians who possessed more good moral qualities, or fewer bad ones.

"It is impossible for any man to have been more punctual in the performance of a promise than he was; his scrupulous adherence to truth and honesty would have done honour to the most enlightened and devout Christian, while his benevolence and universal humanity to all the human race, according to his abilities and manner of life, could not be exceeded by the most illustrious personage now on record; and to add to his other good qualities, he was the only Indian that I ever saw, except one, who was not guilty of backbiting and slandering his neighbours."

I have spoken of the comic opera aspect of Hearne's capitulation to La Perouse. But it was no comic opera for the great Indian, who, when he had brought Hearne safely back, was made head of all the Northern Indian Nation and continued to render great service to the company. Hearne last saw him when he came to the Fort in the spring of 1782, and expected to see him in the following

winter, but La Perouse interfered, and when Matonabbee, in the wilderness, heard that Hearne had surrendered to the French and had disappeared with all the company's servants, he fell into a deep dejection, from which he sought relief by hanging himself, the only Northern Indian that Hearne ever knew of who put an end to his own existence. Soon after he died six of his wives and four children were starved to death because he was not there to provide for them.

Hearne does not seem to have had a glimmering of an idea that his trip to the Coppermine had purchased him a literary immortality, nor in mentioning the melancholy end of Matonabbee does he seem to recognise the tragic coincidence that his own ignominious expulsion from the Fort brought death to the great-hearted man who is without doubt the outstanding figure in this interesting and enduring record.

Some day, perhaps, a modern literary genius will gather together and will revivify the lives of the great Indians of this continent. "The noble red man" is not a mere phrase. If you compare the story of Matonabbee with that say of Henry VIII., you know that the faults of the Indian were small in comparison with the faults of the second Tudor King. His virtues were great in kind and degree, which is more than you can say for Henry. If, when there is a city at Churchill, and the North has lost the mysterious awfulness that has so

long distinguished it, there may be erected as a symbol of our debt to the past, a statue of this man, who, while the recorder of his deeds and character was enjoying the best things that London and Paris could afford, as the direct result of his surrender at Churchill, took that disgrace so much to heart that he went out and hanged himself.

The Champlain Society has a limited membership, the qualification for which is the payment of \$10 a year, so that works of value to the student of Canadian history may be given afresh to the world. We may not yet have reached the time when such books as Hearne's and such autobiographies as that of David Thompson, which, also edited by Mr. Tyrrell, will shortly be issued by the society, would be in great demand by the general public. But one cannot help thinking that by some access of strength the publications of the Champlain Society, whose president is Sir Edmund Walker, should be very much more widely spread than is now the case. Every public library should contain at least two copies of such books as these, and every citizen who cares anything for the preservation, in the public mind, of those things which give to the development of Canada its peculiar fame and flavour, should do his part to secure for works like this the popularity which their historic merit and intrinsic interest deserve. For we know too little of many of our most precious heritages.





# THE PATENT COMBINATION

AN ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF ONTARIO

BY W. S. WALLACE

NOT infrequently we know more about the remote past than we do about the times immediately preceding our own. It is probable, for example, that we know more about the foreign policy of Elizabeth than we do about the foreign policy of Victoria; more about the Cecil who became Lord Burghley than about the Cecil who was the Marquis of Salisbury. And if one had to select the period of Canadian history about which we know least, it would probably be the half-century from 1862 to 1912. To this day, for instance, we know virtually nothing of what went on behind the closed doors of the Quebec Conference of 1864, although the fruit of the Conference was the Confederation of the British North American Provinces.

With regard to the history of Canadian politics since Confederation, our sources of information are still of the most inadequate sort: the Archives at Ottawa and Toronto stop short very soon after 1867; many collections of private papers, such as the papers of Sir Oliver Mowat and John Sandfield Macdonald, seem to have been destroyed; some collections, such as the papers of Sir John A. Macdonald, have been only partly drawn upon, and are not yet ready for publication; and the papers of men like Mr. Edward Blake and Sir Richard Scott, who are still living, may not hope to see the light of day

for some time yet. The man in the street must glean his knowledge of post-Confederation politics from a few biographies, such as Mr. Pope's *Sir John Macdonald*; Mr. Willison's *Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party*; Mr. Biggar's *Sir Oliver Mowat*; and the Buckingham-Ross *Life of Alexander Mackenzie*; or from the pages of those fulsome *Cyclopedias of Biography*, with which a former generation of publishers preyed upon the weaknesses of human nature. If a fuller and more detailed knowledge is desired, recourse must be had to a perusal of the back files of old newspapers, a task of so laborious a nature as to deter most people from attempting it.

To anyone who realises the inadequacy of our authorities for the history of Canada since 1867, it will therefore not be surprising to find that the history of the first administration in Ontario is yet to be written.

The ministry which set the Confederation scheme a-working in Ontario was the Government of John Sandfield Macdonald. Sandfield Macdonald was one of the foremost Canadian statesmen of those days. He had been Prime Minister of the United Canadas from 1862 to 1864. He was supported by an able and distinguished Cabinet of Ministers, two of whom afterwards became Chief Justices, and one of whom, Sir John Carling, died recently at a green and reverend old age. Yet there is no biography

extant of either Sandfield Macdonald, or any of his colleagues; there are not even published any collections of their speeches; and the history of their administration must be collected by the layman from two or three pages in Pope's *Macdonald* and Biggar's *Mowat*, and from a couple of chapters in Colonel Clarke's *Sixty Years in Upper Canada*.

The choice of John Sandfield Macdonald as the first Premier of Ontario was due to Sir John A. Macdonald. "John A." and "J. S." had been for many years political opponents: one was a Conservative, the other was nominally a Reformer. But Sandfield Macdonald, however, was a man whom it was difficult to classify in the category of any political party. What he cherished more than anything else was his personal independence: he repeatedly warned the Legislative Assembly under the Union that his utterances must not be taken as binding his political friends, and he frankly described himself in the House as "the Ishmael of Parliament." So noticeably did he dissociate himself, for instance, from the wing of the Reform party led by George Brown that Sir John Macdonald had on one occasion at least endeavored to inveigle him into a Conservative Cabinet, an offer which was declined by Sandfield Macdonald in the famous and characteristic telegram, "No go." It was not surprising, therefore, that it should have been to Sandfield Macdonald that Sir John A. Macdonald offered in 1867 the Premiership of Ontario. A Reformer who had succeeded in forming a stable administration where George Brown had failed; a Roman Catholic who had pursued an independent course in regard to separate schools; and a vigorous opponent of Confederation who had acquiesced in the new order of things, the new Premier was one who was calculated

to carry with him a considerable element in the Reform party, to gain the support both of Protestants and Catholics, and to conciliate that large element in the population which had been strongly anti-Confederationist.

It was the desire of Sir John A. Macdonald, and in this Sandfield Macdonald was at one with him, to establish the Government of Ontario on a no-party basis. It was a coalition that had brought about the birth of Confederation; and it was thought advisable that a coalition should set the Confederation scheme a-working in Ontario, until at least parties were able to grow up naturally in the new arena. Sir John even went the length of denouncing on the hustings the evils of partyism. "Party," he said, "is merely a struggle for office: the madness of many for the gain of a few." The Cabinet which Sandfield Macdonald formed, therefore, was of a somewhat hybrid description. Sandfield Macdonald himself was a Reformer in a class by himself; the Provincial Treasurer, Mr. E. B. Wood, was a clear Grit; the Commissioner of Crown Lands, Mr. Stephen Richards, was a moderate Reformer; the Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works, Mr. (afterwards Sir) John Carling, was a moderate Conservative; and the Provincial Secretary, Mr. (afterwards Sir) M. C. Cameron, was a dyed-in-the-wool high Tory. If not exactly a "ministry of all talents," Sandfield Macdonald's Cabinet was at least one in which nearly every stripe of political complexion was represented. What made such an arrangement possible was the fact that in the new provincial arena there seemed to be no reason for the perpetuation of the struggles that preceded Confederation. The issues in provincial politics, indeed, promised to be almost wholly administrative.

Sandfield Macdonald was a Glen-



Portrait by J. W. L. Forster, R.C.A., Toronto  
HONOURABLE JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD  
FIRST PREMIER, ONTARIO

garry Highlander. He had run away from home at an early age, and had entered the study of law in the town of Cornwall, where he eventually amassed, in the practice of law, a considerable fortune. He had entered the first Parliament of United Canada in 1841, nominally as a Conservative and a supporter of Lord Sydenham, but really as a representative of the Macdonalds of Glengarry. When parties began to form, Macdonald was found voting as a rule with Robert Baldwin; and between

the two men there sprang up a bond of friendship, which was severed only by death. In 1849 Sandfield Macdonald became Solicitor-General in the Baldwin-Lafontaine Government; and in 1858 he was a member of the ill-fated and still-born Brown-Dorion Administration. Between George Brown and Sandfield Macdonald, however, there was never any cordiality. When Sandfield Macdonald became Premier of Canada in 1862, the best that George Brown could say of him in *The Globe* was that he





HONOURABLE (THE LATE SIR) JOHN CARLING  
COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE AND PUBLIC WORKS IN THE FIRST ONTARIO GOVERNMENT

was "a somewhat crotchety individual"; and when Sandfield Macdonald became Premier of Ontario in 1867, George Brown was the heart and soul of the Opposition he had to encounter.

There was in Sandfield Macdonald nothing spectacular. He was not a good speaker, and his constitution was so frail that his attention to public business was not perhaps always what it might have been. As he himself confessed, he often lacked dignity: he lived for some time in rooms attached to the Government offices in the old Parliament Buildings on Front Street, Toronto, and a relative of the present writer's saw him there, on one occasion, taking in the groceries at the door in his shirt-sleeves. He was occasionally tactless. At the beginning of his

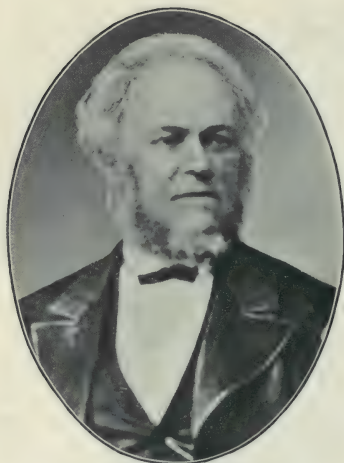
career as Premier of Ontario, he roused a storm of criticism by what was known as his "axe-grinding speech"; in asking the suffrages of the people of Hamilton for Mr. O'Reilly, the Government candidate, he made use of the unfortunate expression, "If you have any axes to grind, send them down to Toronto by Mr. O'Reilly." Occasionally his utterances had a distinctly Walpolean flavour. "A Government must support its supporters"; "What do you want, gentlemen? Name your price and you shall have it"; "What the hell has Strathroy done for me?" Epigrams of this sort fell from his lips with startling frequency. Yet Sandfield Macdonald was a man who, according to the most various testimony, had the interests of the public weal at heart. He had the ideas



HONOURABLE (THE LATE SIR) MATTHEW CROOKS CAMERON  
PROVINCIAL SECRETARY IN THE FIRST ONTARIO GOVERNMENT

that almost every practical politician had in those days in regard to the spoils system; but apart from that, he administered the affairs of Ontario with great honesty and economy from 1867 to 1871, under circumstances where neither honesty nor economy were easy. "I have been very economical," he said on one occasion in the House, when a small piece of jobbery had been detected in the accounts; "but sometimes it is very difficult to resist these people." So great was his economy that he was often accused of niggardliness; and the defence which he made on this

head when he visited Glengarry in 1869, is worth reproducing: "I admit," he said, "that I am niggardly. I deal with the public money as though I were dealing with my own personal funds. I am quite convinced—I took this ground during the Confederation debates—that an excessive or extravagant expenditure would in the long run lead the people to complain of the cost of local government, and the next step would be the overthrow of our present governmental system. So long as I have the honour to be a member of the Ontario Government, I shall continue



HONOURABLE STEPHEN RICHARDS  
COMMISSIONER OF CROWN LANDS IN THE FIRST ONTARIO  
GOVERNMENT

to be niggardly, for economy, the strictest and most careful economy, is the sheet anchor of the Federal constitution." The resources of Ontario have proved to be less exhaustible than Sandfield Macdonald expected they would be; but his attitude showed him at any rate a careful guardian of the public interest.

The other Reformers in the Cabinet were Mr. E. B. Wood and Mr. Stephen Richards. Mr. E. B. Wood had been regarded up to 1867 as a follower of George Brown; but the Provincial Treasurership evidently looked more attractive to him than the shades of Opposition, and Sandfield Macdonald was able to bring him into his "Patent Combination" (as Sandfield himself described the coalition Government). E. B. Wood was one of the foremost criminal lawyers in the province, and a man with great powers of eloquence; it was on this account that he earned his sobriquet of "Big Thunder." Unfortunately, he was not always a model of sobriety. Those were the days when

whiskey played a great part in Canadian politics; and in this respect E. B. Wood was not conspicuously worse than many of his most distinguished contemporaries. But in his case, this feature of his character had its pathetic aspects. He was an enthusiastic advocate of prohibition; and when the first Prohibition Bill was introduced in the House in 1873, he spoke strongly in its favour. The story is told of him that he once arrived at a town where he was to speak in the evening in a state of such utter intoxication that his supporters were filled with consternation. They walked him up and down the main street, however, and by the time the meeting was called he was sufficiently recovered to be able to address it. He had, under the circumstances, nothing prepared; and when he rose he asked the audience what they would like him to discuss. Someone suggested "Temperance," and Mr. Wood straightway launched out into a temperance oration that was pronounced by some persons to be the most stirring ever delivered in those parts. He was supposed in matters of public policy to be somewhat under Grand Trunk influence; but he was a man of great ability, and one who meant well by the people.

The appointment of Mr. Stephen Richards to the Commissionership of Crown Lands caused some surprise. When the appointment was announced, *The Globe*, with its usual urbanity, inquired in capital letters, *Who is Stephen Richards?* And even *The Leader*, the Government organ, confessed that he would not have been its choice. But an infinitely worse choice might have been made; and four years later even *The Globe* was constrained to pay him an unwilling tribute. "Mr. Richards," it said, "is slow, hesitating, hair-splitting, and shabby, but he works." He was a brother of Chief Justice A. B.



Richards, and came of a family of strong Reformers; but he himself was not a strong party man, and he confined himself largely to the administration of his department.

The Conservatives were Mr. John Carling and Mr. M. C. Cameron. Mr. Carling was a wealthy brewer of London, Ontario, who had already held Cabinet office in the Conservative Government in 1862. He was a man who spoke very seldom in the House. "Mr. Carling," said Mr. Edward Blake in 1870, "is not a prominent man in debate, but a tolerably active man in those matters which do not require much speaking in public. No man was more active than he in doing what business is done in the corridors." He was a general favourite; and it was admitted on all hands that his administration of the Department of Agriculture and Public Works was able and efficient. The name of "Honest John Carling," which he earned for himself, is perhaps the most fitting epitaph for his political monument.

Mr. M. C. Cameron, the Provincial Secretary, was, like Mr. Wood, a distinguished criminal lawyer. He was a forceful speaker, and when he chose to spare time from his briefs, a good administrator. But he was not born to be a politician. He had the instincts of the Tory aristocrat, and could not descend to currying favour with the multitude. "Must I shake hands with everyone in this way?" he asked when engaged in a canvass in Toronto in 1860; and when he was told that shake hands he must, he retired from the contest. His views, moreover, were of that pure and old-fashioned Toryism, which had long since become an anachronism. He believed that Canada had been governed better by the Family Compact than under the system of Responsible Government. He believed the Clergy Reserves Act of 1854 was robbery of the most shame-



HONOURABLE E. B. WOOD,  
PROVINCIAL TREASURER IN THE FIRST ONTARIO GOVERNMENT

less sort; and he was sincerely opposed to any extension of the franchise. In the frankness with which he avowed these unpopular views there was something refreshing. He was quixotic, uncalculating, sometimes petulant; but his sincerity, his freedom from cant, and his high sense of honour must win for him admiration as a man, where admiration of him as a politician is withheld. It is recorded of him that he was so scrupulous in his sense of honour "that he would not send an unstamped letter to the House post-office if it were on any other than public business."

Men so diverse as these could not perhaps be expected to work together so harmoniously in one Cabinet as might be desired. Certainly, on a number of occasions there emerged evidences of disagreement in the Cabinet. At the close of the very first session, even *The Leader* felt constrained to refer to "the somewhat uncalled-for displays of divergent views which were made by Ministers in the House." Perhaps the most

remarkable of these displays was that which took place over the proposal to grant an appropriation of \$4,000 to the widow of William Lyon Mackenzie. Mr. Cameron rose and delivered himself of a panegyric on the Family Compact; the Premier absented himself from voting; and Mr. Richards was the only Minister found voting in favour of the proposal.

Sandfield Macdonald's Government went to pieces in 1871. In the face of the attack which Mr. Blake and Mr. Mackenzie made in December, 1871, the "Patent Combination" broke up. Mr. Wood resigned, and left his colleagues under fire. An adverse majority forced the resignation of the rest of the Ministers; and when Mr. Blake came into power he had to confront a shattered Opposition. Sandfield Macdonald refused to continue in the leadership of the party, and shortly afterwards went home to Cornwall to die. Mr. Wood took up an independent position; and even

Mr. Richards preferred to pursue a course of his own. Mr. M. C. Cameron, alone of the members of the coalition, remained to lead the party.

The fall of the Sandfield Macdonald Government was ostensibly due to its railway aid policy. It had got the House to vote \$1,500,000 into the hands of the executive, to be distributed without any further check on its distribution to any railway which the executive wished to aid. The unpopularity of this policy in the country was undoubtedly one cause of the Government's downfall. Sir John A. Macdonald pronounced the fall of the Government to be due to the refusal of Sandfield Macdonald to expend the surplus which Ontario derived from the financial arrangements made at Confederation. But at least a contributory cause of Sandfield Macdonald's defeat was the lack of solidarity in the Cabinet itself. Confronted by a compact and aggressive Opposition, his Government fell in the ultimate analysis because of internal weakness.



# THE GREEN LAWN CLUB

NEW YEAR'S MORNING IN A LONDON CAB SHELTER

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

THE cab shelter does not become a factor in the life of the average Canadian visitor to London. It is doubtful if he gives the numerous little six by fifteen structures a second glance or has more than the vaguest notion of their use and origin—and he shares his ignorance with the average Londoner.

But London's cab shelters are unobtrusive, unlisted additions to its innumerable clubs. Their membership is shifting and uncertain, but, theoretically, severely restricted in character. For they have been dotted thoughtfully about London by a benevolent Society which is deeply pained when it hears that any but duly licensed hackney carriage drivers have shared its hospitality. However, to your true cabman no law is unbreakable but the Rule of the Road, and the Society and opinions of outsiders are welcome to those who survey life from the lofty detachment of a hansom's dickey.

The Green Lawn Club surpassed all other cab-shelters. Boast if you like of the Junior Turf in Piccadilly, where the aristocracy of cabdom were wont to foregather; I deny that for good-fellowship it could come within miles of the Green Lawn. A stone's throw from the *Adelphi*, harbourer of Stevenson's grim (Suicide Club, there was never more than a pleasant spice of occasional tragedy about the tiny building. Anything that overlooks the Thames must needs see

something of the seamy side of life. Besides, there were police notices ever fluttering over the heads of club members as unobtrusive skeletons at the feast.

"The Green Lawn Club! That's wot I calls it!" Juggins had exclaimed upon one memorable evening. And, when pressed for a reason: "There's green lawns in the surroundin' Embankment Gawdens, the shelter's painted green, and—and—Corkey cooks greens to a marvel. And that's more reasons than there is to most things, and if yer don't like it ye can shut yer 'ead."

Thus simply and beautifully was the club christened, and Juggins, after his talented sponsorship, vehemently elected himself perpetual president.

Between two and four in the morning were the club's golden hours. The shelter was not crowded—fifteen was its utmost capacity at any time, even when Corkey allowed a privileged member to squeeze into his tiny kitchen at one end—but between two and four the cream of its membership had their backs against the shelter's walls and their elbows on the narrow table that ran round three of its sides.

Sometimes there would be a fumbling at the door and talk would cease until the newcomer was revealed. Those who entered without noise were obviously accredited individuals, familiar with the secret of



the door. But those who fumbled were of the uninitiate, and it might be necessary to repel them with cries of "Aht of 'ere, you ain't no kebman!" or, "Beg pawdon, sir, you can't come in 'ere. These shelters is for kebmen only," according to the rank and appearance of the subject.

The privileged guests were alike only in that they were "sportsmen"—good fellows. Some were poor, but not yet desperately ragged night-birds, work-seekers—and shirkers—who could still afford a good hot meal. Some came under Juggins's classification of "awtists, actors, writin' blokes and all such." Now and again they were real toffs in evening dress, who were especially welcome if they looked like genuine sportsmen likely to leave a shining jimmy o' goblin, a whole golden sovereign, with Corkey for "orders round." Once, it was whispered, a Very Exalted Personage had been recognised eating fried eggs and drinking hot coffee-essence, but his incognito had been scrupulously respected.

Foreigners were frowned upon, even such as spoke such near-English as the "American" language. But Juggins was a fervent upholder of the Imperial idea and had the ability, rare in London, of distinguishing between a Canadian and a visitor from south of the line. Moreover, Salt-water Jim had touched many times at Montreal during his roving youth, so that a Canadian visitor was given to understand that he was welcome. Jim, in fact, with a hazy notion that Canadians were most at home in French, at times took pains to translate the more abstruse portions of the conversation into what he imagined was plain English as distinct from the tongue of London.

Corkey's Christmas pudding was so popular that it was still on the

bill of fare on New Year's morning, a fact violently resented by Juggins as he placed a bundle under the presidential bench and ordered—"Steak and fried—mind, plenty of onions, Corkey—cawfy, pat of Dosset, and 'arf a crusty 'ouse 'old."

"Christmas bloomin' puddin'!" he repeated explosively as he stooped down and wrung some of the rain out of his trousers. "Strike me pink! but me and the old 'orse 'as 'ad our fill of Christmas puddin's to-day!"

"Wotcher mean? Explain yer-self!" said Ginger George offensively.

"'Strewth!" continued Juggins without taking any notice of the last speaker. "I've been a bloomin' Father Christmas, a week late, an' most unusual unwelcome. I've lost count of the fights I've 'ad. Me and the old 'orse was standin' orf a thousand 'owlin' aliens for two hours and a narf dahn orf the Whitechapel Road. I've been under p'lice protection . . . fightin' shoulder to shoulder wiv two rozzers and Gawd knows 'ow many plain clothes men. 'Strewth! I'm bosom pals wiv 'arf the worms in the east end nah!"

"Thet's a lie," whispered Salt-water Jim confidentially, "Juggins, 'e couldn't be pals wiv a policeman. . . . They knows 'im too well." Jim always spoke as if Canadians were born deaf and separated his syllables with the care and distinctness of a First Reader. By a tacit understanding his whispers were recognised as inaudible to any but the individual particularly addressed, though they echoed huskily to the remotest corners of Corkey's sanctum.

Having whetted the curiosity of the club, Juggins refused to say another word till he had done ample justice to his supper. Then, according to the custom introduced by the visitor and welcomed by the club as an exotic refinement with an Im-

perial flavour, he slowly whittled a pipeful from the proffered tin-tagged plug of dark tobacco.

"Plum puddin's!" he ejaculated so suddenly that Battersea Bob spilled half a cup of coffee down his patriarchal beard—" 'undreds of plum puddin's and a proper bloomin' gander. . . ."

"Yessee, abaht eleven yustiddy mornin' I was crawlin' dahn the 'Ammersmith Road when I was 'ailed by a slavey and took to a 'ouse in Brook Green. Nice 'ouse it was, wiv a warnin' against 'awkers and street cries on the gate, and I expected prob'ly an old lady 'oo'd give me the legal and tuppence for myself. 'Strewth, you could a knocked me orf the box wiv a bit of 'olly! . . . There was an old lady sure enough, but 'stead of gittin' into the keb she stood on the top of the steps while the slavey carried out 'undreds and 'undreds of Christmas puddin's. All in little tuppenny basins they was, wiv a cloth tied over the top and the slavey packed 'em into the keb till the springs bloomin' well went dahn and touched the axle. . . . Straight, I 'ad to git orf the box and wrap the old 'orse's 'ead in a blanket. If 'e'd looked rahnd and seen what was be'ind 'im I'd never 'ave got 'im to move."

"The old lady comes up to me a-wavin' a sheet of paper. 'Kebman,' she says, 'you're to drive to all these addresses. You may think these Christmas puddin's odd at this time of year,' she says, squintin' dahn 'er nose, 'but they're a proper gander—they're my own ideer for convertin' of the Jews. And please to bloomin' well look slippy,' she says, ' 'cause we've got a lot to do.' Then she and the gal they crawls in among the puddin's some'ow, and orf we stawted right acrost London to the east end."

Juggins paused for breath and called for another mug o' thick. My wanderings had taken me to the quiet

backwater of Brook Green on more than one occasion, and surely the old lady must be she who had on more than one occasion pushed a proselytising leaflet into the hands of those departing from the Synagogue at the upper end of the tree-bordered stretch of grass. A very determined old lady she looked, and the whole of a bitter Saturday morning I had seen her at her post, bashfully supported by her long-suffering maid.

"Lor' wot a life!" Juggins continued gulping his mug of coffee. "Forechnitly, the winder was dahn when the first puddin' come back. . . . Thet was one we'd give to a bloke named Lupinsky. But it was worst in Little St. Nicholas Street, 'orf the 'ighway, where we 'ad twenty to deliver. Lor'! it fair rained puddin's while we was there, and it's forechnit them aliens 'ad the forethought to take 'em aht of the basins before returnin' 'em. . . . Nice little tuppenny basins they was."

"Them aliens didn't seem to think it was anyways a proper gander at all. It was when four or five thousand of 'em tried to pull the keb to pieces thet my noo pals the rozzers came along. I broke me whip and the old 'orse lost 'arf 'is mane and all 'is tail, but we got aht of it some'ow. The rozzers was all for stoppin' the old gal, but she was a good plucked 'un, and there wasn't nothink wouldn't 'ave stopped 'er. Stuck right to it, she did, and made me and the p'licemen give every one of the aliens on 'er list a puddin' wevver 'e wanted it or not. 'I'm goin' to do my duty,' she says, 'though it ain't as pleasant as wot I expected.' All of twelve o'clock it was when I got 'er back to Brook Green, and she was as lively as a filly, spite of all she'd been through and 'avin' to 'old the slavey in the keb by force, she 'avin' 'igh stericks and givin' notice at the top of 'er voice

all the afternoon. . . . And she was a reel lady," Juggins concluded, with unction. "Give me three golden quid, to say nothing of two of the puddin's, and 'arf a quid each to the coppers. . . . But I won't drive 'er again—not wivout we 'ave a detachment of the 'Orse Guards."

The club accepted the recital without remark. It was used to Juggins's flights of fancy and made generous allowances.

But a visiting member from the Junior Turf, resplendant in a heavy fawn-coloured coat, with a double row of pearl buttons and an artificial flower in his buttonhole, curled a sneering lip. Regardless of Corkey's feelings he ostentatiously emptied the salt-cellar on the table in front of him.

"All you growlers is good for is as luggage carriers. I'd as soon drive a furniture van. . . . 'Ere's a man wot——"

Juggins had turned from a warm violet colour to a royal purple, and breathed hard through his nose.

"I'll 'ave you to know, young man," he interrupted, with forced calm, "thet the ve-hi-cle thet I drive and wot you terms a 'growler' is a—licensed — four-wheel — Clarence — keb—and thet it's a 'undred times as good as any bloomin' enlarged coal shovel wiv a monkey on the roof wot some people calls a 'ansom. And if you . . ." Juggins rapidly became more and more unprintable, to the immeasurable delight of the members, and more would certainly have followed if an unusual commotion

outside had not taken most of the occupants of the shelter from their seats to see what was the matter.

When they filed back again a few minutes later Juggins was not of their number.

"Juggins by name and bloomin' well Juggins by nature," said Salt-water Jim, sulkily resuming his seat. "'Ere after a 'ard day's work, wiv both 'im and 'is 'orse wore aht, I'm blowed if 'e 'ain't stawted orf to Walthamstow. Makes me sick!"

"Why, Jim, you wanted to go yourself!" ejaculated Battersea Bob, in mild surprise.

"Yus, and nearly 'ad to fight 'im 'cause I 'inted first thet it 'ud be better to take 'er up the Strand to the 'orspital. . . . Said if the gel was set on gittin' 'ome for the Noo Year 'e'd bloomin' well see she did get 'ome. . . . Gel fell in a faint just as she was arskin' the way of the copper ahtside," Jim explained. "Walked thirty mile from near Guildford and 'adn't a penny in 'er pocket. And thet blighted fool Juggins 'as to go and——" Jim broke off, fumbled under the bench with his foot and, bending down, drew forth a bundle.

"More and more and more of a Juggins," he growled, eyeing it at arm's length. "'E's forgot 'is bloom-in' puddin'. . . . Aht of Mogg's Yard ain't 'e? . . . Well, any road, if 'e got orf wiv the gel 'fore I could 'elp 'er 'e can't bloomin' well stop me takin' 'is puddin' 'ome for 'im. . . . I'm orf. Appy Noo Year, mates!"





# AN UNSPEAKABLE SCOT

BY SYLVESTER PERRY

THE general passenger agent of the P. & B. Steamship Line leaned back in his swivel chair, put his feet on the desk, lit his pipe, opened his novel at the dog-eared leaf, and thus, with two of the three conditions most necessary to solid comfort present (it was a sweltering day in July, so the third would have been superfluous), prepared to enjoy an hour or two of complete relaxation from business cares before closing the office for the evening.

The *City of Bruges* had just taken in her freight and in a quarter of an hour would be sailing for "Port Hope, Somersby, and Charleville," as the company's poster announced. A West India boat had gone out at 10 a.m.; the first incoming one was not due for forty-eight hours; business was good and everything was running smoothly, and the general passenger agent was enjoying that enviable feeling of satisfaction which comes with the consciousness of work done well and in good time. The moment was therefore hardly propitious for the young man who, leaping from a street car, heedless of the warning of the conductor, before it had stopped, took the steps of the P. & B. Company's office at a bound and broke in upon the pleasant meditations of the agent, with the demand:

"When does the *City of Bruges* sail?"

The agent raised his head, eyed the intruder with a look of offended dignity, glanced at the clock, and answered:

"The *City of Bruges*, wind and weather permitting, sails in just thirteen and one-half minutes."

The young man was either too pre-occupied or too unsophisticated to note the sarcasm veiled under the elaborate politeness of the reply. He resumed:

"Does she stop at any ports between Halifax and Somersby, except those named in the poster?"

The agent reached over and drew from a pigeonhole a gorgeous covered time-table, with an illustration showing a stately ship sailing near an impossibly regular coast-line towards an impossibly quaint and pretty little town.

"The company's time-table," he said, handing it through the wicket, "gives full and complete information with regard to ports-of-call, dates of sailing, rates, and so forth."

The awful impressiveness of the tone might have warned the young man, if his wits had not been less than ordinary, or had not been wool-gathering. But he seemed to take no notice, and after an eager glance at the time-table he returned, unabashed, to his catechism of the agent.

"There are several small ports along the north shore at which a ship of the *City of Bruges's* size could call. They're not mentioned in the time-table, but as she must pass quite near on her way to Prince Edward Island, I thought, perhaps, I could be set ashore at one of them."

"No doubt there are such places as you say. Unfortunately, however, my early geographical training was

neglected, and I have to be content with such knowledge as is necessary in my business."

This time the note of injured dignity in the words and tone was unmistakable, even by one so utterly engrossed in his own purpose as the questioner. He began a stammering apology.

"I'm afraid, indeed, I have been over-inquisitive. I am giving you unnecessary trouble. But the fact is—I must—that is—in short, there's a place called Arisgay, on the north shore, and I must reach it to-morrow. There's a"—he blushed painfully—"there's a girl there, you see. The place is fifteen miles from the nearest railway station, and the last train for the east left at seven this morning. The *City of Bruges* must pass within five or six miles of it, I know, for I've often watched her as she passed on her way to Somersby. It's my only chance, and if I don't get there"—he struck his clenched fist into a broad open palm and his face went white.

The agent's face expressed his awakened interest. After all, his perpetual rubbing up against all classes and conditions of people had only calloused the outer surface. Within was quick flesh, and the perennially human interest of the story had touched it. And, besides, the young man was good to look at, as he discovered in his second and more interested scrutiny. Not exactly handsome, but erect, broad of shoulder, and clean of limb, with a world of honest purpose in the deep-set eyes that were now eagerly looking into his own for any the least hopeful sign.

"I am willing to pay anything in reason. It's only a matter of five or six miles—twenty minutes' sailing, and it won't make any difference even if she is late in Somersby. Steamers are seldom on time. Can't you do it?"

The agent was intensely interested now. He had not been married

so long that he could not look back on his own courtship days without that anxious swelling of the heart which comes with the intruding tide of old memories. "All the world loves a lover," and this was such an evidently manly and sincere one. The agent's look of admiration was mingled with pity for the man so helpless in the grip of his passion, his stalwart frame quivering with the throbbing of the heart, whose strings were held by the girl in Arisgay.

"I should really like to help you," he said earnestly, "and I would do it if it were in my power. But I'm afraid I can't. Nothing less than an order from the general manager would do you, and even if there were time—well, there's not much sentiment in the general manager's make-up, and I hardly think he'd consider your case sufficiently important to warrant his sending the *City of Bruges* so far out of her course, especially on that dangerous coast."

"The captain—might he not do it? It doesn't seem a very serious thing. Haven't you influence enough with him?"

The agent shook his head. "You don't understand," he said. "Old Pickering would fire the best and most faithful captain in the service if he dared disobey the least jot or tittle of his orders. Of course, it might be done without his being the wiser if you had pull enough with the captain, and he were anybody but old Sandy MacNicol. You might as well try to move one of the granite cliffs of his own Scottish Highlands."

"He's Scotch?"

"As a plate of porridge. No use trying him. Still, it may be as well for you to go with him. There's the chance of getting a boat at Port Hope."

"Too late. There's none before day after to-morrow. I've looked it up."

"Well, at any rate, you'll be moving. That'll help some. I'm sorry, boy, I can't do more for you. But

cheer up! I'll bet you find the girl waiting for you whenever you get to Arisgay. Now dig out. You've only three minutes to get to the wharf. Turn the first corner to your left and then keep straight ahead. Good luck!"

"It's all I can do. Good-bye, and thank you."

The agent went back to his novel; but somehow the story had lost its interest. He had read a chapter from real life, and "as moonlight unto sunlight" were the empty sentimentalities of the hero to the stammering, confused, but straight-from-the-heart avowal of the lad who was now racing madly for the water-front, on the last slender chance of reaching that little out-of-the-way village on the wild Nova Scotia shore, which held all in life for him.



Captain Sandy MacNicol was standing on the bridge of the *City of Bruges*. The last box of freight had been stowed away; the hatches were down, the gang-plank raised and the lines cast off. The first sound which struck the young man's ears as he reached the wharf was the tinkle of a bell; the next, the churn of the steamer's propeller as her head turned slowly seaward. A spurt, a flying leap over twelve feet of water as her stern swung round, and he pitched on his hands and knees into the midst of a chattering group on the after-deck.

"Well taken, by Jove!" said an athletic young fellow in loose blue serge trousers and black and gold sweater, who was standing a little apart from the group, and now and then directing towards it a wistful look out of a pair of honest and steady blue eyes. Then as the newcomer scrambled to his feet and turned away with an apology, he took a quick stride towards him.

"Excuse me, but haven't we met before?"

"I—really, I do not remember. It is quite likely we have, but I have

such a wretched memory for faces."

"Didn't you play for St. Ferdinand's against Dalkeith last October?"

"I did."

"Centre half?"

"Yes."

"Shake, but don't twist my arm out of its socket, as you nearly did when you got by me for that winning try."

"Why, it's Cossman, the Dalkeith full-back."

"Right you are. Your name's MacGregor, I believe. I knew you the minute I set eyes on you. But I have good reason to remember you. My arm was lame for a month after that game."

"Awfully sorry, but you know —"

"Don't mention it, old fellow. It was a great game."

"Grand. But"—as his eyes took in the figure before him—"I don't see how under the sun I ever got by you."

"Well, I guess you just had to. You needed that try. Anyhow, I tried hard enough to stop you."

The big fellow did not think it necessary to mention that an unlucky slip had thrown him a little out of his reckoning, so that he could only reach his opponent with one hand, without which accident MacGregor, for all his strength and speed, could hardly have got by the surest tackle in the intercollegiate league.

"Well, let's have a smoke. Sorry I have no cigars to offer you, but I always smoke a pipe."

Here a dainty little flanneled fellow turned from the group and held out a box of cigarettes.

"Have one, Mr. Cossman."

"No, thanks, I want a smoke," and he produced a stumpy, blackened briar, with a big D carved on the bowl.

There was a sarcasm in the tone which was not lost on MacGregor; nor, evidently, on a girl who was sitting in the very midst of the group, for she flashed on Cossman, when



his head was bent over his pipe, a look in which amusement was mingled with something more tender.

"Let's walk around a bit," said MacGregor, when the other had his pipe going. Then, when they were out of earshot:

"You know those people?"

"Yes. Bank clerks and office girls, most of them, going to Somersby on a holiday. I'd like to kick myself for coming. See that girl in brown? She's all right, A1 sport, and has, or used to have, lots of sense. I shouldn't have come if it weren't for her. But"—ruefully—"I'd better have stayed in Halifax. I can't get a word in edgewise with those confounded clerks. Say, it's queer, isn't it? Put me on the football field and I'm as cool as ice, ready to tackle, in both senses of the word, anything that comes the way. But let me try to make myself agreeable to a girl and I get as helpless as a baby and awkward as a bear. Now see those fellows. They're duffers at football, or anything else, except tennis, but they're right at home dancing attendance on a girl. Why, just before you came on board a comb fell out of her hair and one of them picked it up and replaced it as deftly as a woman. And she let him! What do you think of that? How she can see anything in such ninnies is more than I can understand."

"Perhaps she doesn't," said the other, mindful of that stolen glance. "Girls are queer"—smiling and flushing a little as he made a mental reservation in favour of the girl in Arisgay. "Now, I'll bet she's bored to death with those fellows, though she pretends to enjoy their company so much."

"But what am I to do? How can I break up that crowd and get her away? I might imagine I had a football and charge right through them, but I suppose it would hardly do."

"Hardly. I shouldn't say imagination is your strong point. And, any-

how, it would be too cruel. Just like letting a Newfoundland dog loose among a pack of poodles. You'd better bide your time. Take it cool, and whatever you do, don't hang around that group. If you do, she'll keep those fellows there all the rest of the voyage, just for the pleasure of seeing you standing around with that look of dogged devotion in your eyes. Keep away for a while, and it's dollars to pennies she'll get away from them herself inside of another hour."

"Thanks. I'll try it. And to pass the time we'll go up on the bridge and have a chat with old Sandy."

"The captain?"

"Yes. He's a great character, gruff and cranky, but a good fellow for all that. My governor did him a good turn once, so I stand pretty well with him."

"Take me up and introduce me. And, say, you might lay it on thick about my being a great Scot, and all that. It's true. Over in St. Ferdinand's they used to call me 'Scotty.' You might mention that I speak Gaelic. Perhaps it'll help, and I have a favour to ask of him. I've got a girl, too, in an out-of-the-way spot, called Arisgay. I must get there before to-morrow night, and the only way to do it is to have the captain go a little out of his course and put me ashore."

"Well, I'll do anything you ask, but I must say if you succeed in working Sandy MacNicol you'll be the first man that ever did it. However, it's worth trying. And you're on the right track. MacNicol's the most patriotic Scot that ever crossed the water. Come on."

Together they went up to the bridge. The captain was leaning against the railing, legs wide and hands thrust deep into his coat pockets. The first look at him did not tend to inspire MacGregor with any great confidence in the success of his mission. The ideas of a bluff, jolly old tar which he had conjured

up in his mind while ascending to the bridge did not square at all with the figure before him. Captain Sandy was tall, lean, and slightly stooped, with the high cheek-bones, which are supposed to be characteristic of his race, keen gray eyes, smooth-shaven chin, and short, grizzled "sidelights" and moustache. Off his ship, and in plain clothes, he would hardly be taken for any but a keen man of business. On the whole, thought MacGregor, with a sinking of the heart, quite the last man on whom the reasons he intended to urge would have any effect.

"Well, Maister Cossman, how are ye the day? And what's brought ye up here? Ye ought to be doon yonder wi' the lads and lasses."

"You'd better ask me what I'd be doing down there among that bunch. I'm not smooth and slick enough for them."

"Aye, laddie, but I'm dootin' there wad be ower much o' your company for old Sandy if yon lass wi' the lint-white locks were alone. Now, if there were a wee bit o' a swell ye'd soon find the coast clear. I'm thinkin' the laddies are no vera guid sailors."

"I wish it would blow a hurricane, then," returned Cossman savagely. "But I'm forgetting. I have a friend here I want to introduce to you. This is Mr. 'Scotty' MacGregor, Captain MacNicol. He's as loyal a Scot as yourself, speaks that barbarous lingo of yours, and knows the old country like a book, so I have no doubt you'll get on well together."

"I'm proud to know ye, Maister MacGregor. Ye bear a guid name, and I have nae doot ye'll do it credit. And ye speak the Gaelic. Ye'll be frae Cape Breton?"

"Aye, captain."

"Weel, I'm bound tae admit the Cape Breton Scotch are vera weel, vera weel, indeed, considering that they were born sae far frae the land o' cakes. We'll be havin' a crack bye-and-bye in the language o' Adam,

an' Maister Cossman will excuse us."

"Sure thing, captain. I'll be going after a little," with a significant look at MacGregor.

"No hurry, old man," answered MacGregor, returning the look. "They'll get along without you down there a little longer." Then to the captain—

"May I make so bold as to ask what part of Scotland you come from, Captain MacNicol?"

The captain paused a little, and there was a peculiar expression in his eyes as he answered—

"I—Oh, I was born in Chambuscross."

MacGregor saw the look, and understood it. The captain was putting to a test, and an unfair one, the familiar knowledge of the old country which Cossman, in his friendly, but rather indiscreet, zeal had attributed to him; for instead of giving the name of his county, or district, he had given that of his home town, little more than a village, and hardly deserving a place on the map.

But there are ways and ways in which a place may be well known, particularly in Scotland. It may produce the best granite, or the fattest herring, or be the seat of a college, or have good golf links. Or, again, it may have none of these things, may not be on the map at all, but may loom large in the legends and traditions of the country. And MacGregor could have hugged himself with joy for the many hours he had spent (his less sentimental friends said wasted) listening to the stories which old Highland emigrants had brought across the water, and making his mind a veritable treasure-house of legendary lore, till all the Western Highlands seemed as familiar to him as his own native island. So, though his heart was fairly palpitating with delight, he gave no outward sign, but answered as if it were the most natural thing in the world—

"Oh, yes! That's in the Isle of Skye, a little north of Armadale, the old seat of the lords of the isles." And then, turning to Cossman, he proceeded to relate one of the most famous legends of the Isle of Skye, which related how a certain hero—Ronald Alanson by name—had laid a troublesome spirit, who carried her head in her hand, and used it as a missile against any unfortunate traveller who chanced to cross her path.

The captain was fairly taken off his feet. He had heard the story often enough in his boyhood days; but to hear it from the lips of a youth in far-off Nova Scotia, one, too, who spoke of his own beloved island with the intimate knowledge of a native, was so astounding that, for some moments, he could only stare, open-mouthed, at MacGregor. When he did find his tongue, his voice shook and his eyes glistened. He held out his hand.

"Shake hands again, MacGregor. I dinna ken when I've experienced sae great a pleasure. There are too few like ye, too few. Young men nowadays seem mair anxious to forget the land of their ancestors than to learn its history. It's like a whiff o' the caller air o' the Hebrides to hear ye speak."

"I think," said Cossman, "that the time's ripe. I'll go down and leave you two to have it out."

"Weel, Maister Cossman, I suppose it wad be only common politeness to press ye to stay, but under the circumstances ye'd hardly thank me for doing it. And dinna fash yersel aboot yon laddies," he went on, lowering his voice. "I've seen her eyes follow ye when your back was turned. Play canny, lad, play canny, and ye'll win."

"Thank you, captain. The opinion of a wily old campaigner like yourself, who has escaped all the matrimonial traps set for him in the past forty years, ought to be worth something."

"Awa wi' ye! Awa wi' ye!"

Both young men, surprised at the sudden gruffness of the tone, looked up quickly and saw a look on the captain's face such as comes with the sudden reopening of a half-healed wound. The keen-witted young Highlander was quick to discern something of the feeling which had prompted this sudden outburst; but the more deliberate Cossman, groping about in his mind to discover wherein he had offended the old man, began an apology. The captain interrupted him.

"There, there, laddie, I didna mean to be short wi' ye. Ye mauna mind me. Now tak' yersel' off, or the lass will be gettin' impatient," and with a wave of his hand he dismissed the still hesitating Cossman.

But when the latter had taken his departure it became quite evident that the cheerful look and light tone had been assumed. The captain's face was grim and stern now; and it was evident that he was fighting hard to regain his composure. MacGregor was discreet enough to remain silent, waiting till the other should choose to reopen the conversation. But the storm was slow in subsiding, and he had smoked more than one pipe before the captain spoke. When he did, it was to resume the conversation where it had been interrupted by Cossman, speaking this time in Gaelic:

"Yes, lad, as I was saying, it's a shameful thing that so many of our young people are becoming indifferent to the glories of the race from which they are descended. You will find plenty now who seem proud to tell you that they cannot speak the language of their forefathers, though Heaven knows how they escaped it, seeing that their parents could hardly speak any other. They'll tell you that the world is too busy now to care anything for that kind of sentiment. But I tell you, lad, there are no more successful men on earth than the Scotch, and no more loyal and



enthusiastic Scots than the successful ones."

"That's very true," answered MacGregor, in the same language, and his eyes flashed and his form seemed to dilate with the exultation of the Highlander who finds his foot "on his native heath." "It's a small mind that has no room for sentiment. We are told that love of country comes next to love of God, and surely we cannot regard Scotland as altogether a foreign country, though we do happen to be two or three generations removed from it. But it's more than a matter of mere sentiment. A Scotchman is a Scotchman, no matter on what side of the Atlantic he happens to be born, and from what I know of the kind of people you speak of—I must confess that there are only too many of them in this country—I've found that when he loses his Scottish enthusiasm he loses a good deal of his backbone with it. No, sir, there is not a sorrier specimen of humanity anywhere than the Scotchman who is in a hurry to become Americanised. He attempts to divest himself of the characteristic qualities of the race, to acquire a cheap and easily detected imitation of those that are peculiarly American. We should be grateful to them if they would only go the whole way and change their Scotch names. It would, at least, save the race the discredit they bring upon it."

Captain Jock brought his hand down on his companion's shoulder with a force which sent a shiver through his sturdy frame.

"Good for you, lad! It certainly does my heart good to meet with such as you. Oh, many's the time it has set my blood boiling to hear some insignificant little jackanapes, whose soul, as you say, is too small for pride of race or any other manly sentiment, ready to disown his blood for the sake of showing off his independence and broad-mindedness."

"Oh, Mr. MacGregor," came the voice of Cossman, who had just then

mounted to the bridge, "will you come on deck for a minute?"

"Well, Mr. Cossman, Captain MacNicol and myself are having a very interesting conversation, and I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. But I'll be down bye-and-bye."

"I hate to interrupt your conversation, old boy. I know it must be a regular old-fashioned blood-and-thunder Scotch one, for you both look as I imagine your forefathers must have done when the fiery cross went round and the pipes blew the gathering. But I have orders to bring you down without delay, and I simply mustn't go back without you. So if you don't come I'll have to stay up here. It worked like a charm," lowering his voice to a whisper. "Everything's lovely, and she's dying to meet you. I've been telling her about the football game."

"Well, I suppose there's no disputing a command like that, eh, captain?" Then, the mention of the girl, recalling his own trouble, he added, "I'll be back in a little, and asking a favour of you."

"Vera guid, and glad I'll be to grant it, if it's in my power."

"Thank you, sir. Lead the way, Cossman."

When they were out of hearing, Cossman broke out:

"Say, Mac, it was great. I went on deck that time, lit my pipe, stuck my hands in my pockets and walked by the group, never looking their way. I guess she expected me to stop, for she never said a word till I got by. Then she called out, 'Why, Mr. Cossman, where have you been keeping yourself? You told me you know this coast well, and I've been waiting for you to come along and tell me about it.'"

"I shall be very pleased," I answered. "There's a much better view for 'ad, if you care to leave your seat." I tell you, Mac, it was the flimsiest excuse ever made, but I had to say something, and I couldn't think of anything else. But it never jarred

her. She just got up, gave them a smile all round, and walked off with me. That gang's feeling pretty sick, I guess, but she's sweet as pie ever since."

"I'm glad to hear it. *You'll* have a pleasant voyage, at all events."

The next hour was a bad one for poor MacGregor. The sight of the other's happiness set his warm Celtic imagination conjuring up visions of blissful hours with the girl in Arisgay, and he thought, with a fond pride, that *she* would not have used such arts to lead him on. Then the fear that he might not be able to induce the captain to fall in with his plan would come back, striking his heart cold. He took advantage of the first opportunity to make his escape, and at once made his way to the bridge.

"Weel, you're back. I hope you left our friend in good spirits," said Captain Sandy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, he's in the clouds. We'll hardly see any more of him the rest of the voyage."

"But what's the matter wi' ye, lad. Ye're no sae gay as ye were an hour syne. Surely ye have no lost your heart to yon lass already."

"No, captain. A Scotchman's heart is pretty big, but there's not room in it for more than one girl at a time."

The captain fixed his keen, gray eyes on him and his hard face relaxed into a smile.

"Oh, aye, I might have known it. There's only one thing can bring that look into a man's face."

"Captain"—MacGregor fell once more into his native tongue, and there was an indefinable note of appeal in the soft, liquid Gaelic which the harsher Anglo-Saxon could never have conveyed—"I'm in trouble, and you can help me. You partly understand already what it is. There's a girl—in Arisgay—you know the place, a little fishing village on the north shore."

"Arisgay! Aye, we pass it on the way to Prince Edward Island, but we don't call there."

"I know, but that's what I want you to do this time. Wait, listen"—the captain had opened his mouth to speak—"I know what you were going to say, but wait till you hear my story. I met her a year ago. I was visiting her cousin—we were classmates—and, naturally enough, I saw a good deal of her, for the village is small, and the people are all Highlanders, so that it did not take me long to get acquainted with them all. She is just such a bright, clean, winsome lass as you can find plenty of among our people, only with a little more education and a little more natural refinement than the average country girl, so that it isn't strange that I sought her society, and, indeed, found myself at her home oftener than at any other in the village. I didn't take it seriously at first. I was just glad that I had found such an agreeable companion to help while away the long summer hours in that dull little village. It was only a day or two before I was to leave for home that the awakening came, and I found that I had fallen ears over in love with her. It was a shock to me, captain. I tried to reason myself out of it, telling myself that a young fellow in my position, who had no profession, who had not even finished his arts course, has no business to think of such things. But it was no use. I was never much at hiding my feelings, and I could see that she cared for me. So, though I suppose it would have been the more manly thing to have gone away at once and try to live it down, I declared myself. She would have given her promise to wait for me, but I would not allow her. I had already gone further, perhaps, than strict honour would warrant, so I told her she should consider herself free. All I asked was that she should not engage herself to anyone else without letting me know. She promised, and

I left. I went back to college for my last year, keeping my eyes open for a position that would promise permanent employment and chances for promotion. Last winter, a little before Christmas, a chance presented itself. I was offered a position in the office of one of the Cape Breton coal companies. I accepted at once, and left college, for I was afraid to let the opportunity slip. The girl wrote to me regularly. I got a promotion and an increase of salary, and everything seemed to promise well. Then, just this morning, I got a letter. I was in Halifax, on business for the company, and it was forwarded to me there. There's another fellow, the best friend, I thought, except my college chum, that I had in the place, and the only one, besides him, that I trusted with my secret. What a fool I was to do it! He began his plotting and scheming the moment I left. A mean, cowardly hypocrite, but he was clever enough to deceive me, and it seems others, too, who ought to know him better, for he has got himself into the good graces of the family, and they are worrying her to marry him. He has the best house in the village, and a couple of thousand dollars in the bank. You know our people, captain. A good match is a bait that Scotch parents can never resist, and they are only too ready to think that it is the duty of children to set aside their own interests and obey their parents. The poor girl doesn't care for him, and she's holding out bravely, but you know what continued nagging will do; and, besides, she's apt to fall in with their wishes from a mistaken sense of duty. She wrote to tell me all about it—such a pitiful letter—and she says her answer must be given to-morrow, and they're not allowing her a moment's peace. Had I been home when the letter arrived, I should have been in Arisgay two days ago. As it was, I got it too late to catch the eastbound train this morning. I was in despair, till I

thought that this is the *City of Bruges's* sailing day. Then I wired my chief for a couple of days' leave, and got his answer just in time to catch the boat. You should pass Arisgay before daylight"—the captain nodded—"and that will give me plenty time to settle him, the black-hearted traitor."

"And how will you be doing it, laddie? I don't suppose your word would go as far with the old folks as his. You're almost a stranger to them, after all, you know. You wouldn't——"

"No, captain," answered MacGregor, divining the unspoken question, "nothing treacherous or underhanded. The men of my blood were often fools, like the MacGregor who refused the king's title to his estate because he preferred to hold it with his sword, as his forefathers had done, but they were always men. I'll fight in the open, and give him *Cothrom no Feinne\**, if he were the black devil himself, and I'll best him, too, never fear. 'S *Rioghal mo Dhream†*, you know the motto of the clan. It's broken and scattered now, but the blood is there, and I'll never be the man to make a disgrace of it."

The captain turned away to hide the admiration he could not keep out of his face.

"It's a brave lad," he murmured to himself, "but no wonder; it's in the blood."

"MacGregor," he turned round and his voice took on a slow and deliberate tone, "even if I could do this thing you ask, do you think it would be a real kindness to yourself? You're young, and you have to make your place in the world yet, as you say. An ambitious lad like yourself may hope to rise high these days. The world needs such men as you; men with brain and muscle, and character to back them up. You're at the foot of the ladder yet. The first few rounds are the hardest to climb, and you'll need your undivided ener-

\* "The equal battle of the Fincallans."—Scotch for "fair-play."

† "My race is royal."—The motto of the MacGregors.



gies for the task. 'Love in a cottage' is very poetical, and all that, and it will satisfy you for a time, but after that——. No, no, MacGregor, that quick, restless brain of yours was made for big things. Be wise, and take the advice of an old man who knows the world. Love is everything to you now. It's in your eyes, like bright sunshine, and it dazzles you. But things will look differently in a few years, when you've steadied down. Think of it, lad, and give up this notion."

"And do you suppose I haven't thought of all these things already? You're hardly consistent, captain. First, you credit me with a keen wit and then make up your mind that I am rushing into this thing heedless of consequences. I am only at the foot of the ladder, as you say, but don't you see that my love for her would be an added incentive to climb as high and as fast as possible?"

"Listen yet, MacGregor. I like you. You're a genuine Highlander, and that means that you're a man, every inch of you. Few women are worth such love as you can give. There's a good deal of the coquette in the best of them, and money and position will weigh down the scales against love with the most of them. Hard experience taught me that truth, and I paid a bitter price for my schooling. Forty years ago, laddie, I was engaged to a girl in Cam-buscross. I was deck-hand on a tramp steamer then. The work is hard enough now; but it was downright slavery in those days. Yet I worked cheerfully for her sake; and for her sake I took out of my hours for sleep enough time to learn navigation; for we were to be married when I had a mate's berth. I could have sworn by everything sacred that if there was a true-hearted lass on God's earth, she was the one. . . . She left me, laddie, left me without a word, and for a mean, small-souled creature that had as little warm blood in him as the fish he caught. Every-

body hated and despised him. I can see yet the scornful looks the lass used to give him when we met him on our walks. But—he had the best cottage in the village, and owned two fishing smacks."

The captain paused. The sweat was running down his face, though the night had turned cool, and his gaunt hand trembled as he wiped it away.

"Now you know what nobody else on this side the water knows—why crusty old Sandy MacNicol is a bachelor and will remain a bachelor till the end of his days. It's forty long years since then, but it hurts even to speak of it yet. For your sake, because you are as true a Scotchman as if your foot had never trod anything but broom and heather, I have opened the old sore. Think well, laddie, where you give the best love of your life. If you make a mistake now, it'll take the life and sap of youth out of you forever."

MacGregor gripped the captain's hand.

"I thank you, captain. I feel more honoured by your confidence than I can tell you, and I am grateful for your advice, but do you think you're altogether fair? Why, what would become of the world if we were to lose our trust in woman? Surely the Creator who gave us the feeling of respect and devotion with which we naturally regard her made her worthy of them. It's against flesh and blood to believe anything else: My God, captain, even if you were right, do you think I could listen to reason with the thought always before my mind of my poor girl, waiting for me, and trusting in me to save her from that treacherous scoundrel? May the royal blood of MacGregor turn to water in my veins if I don't make him crawl in the dust like the snake he is!"

"Aye, aye, impetuous and hot-headed, like all the rest of them. It was always the way. They'd leap first and look afterwards—if there

were time. I ought to know better than to try to reason with one of them when his blood is up, but for the sake of the feeling I have for you I've been fool enough to try. I should have done more kindly to tell you in the beginning that I can't do what you propose. I never failed in my duty to the company yet, and I've been with them, master and mate, for thirty years."

"But think what it means to me! Captain, you won't—you can't refuse me!"—his voice died away in a wail, for there was nothing but high determination in the face before him.

"I'm sorry, MacGregor"—the captain's voice softened at sight of the agony in the other's face—"it was wrong to raise false hopes in you, though I didn't mean to do it; and foolish to expect five-and-twenty to see things with the eyes of five-and-sixty. Forgive me, laddie, I meant well, though I've been a blundering old fool."

The look of grief and self-condemnation on the captain's face was unmistakable, and MacGregor, with the native delicacy of the Celt, made a brave effort to hide his own mortal hurt and put on a cheerful front to reassure him.

"Don't blame yourself, captain, you're only doing your duty, and surely I have no right to complain. You have listened to me with more kindness, and showed more interest in me, than I had any right to expect. I thank you for it sincerely. And now I'll be going below and try to sleep. Good-night."

"Sleep!" murmured the captain, when he had gone. "Poor laddie! I'm afraid it will be many a long night before you sleep sweet again."

Sleep, indeed! No sleep for him; but the dull pain in head and heart that kept him pacing back and forth, the length of the deck, as mile after mile of black water was left behind and the long, dreary night wore on.

Gradually the sounds of talk and laughter died away, as the last of

the passengers left the deck. Still that restless pacing, and the sound of each footfall, coming up through the stillness, smote on the captain's heart like the dripping of life-blood.

The Straits of Canso were passed, and the steamer was nearing Port Hope. The first officer came up to the bridge to take the watch, but the captain did not move.

"I'm restless to-night, Mr. Robertson, and can't sleep. I'll take the watch myself. You can turn in."

A few minutes to unload freight, and the steamer headed westward. Three hours more and she would raise Arisgay Point; so near that by daylight one could recognise every fisherman's hut on the shore. But it might as well have been a thousand miles for the young man, still keeping his unwearied sentry-go on the deck. There was a heavy dulness in the tread, as if the light heart had turned to lead in his bosom and were weighting him down.

Up on the bridge Captain Sandy was becoming more and more restless.

"It's hard, hard. Only a few miles of water. . . . And he's a lad in a thousand. How bravely he tried to carry it off cheerfully when he saw my heart was sore for the mistake I made! And the lass? She may be worth it all. To see her married to the man that betrayed him . . . it'll break his spirit forever, and the best boat the company owns is not worth that. I can't stand it!" He turned to the man at the wheel.

"Where's that Swede we shipped yesterday? It's a fine night, and I'll be giving him his trick at the wheel. Olsen, man, take the wheel. I'll be busy for an hour or two. Brown, ye can join the watch for'ard, but keep an eye on him, and see he holds the course." He was examining the chart while speaking; and as Brown resigned the wheel he seized it himself and put it a little to port.

"There's your course, Olsen. Due west it is."

The moon was down, and the night was pitch dark. Besides that interminable tramp, tramp, and the throb of the engines, the only sound which broke the stillness was the raucous voice of Olsen, breaking out into occasional snatches of song in his pride at being trusted, for the first time, alone at the wheel. The captain sat down and lit his pipe, and his restlessness seemed gone. Brown, glad of his unexpected release, took a hasty glance or two at Olsen, and settled down for a smoke and chat with his mates forward. So Cape Edward was passed, and Marryat Cove. A mile or two more and the steamer would change her course, heading northward for Somersby. Then "breakers ahead" came in a startled roar from the look-out. Brown, conscious of his own remissness, leaped up and sprang to the wheel, only to find it whirling round in the hands of the captain. Five minutes of wild confusion, clang of bells, scurrying of sailors, oaths of officers, and short, sharp orders from the captain, with the rasping Scottish burr on every accent, and the steamer was out of danger, with the reef of Arisgay on her port bow.

"Olsen, ye big lubber, what were ye doing? Trying to find Somersby harbour on the north shore? And ye were spinnin' yarns, Brown, when ye ought to be watchin' him. Ye'll report at the office when we get back to Halifax. Is that you, MacGregor? The fates are kind this time. Ye wanted to get ashore at Arisgay, and here's the boat just escaped the reef. Clear away a boat there. There's no danger, ladies and gentlemen"—a startled group had made their way on deck, foremost among whom stood Cossman, with the girl in brown, now enveloped in a hastily-donned wrapper, hanging on his arm. "All clear?

Bundle in, MacGregor; smart, now."

"Are you really away, Mac? Well, good-bye, and the best of luck! By Jove, it's just like a novel."

"Good-bye, Mr. MacGregor," said the girl, extending her hand. "Mr. Cossman has been telling me everything, and I'm so glad this accident has happened at just the right time and place. Oh, I'm sure she must be a dear. You'll invite us to the wedding, won't you?"

MacGregor was too bewildered to speak. This was the Arisgay shore, beyond a doubt, unless he were dreaming; but how had the steamer gone so far out of her course, and on this of all trips?

"Captain," he said, when they were standing alone at the rail, just before he got into the boat, "I can't understand it; but I'm beginning to think there's something more than accident in this."

"Dinna be too curious, laddie. Ye've got your wish, and let that satisfy ye. Ye'll come to Halifax sometime, and bring the lass to see me. Now be off wi' ye. Get into the bow; ye know the shore. I'll turn on the searchlight to show the way. Give me your hand."

Then to himself—

"That blockhead Swede doesn't know the difference, and Brown was to busy spinnin' ghost yarns to notice anything. Ye're safe, Sandy, though I'm thinkin' ye've made a muckle fule o' yersel'. But it was more than flesh and blood could stand to see a lad like that in sic a case. 'The royal blood o' MacGregor,' he said. Aye, aye, it'll show. My ain mither was a MacGregor, too. Mr. Robertson, I think I'll be turnin' in. Tell the engineer to give her all she can stand. We'll be an hour late in Somersby."







MRS. BELLAMY  
*From a Mezzotint*

## ENGLISH PLAY-ACTRESSES

FROM ANNE TO VICTORIA

BY IDA BURWASH

**B**ETTERTON was master of the English stage when its curtain first rose upon an actress. Up to his time women's parts had been played by smooth-faced boys. But with the Restoration came the actress—when the merry drums that sounded the coming of the king announced to London the reopening of the doors of the theatre in Drury Lane. Betterton was then but a youth of twenty-five when at this "king's house" he began that famous career which was to charm the London public for fifty-one years. It may be that the spark of his genius was fanned to flame by airs still blowing from the spacious days of Shakespeare. For among the roystering crowd that thronged those newly-opened doors pressed Shakespeare's youngest brother, a tottering old man, whose

eyes were fast wearing dim yet eager to see once more the familiar glitter of the pageant.

Most worthy of this actor's qualities was his gentleness of nature, which, aided by his earnestness and talent, lifted his player's craft to a dignity unrecognised before. To the actress just appearing, even to listen to his voice, was an education in itself, for Betterton was master of detail. Modest to a fault, he was ever eager to discuss with the humblest of the play-writers the interpretation of their characters. When the time for his withdrawal from the stage drew near, the severest critic of that day could find nothing more to abuse in this old player than the common frailties of his age; while Cibber, king of critics, states emphatically that he had never heard a line in tragedy from Betterton in



NELL GWYNNE  
ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS OF EARLY ENGLISH ACTRESSES  
*From an old Engraving*

which his judgment, his ear, and his imagination were not fully satisfied. It was under such favourable auspices that woman appeared upon the English stage.

In those initial days Betterton worked with a will for his new play-actresses. One of that little group will probably remain for good or ill conspicuous through time. Bold Nell Gwynn, it is true, when in the mood, was intolerably coarse; yet beneath the rubbish of her character there glowed at times, as Betterton no doubt discerned, a ruddy flicker of that fire of genius that when and where it will forces for itself just such inexplicable flashes of

escape. Others, however, were of finer fibre; noticeably so Miss Sanderson, who later became the wife of the great tragedian himself, and who till she was quite an old woman played Shakespeare's women to her husband's presentation of Shakespeare's men.

Though first admitted as a novelty, the English actress did not fail to use her opportunity, and at the opening of the eighteenth century she was firmly established upon the London stage. When Queen Anne came to her throne two women players held all London at their feet; and both were in the flower of their fame, both formed by Betterton's guidance.

Mrs. Barry, the finer of these two, kept for twenty-seven years her place as favourite of the stage. Yet on beginning her career her reception was discouraging. Rejected over and over, failure threatened her. when, in 1680, Otway's tragedy of "The Orphan" appealed to her slumbering powers. A motherless waif herself, the fate of the orphaned *Monimia* must have stirred her soul to its secret depths, for in the character of *Monimia* she gained a height from which she never faltered—while her rendering of the cry, "*Ah; poor Castilio!*" is said from the comprehensive pity of her tone to have drowned her audience in tears. That she had more than a glimmering of the meaning of her art was revealed in her sensitive face, which has been described as "rippling over with intellect." Her industry shows her likewise to have been a true pupil of her chief; for in thirty-seven years she originated a hundred and twelve characters, of which *Monimia*, her nineteenth effort, was the first to mark her command of her art *after seven years' apprenticeship*. Strangely, the day that saw her last appearance followed on that dark day that saw the last appearance of the great tragedian Betterton. Both players were given honourable burial—laid to rest in the cloisters of Westminster, where, wrapped in the friendly shadow that enfolds her master, this famous actress sleeps.

Her contemporary Mrs. Bracegirdle ran a shorter, though a brilliant, course. She might, indeed, have proved a formidable rival had she not, though the younger of the two, been the first to leave the stage, preferring the more exclusive homage of society. Yet, though her charm was due to her freshness rather than her beauty, she had no lack of opportunity. For she was possessed of a rare power of magnetism so compelling, it is said, that she never made her exit without leaving in her audience the feeling

that their faces were moulded into imitation of hers.

With regard to the annals of the stage, Betterton and Garrick may be said to epitomise their centuries. Between the going of the former and the coming of the latter about thirty years intervened. Yet they were not years of absolute eclipse; for to illumine the space between these twin splendours of the stage the star of Anne Oldfield glitters conspicuously.

At the time of the crowning of Queen Anne, Anne Oldfield was but a girl of seventeen. Yet an eager and ambitious girl, she treasured secretly such hints as came her way regarding the theatre. Then when opportunity was ripe, in spirit she was ready. Her gift for acting was marked, but hers was a case again in which the secret of success lay not so much in this natural gift as in her power of concentration and faithful study. Cibber writes of this indefatigable actress: "In all the parts she undertook she sought enlightenment and instruction from every quarter," and her labour was repaid, for her success surpassed her fairest dreams. Through twenty years she was hailed in England as the Queen of Comedy, during which time she was the original representative of sixty-five characters, chiefly of what was then known as "genteel comedy."

In later years, unhappily, her efforts cost her dear. While still in the flush of success, she was attacked by an ailment of such a painful nature that often when applause was loudest the suffering actress could scarcely hide her tears. When the end came at last, the news of her death was received with consternation in the city. Her funeral was conducted with all the pomp befitting the Queen of Comedy. Her body was even laid in state in the magnificent Jerusalem Chamber, and nobles bore her pall, while an elaborate ceremony consigned the silent actress to her grave. Faults she had in plenty, and they





MRS. BRACEGIRDLE, AS AN INDIAN PRINCESS  
From a Mezzotint

were unfortunately all too open to the world. But for this darling of the public, whose burden night after night she had lightened by her wit and beauty, no honour seemed too great which that public could bestow.

Her departure was followed by a dreary interval. Fourteen years were still to intervene before Garrick and his satellites rose to fill the public eye, and they were bleak years, indeed, with Wilkes and Betterton gone for ever, Barry and Bracegirdle fast becoming faded memories, and the sunshine of comedy extinguished in the darkened smile of loved Anne Oldfield.

Among the frequenters of these rather dull theatres, a youth of ruddy

countenance was at the moment little noticed, while still less noticed was a little tight-rope dancer about to venture on the Dublin stage. Yet fame had set her seal on just these two. As the century matured it swept before it first onto the London stage the dancer Peg Woffington, as *Sylvia*. The following season it disclosed its more important prize, when on October 19th, 1741, the little theatre in Goodman's Fields announced to its audience—"The Life and Death of King Richard III.," the part of the King by a gentleman who had never appeared on any stage.

Garrick was that nameless gentleman, and he was then twenty-five,



PEG WOFFINGTON

*From the Painting by John Lewis, in the National Gallery of Ireland*

just the age at which Betterton began his famous career. His masterly handling of *Richard* that night excited the greatest enthusiasm—the freshness and naturalness of his acting caught and held his audience—amazed, men saw not only a new *Richard*, but a “new perspective of art.” Spellbound, they looked on at pas-

sions that they knew were genuine, despite the paint and pasteboard, and as they looked they realised that the character of this new *Richard* thrown before their mental gaze was human through and through. Yet powerful as that first presentation was, it was but slowly that Garrick made his way. Reformers are rarely appreciated by



MRS. SIDDONS  
*From the Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds*

their contemporaries. The old schools of Macklin and Quin, grandiloquent and artificial, set their emphasis on the form rather than the soul of tragedy. It was a manner of acting that lent itself to pompous parts, one described as "wearing the fetters rather than the ornaments of the Muse." And a jealous school, it prided itself on its traditions.

To Garrick's younger eyes these traditions were so many tyrannies. Conventional methods of speech and action were to him as ridiculous as unendurable. To his bolder vision, nature, truth and passion were the things most worthy of his interpretation.

Like Betterton, he had a vital influence on the actresses of his day, and from the first was surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant women, the names of some of whom are bywords still. Clive, Woffington, Bellamy, Abing-

ton remain to-day not only traditions of the stage, but in their actual beauty still bewilder us through the medium of their painted portraits.

Peg Woffington and Kitty Clive were close contemporaries of Garrick—both Irish like himself, and both impulsive as beautiful, though Peg, the most beautiful in person, was certainly the least beautiful in character, a veritable child of nature—one who followed her impulses with a too reckless abandonment; something of the coarseness of her antecedents running riot in her blood. On the whole she was good-natured, though subject to fits of ungovernable fury when her comrades, like her enemies, felt the sting of her sharp tongue. With such a character become the rage in London, it is not surprising that its owner ran a wild career. Ever inconsequent, perhaps her wild-





FANNY KEMBLE

From the Painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

est freak was flying with Sheridan to the mountains of Shannon, there to abjure her childhood's faith and swear allegiance to the Protestant creed. Scene and setting were romantic, but the romance fades quickly before the sordid fact that the oath was taken purely for the sake of gain. Back in London again she glittered for two seasons more, when she was suddenly stricken with

paralysis. The days that followed were pitiful indeed—filled with impatience and remorse, as far as such weak natures can know remorse—but to show her sincerity as far as in her lay, she left her dubiously-earned money to the poor.

Clive, the more clever actress of the two, was possessor of that power of identification said to belong only to great intellectual players—a power



ANN OLDFIELD  
*From a Photograph by J. Richardson*

that won for her the title of "The Comic Genius," yet in tragedy she failed, notwithstanding Garrick's theory that to be a great tragedian, a player must be a good comic actor. She was long a favourite in society, for health and spirits made this clever Irishwoman as beguiling a companion as she was a brilliant actress. Yet the temptations of the stage made little appeal to her upright nature; and so marvellous was her vitality that to the end of her long life her wit remained as sparkling, her judgment as balanced as when in the very prime of life.

The fate of her successor, on the contrary, reveals a soul shadowed

from its infancy. All in all, Mrs. Bellamy is one of the most pitiful figures of the English stage. Rarely lovely in childhood, and brilliantly educated by her father, "old demi-rip Tyrawley," she stepped at once to the front rank of her profession. Doran, in his "Annals," describes her in few words:

"What with the loves, caprices, charms, extravagances and sufferings of Mrs. Bellamy she excited the wonder, admiration, pity and contempt of the town for thirty years. The Mr. Metham, whom she might have married, she would not—Chalcraft and Digges, whom she would, and the last of whom she thought she had

married, she could not, for both had wives living. To say that she was a siren that lured men to destruction is to say little, for she went down to ruin with each victim; but she rose from the wreck more exquisitely seductive and terribly fascinating than ever, to find new prey whom she might ensnare and betray."

Still, on the stage, she kept her position, which was considered particularly fine in parts demanding fire and passion. While her youth lasted she was a dazzling spectacle, but by virtue of that very brightness the darkness was the more appalling when it came. For a time it blotted her from recognition, but as the years roll on a glimmer for a moment lights up her pitiful figure, gaunt with hunger, stealing down the muddy steps of Old Westminster Bridge to that last obliterating refuge, the dark-flowing Thames. Still more painful is the glimpse of her home-coming to her old theatre, a barefoot beggar at its doors. The image is almost too painful to recall—of that tiny, fluttering figure, glowing in youth and confidence, so swiftly disappearing only to reappear before the same curtain, a broken creature, rolled forward in an armchair on her benefit night, but too sodden and too terrified to mutter a word of thanks.

Influenced no doubt by their environment the brightest actresses of Garrick's day were the comedians. A few tragedians there were, famed for certain characters, such as Mrs. Cibber's *Ophelia* and Mrs. Crawford's *Lady Randolph*, but Garrick's age was distinctively the age of sentimental comedy. The eighteenth century saw the middle class of England rise to new importance. As the country settled down from the throes of revolution, peace encouraged trade, and trade brought private fortune. The town became an interesting feature in itself. Loosed from the throttling struggle of civil and religious war, men felt free to enjoy

easy intercourse with each other. They woke to the pleasures of everyday life. Novelty, variety and amusement took the place of imagination and profounder feeling. Criticism had birth, and in the more prosaic turn of thought prevailing men let slip in a measure their power to "imagine greatly."

Garrick did not live to see his century out. But when his call came it was on a woman's shoulders that his mantle fell. To this woman, Sarah Kemble, the task was given to draw men's minds back to the more serious and impassioned aspects of life. Her parents were strolling actors, consequently the Kemble children played as soon as they could speak distinctly. Little Sarah was at first hissed off the stage as too young to appear before a sensible audience. She won all hearts, however, by her recitation of a fable, and at thirteen, in the part of Ariel, played with the rest of her family in "*The Tempest*." At eighteen she married Henry Siddons, then an unknown actor, and at twenty-one played with him in quite an ambitious range of characters in Bath. Garrick, hearing of her talent, engaged her for Drury at five pounds a week. Here she had the good luck to appear three times with this great actor, once as *Portia* and twice as *Lady Anne* to his *Richard*. But Garrick's farewell to the stage in June of that year ended her engagement. Back to the country accordingly went the young actress to perfect her technique. Three years later came a second offer from London, and for her children's sake she felt it was too good a chance to lose. Though she was now a woman of thirty, to her humble nature it was a tremendous struggle to face this new trial of her powers. Genius though she was, her first rehearsal was unpromising. A world of fears haunted her till from sheer nervousness her voice broke, and by the time the important night arrived she had worked herself up to a state she



describes as one of "desperate tranquillity." It was a condition that made her old father, huddled there among the audience, look on in silent misery, when, holding her little son by the hand to give her confidence, she faced this critical audience for the second time. His dismay, however, soon gave way to amazement, as setting all her powers to the task, she entered into the spirit of her part. The nervousness may have stimulated her to keener insight, for so powerful was her acting that her little son, who had often rehearsed his part with her, was so overcome by the dying scene he burst into tears upon the stage. Peel after peel of applause followed till the roof rang. Then came reaction equal to the nervousness. Success meant so much to this hard-working mother—so much in her relations as daughter, wife, and mother—so much more in that more intimate relation of the artist to her aim. The relief was so overwhelming after the exciting ordeal that all three, father, husband, and wife, walked home "solemnly and quietly," scarcely speaking to each other during their frugal supper. But from that time Mrs. Siddons's triumph was assured. Her acting was the topic of London. Her *Jane Shore* could set strong men weeping; but it was the free, impassioned, all-conquering love of her *Belvidera* that pleased her audience best. Critics report that the King and Queen "shed tears" at her powerful acting. Peeresses strove for her presence to grace their drawing-rooms, where well-bred personages climbed upon chairs to see her pass. Reynolds painted his name on the hem of her garment in his picture of her as "The Tragic Muse." Such honour, indeed, as London had to give it gave unsparingly. Finally came her crowning triumph as *Lady Macbeth*. Entrancing as her presentment of Shakespeare's women was, her *Lady Macbeth* surpassed them all. She was thirty-three when she pro-

duced this long-studied part. Her conception was most original, thought out to the last detail, till this strange Celtic character stood out before her a live creation. "Her conception of *Lady Macbeth*," writes her nieces, "was that of a woman with the fair hair and fair skin of the north, her fairness lit up by deep blue eyes—a delicate beauty and fair feminine form, which united to that undaunted mettle which her husband paid homage to, constituted a complex spell at once soft and strong, sweet and powerful." "A woman," comments Doran, "prompt for wickedness, but swiftly possessed of remorse; one, who is horror-stricken for herself and for the precious husband, who, more robust and less sensitive, plunges deeper into crime, and is less moved by any sense of compassion or sorrow."

"Not only," writes a genuine critic of that day, "was Mrs. Siddons a great artist, but a thorough English lady; one of the bravest and most willing of workers." While Campbell alluding to her talent adds: "She increased the heart's capacity for tender, intense, and lofty feelings, and seemed something above humanity, in presence of which humanity was moved, exalted, or depressed according as she willed."

But if woman from the first proved her excellence in acting, as playwright she completely failed. Not more than ten in all even timorously ventured in this field, and three of these, as Doran wittily remarks, had the grace to apologise for the attempt. Altogether, the plays of women worth mentioning can be counted on the fingers of a hand. Whether the twentieth century will see a difference, whether it will see its women so far rise above their present contemplation of themselves as to reach that point of contemplation in which the general becomes the typical, and so to represent these types with that delicacy of humour and grace of sentiment that ought to be within their

province, remains an open question. Fanny Kemble, a clever actress in herself, had no doubts regarding a woman's limits as dramatic author. In her "Recollections," she writes: "We had a long discussion to-day as to the possibilities of women being good dramatic writers. I think it so impossible that I actually believe their physical organisation is against it, and after all it is great nonsense saying that the intellect is of no sex. The brain, of course, is of the same sex as the rest of the creature; besides, the original feminine nature, the whole of our training and education, our inevitable ignorance of common life and general human nature, and the various experience is insuperably against it."

During the latter half of the eighteenth century in Canada strolling players appeared occasionally in the Provinces, but it was not till the beginning of the nineteenth century that the first theatre was established in Montreal. This was simply a rough stage built into the upper part of a large stone warehouse, and was due to the efforts of an actor from New York, helped out by local sympathisers.

The first mention made of a Canadian actress dates from the year 1806. This mention is made by a most unsparing writer, who states in his "Travels," published at that time, that "women's parts upon the stage were usually played by boys as the only actress then available in Canada was an old superannuated demirep whose drunken *Belvideras* and *Desdemonas* enraptured Canadian

audiences." Two years later it was announced in Montreal that "The Tempest" would be acted in the Montreal Theatre, the part of *Miranda* by a young lady of that city who had never appeared on any stage. Unhappily, this unknown lady did not perpetuate her fame like the unknown gentleman of Garriek's play-bill.

The taste for the drama was growing none the less, and before the reign of Victoria the old Theatre Royal rose in Montreal to delight Canadian eyes. It was an ambitious venture for the building in itself cost \$30,000. It opened well under the management of Broom, the brother-in-law of Charles Kemble. During his first season this untiring manager induced the great Edmund Kean to visit Montreal, where on four successive evenings Shakespeare was for the first time worthily presented to colonials. The year 1833 was equally memorable, for in that year Broom persuaded not only his famous brother-in-law, but his equally famous niece, Fanny Kemble, the able successor of Mrs. Siddons, to play for an entire week in Montreal, while among their support he managed to include the popular American actress Clara Fisher. This was an opportunity gratefully remembered by Montrealers, as in the following year Fanny Kemble disappeared from public life. Her name in connection with that of her aunt Mrs. Siddons brings to a close the brief list of English play-actresses distinguished alike by their perseverance as by their brilliant powers in those interesting hard-working pre-Victorian days.



# THE BOY

BY ELIZABETH RICHARDSON

MY wife was visiting some sick friends at the hospital, and I was waiting for her in the waiting-room. The only other occupant was a middle-aged man sitting by the window. Both hands were clasped over the head of his cane, which he swung restlessly backward and forward. His face was white and drawn, but it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. In them hope and fear seemed struggling for mastery.

He turned as I entered and remarked that it was a fine day. He seemed anxious to talk, and after a few common-place remarks he asked me if I had anyone ill in the hospital. Upon my replying in the negative and asking him the same question, he replied:

"My wife. Appendicitis."

"Serious?"

He cleared his throat nervously.

"Yes, I—I guess so," he said. "She let it go too long. They're operating now——"

Somewhere from above a woman's shrill scream rang out, to be silenced suddenly as though a door had been quickly closed. The stick clattered noisily to the floor, while the man clutched the edge of his chair tightly, so that the knuckles stood out white and rigid on his brown hands.

He laughed apologetically as he stooped to pick up his cane.

"I guess I'm kind o' scary—been here all night, and the place sort o' gets on a fellow's nerves—it's so eternal quiet!" He hesitated and

then went on: "That woman who yelled—her husband was here last night, too—has gone kind o' batty and cuts up fierce sometimes. Georgie—that's my wife—she made Jim take the baby home because the woman's screams frightened him."

"You have a baby, then?"

"Yes; a year old last week. Great little fellow, bright as a dollar. Jim—he's my brother—thinks he's 'the only thing goin' and looks after him like a woman would. He'll take care of him till his mother gets home."

"Your brother lives with you?" I asked, still bent on drawing him out.

"Oh, yes; him and me lived alone together for almost thirty years and all that time no woman ever darkened our door—till Georgie come. The house was like a pig-pen and goin' to rack and ruin for want of a few repairs, but we never bothered. So long as we had enough grub to keep us alive and a roof over our heads we didn't care. But when Georgie came she changed all that."

He paused.

"Then you were married just lately?" I asked.

"Aye. Pretty old bridegroom, wasn't I? But, Lord, we was happy! I don't see how Jim an' I ever got along without her. I'll always mind the first time I seen her. I'd gone over to Halliday's for some seed peas and fell in love with her on the spot. She was a teacher, but had been sick and was staying at Halliday's for a rest. You'd wonder that a teacher would marry an uneducated old



codger like me, eh? Well, she did. I'll never forget the day I asked her if she'd have me. It was out in the orchard under the Duchess tree—it was all covered with blossom—and my heart was goin' like a trip-hammer and I thought my knees was goin' to cave in altogether. But I did it! I could hardly believe it was true when she said 'yes.' Me—goin' to marry that little woman with her curly brown hair an' her blue eyes with their long lashes, an' all her nice little ways! Folks tried to get her to change her mind; told her she was crazy to take an old fellow like me when she could pretty near have the pick of the country. They tried to frighten her by telling her about our house. But she just smiled sweetly and took her own way all the same." There was another pause.

"But she cleaned up the house, you said?"

"I rather guess she did! Went at it hammer an' tongs, and, though Jim and I tried to help her, I guess we hindered her more, for we was so busy admirin' her quick ways we didn't have time for much else.

"She had the partition between the parlour and dining-room torn down so as to make one big room, and had a summer kitchen built and the house all shingled and painted. Why, we didn't know ourselves, 'specially after we got the yard all cleaned up and the front gate on again.

"And the meals she puts up! Jim an' I didn't know what was the matter with us at first—eatin' off a table with a white cloth and all set in civilised fashion, and to have our food cooked up so nice; the messes we made all tasted alike. Georgie used to tell us that we praised her cookin' just to please her and that we said it was good whether it was or not. But that wasn't true, everything was good, though I s'pose if she gave us porridge three times a day we'd

cheerfully and gladly down it.

"Then when Jim was threatened with newmoanie she took such good care of him that the first time he was able to go in to town he bought her one of them things for the kitchen—you know, with drawers to hold flour an' tea an' stuff; kitchen cabinet, I think she calls it—to show how thankful he was. He was terrible tickled when he seen how it pleased her. We have a swell carpet for the parlour at home now to surprise her when——" A white-capped nurse passed the door; he saw her, faltered for a second, then went bravely on—"when she gets back."

He seemed disposed to stop here, but I prompted him.

"But the baby; you haven't told me about the baby."

"Dear, dear, did I really leave him out? Georgie would never forgive me for that. If we was happy before, we was ten times happier when we—when we knew he was comin'. When Georgie told me I went out to the stable and gave the horses an extra feed all 'round—I was that glad! Then when I was puttin' down hay I got down on my knees in the mow and tried to thank God for His goodness; but somehow the words wouldn't come—but I guess He knew what was in my heart.

"My, how we planned for that baby! Down deep in my heart I hoped it would be a girl, but she wanted a boy, so I never let on but what I did, too. She talked away about how I'd learn him to drive when he was big enough and how he'd help Jim and me with the chores and all that. But all the time I was thinking how nice it would be to have a little girl flyin' 'round the house, helpin' her mother and learnin' to cook an' bake an' sew. 'Course, now the boy's here, I wouldn't change him for ten girls, but I did sort o' hanker after a girl.

"Then, when the boy came—she

was so glad it was a boy!—we was still happier. He was born in the hospital here, and Jim came in to see them when the boy was a few days old. Say, you should 'a' seen Jim. He wouldn't hold the boy in his arms for anything, but just touched him gently on one cheek, like as if he thought he'd break. He grinned from ear to ear when Georgie told him the boy'd soon be callin' him 'Uncle Jim.'

"But that was quite awhile ago; the boy's a year old now, as I think I told you. It's been an awful happy year for us, plannin' for the boy—'our boy,' Georgie always calls him—and watchin' him grow bigger 'n' brighter every day, and learnin' to call us by name. Jim just about worships him. Georgie says he'll spoil him, and I guess we would, between us, if it wasn't for her. She's always watchin' to see that he don't get selfish or too fond of his own way or anything. Please God she'll be spared to look after him—our-boy——"

I turned my head away; the anxiety and suspense written on his face were more than I could bear. I marvelled that he hept up as well as he did.

"And what do you want the boy to be when he grows up?" I asked, after a long silence.

"Georgie always says he is to choose his own work, whatever he likes best. I think she'd like him to be a minister; she's Scotch, and you know how they look up to a preacher, and what an honour they think it to have one in the family. But one thing: she's determined that he'll go to college. She always wanted to go herself, but never had—never was able to. She talks about how he'll stand first in his class and be captain of the eleven and—and all such that she reads in books."

Another protracted silence; my companion stared straight ahead,

restlessly twirling his stick round and round.

An electric bell jangled; a nurse sped past the door, her rubber heels making a soft patter down the hall. The odour of iodoform was particularly strong. The man sniffed it as if it were hateful to him.

The door across the hall opened. I remember yet the name and number—Hillerest, 15. A woman came out, a damp handkerchief held tightly in one hand, her eyes red and swollen.

The horrible stillness was getting on my companion's nerves. He stirred uneasily.

"Ain't this the worst place to make a fellow remember things? The very smell of it makes me think of the time the boy was born—I thought that night would never end."

He went on dreamily: "It was only the other night we was sittin' out on the back steps plannin' about the boy. She was kind o' laughin' and sayin' as how the girls will like our boy when he grows up and how lucky the girl that gets him will be. The birds was chirpin' soft an' low, like they was cuddlin' down for the night; the cows was lowin' in the barnyard, an' we could hear Jim openin' an' shuttin' the stable-doors as he done the chores, an' she said, all of a sudden:

"'Oh, don't you love it, love it? The big open country, with its trees and fields and wind and sky!'

"An' then——"

A nurse with a black band in her cap came to the door and looked in. My companion looked up, a world of anxious entreaty in his eyes, but with lips held firm.

The nurse hesitated, then went over to him.

"Your wife has just passed away, Mr. Cannon," she said, then added as if to cover the baldness of the statement, "she was still under the influence and felt no pain."

The man said nothing; his lips still

held their fine lines and firmness.  
I rose to go. Of what avail was  
my sympathy? I was but a stranger,  
and he did not realise how much of  
his life and heart he had revealed

to me. At the door I looked back.  
The old man was leaning on his cane,  
staring at the blank wall opposite.  
And the nurse hesitated at his side,  
not knowing what to say.

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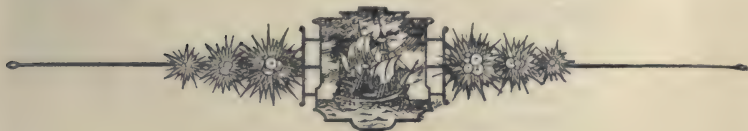
## THE YEARS

By BEATRICE REDPATH

WITHIN old cloistered woods I hear leaves fall  
As slowly as a weary, quiet rain,  
The earth lies silent 'neath its leafy pall,  
While years tread softly where dead hopes are lain.  
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern:  
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

And some passed swiftly as a pulsing flame,  
While there were those that dreamed 'neath slumbrous skies;  
Some sped white-winged and others stumbled lame;  
Some years were as a wheeling flight of sighs.  
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern:  
The footsteps of old years shall not return.

Oh, time of hidden pain, oh, time of tears!  
Now would I rest, for I am weary quite.  
The years move always, old, old drifting years,  
Beyond the shadow of the Infinite.  
Ah, hear the wind that whispers to the fern:  
The footsteps of old years shall not return.





## ALONG THE SKYROADS

By WILLIAM A. CREELMAN

GOD-GUIDED by the beacon stars,  
Marking the long, lone aisles of night,  
They pass before the white moon-bars,  
Wild birds of passage in their flight.

Weirdly sound their honking cries,  
From their vanguard leaders sailing,  
In the depths of pathless skies,  
Through the lofty cloud-lands trailing.

Heavens of spring nights, how vast their deeps,  
Where wing the wanderers miles on miles!  
While far beyond the great moon leaps  
And flashes o'er our lakes and isles.

Clouds of spring nights, mountain piled,  
Fleeces in the wild winds blowing!  
Stars, blinking through, upon the wild,  
Wild birds of passage northward going!

Throughout all time these pathless guides  
Aloft have called the years, as forth  
They sail upon their airy tides  
Unto the homelands of the North.

Afar in Arctic skies they'll soar,  
And see the lofty sea-bergs hurled,  
Crashed by the giant arms of Thor  
Upon the shoulders of the world.

Sagas, Seers, in days of old,  
Their course have watched, like children awed,  
Evolved strange meanings and foretold  
The portents of some ancient God.

'Neath cold, gray skies there swings the sign  
Of passing years, as wing on wing,  
The oldest pendulum of Time  
They move across the face of spring.



A SCENE FROM "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

## PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

NOT since the Shaw apogee have we had as much activity in the better sort of drama or seen that activity so well rewarded as in the present season. "Disraeli," "Passers-By," "Buntz Pulls the Strings," and "The Return of Peter Grimm" are all cheering successes in a field of playwriting and acting worthy of any season. Equally successful, although of secondary literary and artistic interest to some of these, have been "The Woman," "Bought and Paid For," "The Only Son," and "The Arab," all plays of excellent dramatic qualities.

The season has been still further enriched by the appearance of the distinguished French actress Madame Simone, an artist of the wonderful finesse and reserve that distinguishes the modern French school of acting. We have also made acquaintance with an English actor of unusually finished acting methods and engaging stage personality, Mr. Lewis Waller. His coming signalled the stage presentation of "The Garden of Allah," one of the most sumptuous and brilliant stage spectacles of modern times. Apart from the great scenic beauty, the feature of the production



MARGARET NYBLOC AND EDWARD BERESFORD, IN  
"BUNTY PUTS THE STRINGS"

was Mr. Waller's acting in the rôle of Boris Androvsky, the Trappist monk of the Hichens story, who broke his vows and lived and loved awhile in the desert.

The Drama Players, a new organisation under the direction of Mr. Donald Robertson, devoted to the production of the better class of plays, have made a commendable start, and their appearance in authors of the substantial worth of Ibsen and Molière, is at least another finger-post of the season pointing to higher things. While we are still felicitating ourselves, we may also interpret the success of Miss Anglin in "Green Stockings" as evidencing a taste for finer things in comedy; confirmation of improved taste also being found in the temporary check given to the epidemic of farce that has prevailed in former seasons and threatened the earlier weeks of this.

Notwithstanding that the atmosphere and verbal plumage of the period are faithfully reproduced, Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli" is an essentially modern reading of history. Instead of the traditional statue of heroic proportions, for instance, boldly outlined against the horizon of history, we have an intimate unposed study of the great "Dizzy" within the comparatively small compass of a domestic drama. The portrait itself is a remarkable composite in which have been psychologically harmonised and developed many apparently contradictory phases of the statesman's character, and proper artistic values rendered a facile and somewhat fantastic genius. We have Disraeli, the prophet, poet, statesman, and devoted patriot, as well as Disraeli, the fox, patient, cunning and crafty, when these are the weapons needed to foil his adversaries. Courage, audacity and an almost sinister shrewdness play constantly behind a mask of imperturbable calm, suavity and good humour.

Disraeli is introduced at a critical point in his struggle for control of the Suez Canal, the big ditch, as it was popularly known, and in which, thanks to British apathy, we find his efforts at the outset reduced to an ignominious struggle with a money-lender. Failing to interest the Bank of England in his scheme to purchase the Khedive's shares, he appeals to a private banker, Mr. Meyers, and finally prevails upon him to advance the loan. Intriguing spies next engage his attention, and these



he ultimately outwits, but not until his schemes have been put in jeopardy through the stupidity of an under-secretary and his banker, brought to ruin at the moment of victory. At the supreme crisis Disraeli displays his wonderful resources, sends for the Governor of the Bank of England once more and, in the presence of the spy who has come to gloat over his defeat, compels the bank, at the risk of forfeiting its character, to make good the defunct Meyers cheque. This is a brilliantly effective and dramatic scene, in which the powers and passionate patriotism of the man are extended in full play. The anticlimax is even more thrilling and illuminating: "How fortunate you have such power," exclaims the Lady Clarissa in triumph. "But I haven't," answers Disraeli, "only he doesn't know it." In making historic events conform to dramatic necessities, the author has been here and elsewhere both adroit and imaginative.

The intimate social and private life of "Disraeli" shows him as the courtier, the engaging wit and the devoted consort, with frequent evidence of his chivalrous devotion to Lady Beaconsfield. If superficial gallantries appeared sometimes to play on the surface of these attentions, we are made to feel that beneath was the note of deep and tender regard for the woman to whom he owed so much. The presentation scene of the last act, when he receives alarming news from her bedside, is movingly eloquent of that fact.



GEORGE ARLISS AND MARGARET DALE, IN "DISRAELI"

Mr. Parker's indebtedness to the actor is so great that his own work is apt to be underestimated. It is doubtful if there is another actor on the English stage who could exteriorise all the features of the portrait with the glittering ease of Mr. Arliss. The physical likeness itself might deceive the Queen, but to external features he is able to add a vivid and resourceful personality, a native suavity and urbanity of manner that make the illusion complete. From the moment he enters the drawing-room of the Duchess of Glastonbury, with a quip about the peacocks, until he turns toward the door where the Queen, he has just made Empress waits to receive him, we are held in thrall.

Without preliminary blare of trumpets (or pipes) a company of Scottish players appeared last summer in London in a little Scotch comedy by a hitherto unknown Scot-

tish author, Mr. Graham Moffatt. The piece proved an instantaneous popular success, and another company, likewise Scotch, was early in the season formed to produce it in America.

tish character, which is its special mission to portray. The play is a picture of the dour conditions of a provincial Scottish family in whom fear of God and duty to the kirk are



PERCIVAL KNIGHT AND SOME QUAKER GIRLS IN "THE QUAKER GIRL"

The same modesty of announcement characterised its initial presentation here, and surprised theatre-goers found before them a theatrical novelty as unique as "Pomander Walk" and refreshing as the heather from which its characters and incidents are drawn. Not since "Peter Pan" has the curtain risen on such sheer joy-giving entertainment as "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

Avoiding theatrical devices and stage clap-trap of all kinds, "Bunty" tells a simple story in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, with just enough emphasis to bring out the points of Scot-

ruling passions, and their sad earthly life a preparation for the sadder life to come. The first act opens on a Sabbath morning scene in the parlour of *Tammas Biggar*, in whom we discover an elder of the kirk, stern pietist, and an inexorable parent. Behind drawn blinds that shut out the sunlight, along with other worldly things, a protesting youth is learning his catechism, and *Bunty*, the daughter, is more willingly occupied in a book of Robertson's sermons, the willingness being explained by the fact that they have been lent by her lover *Weelum Sprunt*. *Weelum*,



MADAME SIMONE, IN "THE THIEF"

we further learn, has just been made an elder of the kirk, and is that day to realise his life's ambition and "stand before the plate." Thus the day derives a special importance for the *Biggar* family, making more poignant the disasters to *Tammas* that follow. For *Tammas*, it seems, had not always combined with religious severity a perfect saintliness of character. His heritage of Scotch caution, for instance, had on one occasion got the better of a matrimonial impulse and at the last moment led him to desert the lady at the altar. The arm of coincidence has been stretched just a trifle to bring the jilted lady into the life of *Tammas* at this most inopportune moment. *Tammas* had also borrowed from a trust fund, without permission, to pay the debts of an erring son. Both

derelictions come to the knowledge of a very acid, eaves-dropping, pious spinster, who, piqued at the prospect of a rival for the elder's hand, proceeds to denounce him before the kirk as a fraudulent trustee. It is at this point that the resourceful *Buntie* begins to pull some strings, and she pulls them to such good purpose that the situation is not only saved and the father spared his humiliation, but the unhappy and discomfited spinster is proved to be the unlawful custodian of the depleted trust fund. *Buntie* follows up her advantage to make rebellion on parental tyranny, and to pull some strings for her own and the happiness of other members of the kirk-ridden family. The compelling charm of this little domestic comedy lies in its delightful realism, its un-





LEWIS WALLER AND MARY MANNERING, IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

pretentiousness, its delicate and sparkling humour and the absolute fidelity with which the familiar portraits are drawn.

"Passers-By" is another London success which American playgoers have promptly endorsed. Haddon Chambers is the author, and the play is in many respects quite the best offering of the early season. It hold the indefinable quality of atmosphere and, in the opening scenes especially, suggests something of the whimsical charm and appeal of *Barrie*. Passers-by are the flotsdam and jetsam that drift into the life of one *Peter Waverton*, a dilettante young Englishman of wealth and breeding, with apartments in Piccadilly. *Pine*, his valet, has a fondness for looking out of the window, "watching the passers-by," as he puts it, and occa-

sionally, in his master's absence, hailing one in for a cheering night-cap. The bored *Waverton*, surprising his valet on one of these sociable occasions, accepts the humour of the situation, and in a spirit of adventure takes *Pine's* place at the window. Out of the fog and the dark are soon gathered a "cabby," a street tramp—*Samuel Burns* by name—and a girl who had once figured in the life of *Peter Waverton*. A governess in the family of *Peter* at one time, she was summarily dismissed by a haughty aunt and her whereabouts, so far as *Peter* was concerned, were swallowed up in mystery. A son, it transpires, was born of their illicit love, and this fact coming suddenly to *Peter's* knowledge awakens in him his first serious interest in life. The meeting that follows later between the sober



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ERNEST LAWFORD, A. T. ANDREWS, RICHARD BENNETT, JULIAN ROYSE, LOUISE RUTTER, AND ROSALIE TALLER,  
IN A SCENE FROM "PASSERS-BY"

lad and the awed embarrassed, conscience-stricken father is both tender and significant.

This more or less commonplace narrative, however, and the further situation invented to sustain dramatic interest—*Peter's* engagement and the little complications it involves, fall short of the initial conception of the author, and the splendid humanness of the characters concerned. It is in these characterisations, drawn as they are from real life and seen by us through the humorous and poetic imagination of the author,

that the great interest of the play lies. This is particularly true of *Burns*, a pathetic childlike, homeless creature, whose "Work's for workmen" sums up his entire sense of responsibility. His resentment over an enforced bath and shave as an unwarranted interference with individual liberty is almost Shawvian in its humorous perverseness. It is a long time since we have seen a character as haunting as this, and the haunting qualities have been realistically portrayed by Mr. Ernest Lawford in a remarkable piece of charac-

ter acting. When *Burns*, showing neither regret nor gratitude, takes leave of his new friends and goes down to the embankment because, as he remarks, there's always a bit of life there, we feel a real sense of personal loss.

Mr. John Drew is, by common consent, the gentleman *per se* of the American stage, a model of urbanity, master in the sartorial arts and exemplar of the decorum most becoming to the social circles he so consciously graces season after season. "A Single Man," by Hubert Henry Davies, is a typical John Drew play in every respect. It grants the actor the breeding of an English gentleman, sets him in the refined surroundings of English country life, gives him wealth and a literary vocation, and at forty-three, with the

turning of the spring, awakens in him a romantic longing for wife and children. In the first fresh glow of the quickening mood he bestows his affections on a little butterfly neighbour less than half his age. Propinquity—ever the goddess of impatient love—is responsible, of course, and she again comes to the rescue, when, after a futile effort to reconcile middle-aged reality to imaginative youth (you see he is an Englishman) he discovers in the pretty, accomplished and intellectually sympathetic secretary, who has been his literary associate for years and who adores him, a companionship more suited to his tastes and years. From the standpoint of formal and polite society the romantic bachelor is placed for a time in an interesting predicament, which holds the promise of some



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THAIS LAWTON, MARY BOLAND AND JOHN DREW, IN A "A SINGLE MAN"



diverting comedy. But the author calmly ignores his opportunity and accomplishes the rescue by the most formal and conventional means. In fact, while the play holds a situation or two worthy of the author of "The Mollusc," he has been content for the most part to write a prim, conventional comedy liberally sprinkled with witty and diverting small talk. Mary Boland plays the part of the secretary with gentle refinement and evident sincerity, and shows considerable skill in suggesting emotion with an economy of outward manifestation. Miss Thais Lawton also does some excellent comedy work in the rôle of a matrimonial adventuress.

While scientists as eminent as Professor Hyslop, Oliver Lodge, Flammarion, and the late William James have been seriously investigating the question of the return of the dead, Mr. Belasco has seized on the dramatic possibilities of the theme, and in the course of a simple, touching, and tremendously human story, makes skilful and daring use of the latest developments in this field of research. "The Return of Peter Grimm" not only successfully anticipates public curiosity on a fascinating subject, but presents it in a way to engage the sympathetic interest of any audience. For whatever one's "beliefs," it is practically impossible to escape the illusion of certain moments, to fail to rejoice over the "return" or to remain unmoved in certain scenes in which the anguished *Peter* struggles to communicate his wishes—to get his message across, as the phrase goes. Added to all this a note of cheerful optimism is sounded by the play, even to making beautiful that which mankind (thanks probably to theologians) has so long contemplated almost in terror.

*Peter Grimm*, a benevolent, sound-hearted, but somewhat opinionated

old horticulturist, has before his passing betrothed to his nephew an adopted daughter whom he dearly loves. He is ignorant of the fact that the nephew is the betrayer of his housekeeper's daughter and father of the little illegitimate boy *Willem*, whom *Peter* has befriended in life. In his mistaken zeal also for the happiness of *Kathrien*, he has stubbornly ignored the fact that she loves another. It is to correct the double wrong, unwittingly done, that he returns to the scene of his former activities.

Both the death and return are foreshadowed in the opening act, in which we are treated to a friendly tilt, on the subject of the return of the dead, between the old horticulturist and the family physician, the latter favouring the spiritists and *Peter* as vigorously ridiculing their theory. The upshot is a friendly compact by which it is agreed that the one who dies first shall return and try to communicate with the other. The same health-minded doctor, of course, remains oblivious to *Peter's* "presence," although he becomes an important factor in analysing the strange phenomena reported by others and piecing together the scraps of message by which the will of *Peter* is finally made clear. For the genius of the play lies in the fact that the bounds of the humanly probable are never transgressed. We see *Peter* vainly trying to reach the nephew through his conscience and to persuade *Kathrien* by subtle suggestion that nothing in life counts but love, not even the dying wishes of an old foster father, who now sees differently. The dramatic action springs entirely from these efforts, and the moving pathos of *Peter's* isolation, the dramatic intensity of his futile attempt to communicate his will and save those he loves from a fate for which he alone is responsible has sel-

dom been surpassed on the stage. Finally through little *Willem*, a delicate, weird lad of eight, whom the doctor calls a "sensitive," he succeeds. Here the element of probability again enters. *Willem* is ill of a fever and already on the border of the spirit world, near enough, we may suppose, to hear *Peter's* voice and feel *Peter's* presence. The proximity of *Willem's* end is soon confirmed in a beautiful and touching scene. *Peter* has promised to take the lad on a long journey; and, happy in the promise, *Willem* lies down for a little preparatory nap. He hears in his dream the music of the circus band and the clown song and then wakens to be carried out on *Peter's* shoulder. A moment later the doctor turns back the cover and gazes on the dead child. This is one of many illuminating and significant moments in a play of deep poetic beauty, complemented by most adroit, beautiful and artistic stage management.

"Bought and Paid For," the best of the minor successes, by George Broadhurst, deals with the proprietorial rights over the person of his wife, advanced by a husband when she resents his approaches in a state of inebriety. In spite of the ancient and unconvincing promise, the author has provided a well-written, skilfully-constructed and gripping play that promises to rival in popularity a play of similar title, but different theme, "Paid in Full." A wealthy, big-

hearted broker, *Robert Stafford* by name, loves and marries a girl in humble circumstances. She frankly admits that she is more influenced by the dazzling proposal than by any inward heart clamouring. Two years later we come upon a serpent in the garden, the otherwise impeccable husband tarrying too long at times over the wine cups. The crisis comes when on one of these occasions he forces his way into his wife's *boudoir*, breaking a door panel in his mad charge. Sober and penitent in the morning, he begs forgiveness, but when the wife declares her intention of leaving him he argues his claims in the brutal terms of the title. The usual return to poverty and privation is, of course, provided for the lady, and the usual reconciliation effected when grief has sufficiently softened the hearts of both.

The somewhat lachrymose features are admirably balanced by a loaves-and-fishes-seeking brother-in-law, who in times of matrimonial prosperity has risen from a fourteen-dollar job as shipping clerk to a five thousand-dollar salary in *Stafford's* office. His sentiments over the reversal of the family fortunes provides a vein of comedy that illuminates the whole performance. Frank Craven plays the part admirably. Charles Richman really rises to the demands of the part of *Stafford*, and his drunken scene especially was played with just the right reserve.



# THE VOGUE OF THE NATURE STORY

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

Are the "Nature Fakers" right? Are they contributing substantially to the study and understanding of animal behaviour, and thus to the appreciation of animal life rather than the destruction of it—or are they leading the minds of their readers astray?

**D**O animals think? The question, old as civilisation itself and new as the day, is being more warmly debated now than ever before. Judging from the diversity of opinions expressed, we seem to be as far from a solution as ever.

Some scientists, experimenting with animals in the laboratory, deny the old, all-embracing explanation of Descartes that pure instinct is the controlling factor in a creature's life, and declare that the animal "forms habits precisely as we do, and, precisely like ourselves, stores up as habits many common experiences of life."

The new school of nature writers and observers, represented by such men as Mr. John Burroughs, claims that animals "act mainly through inherited habits and instincts, and that their acquired habits, so far from being a controlling factor in their lives, hardly have to be reckoned with at all." But this school, too, denies that animals possess any power of reasoning. They say that animals have intelligence, but that it is "the kind of intelligence that pervades all nature and which is seen in the vegetable, as well as in the animal world, but which

differs radically in its mode of working from rational human intelligence."

As one who has long been a student of animal behaviour, I maintain that neither of these schools is on the right track. Instinct, which Mr. Burroughs defines as "the kind of intelligence which pervades all nature, and is seen in the animal as well as in the vegetable world," is not a sufficient explanation of animal behaviour, nor is the new psychology, that the key to animal behaviour is neither reason nor instinct, but habit or experience.

I cannot see how either school can yield anything more than negative results, but I do think that another modern school, composed of those who rather glory in the sneering title of "nature fakers," is contributing substantially to the understanding of animal behaviour, and to the solution of the problem, "Do animals think?" Allied to patient observation, they bring to the task the quality of imaginative insight, and they show that animal behaviour is something far removed from mere reflexes, tropisms, or automatic response to stimuli. They show that animals do think, that they do reason, that they have distinct individualities and a wide range of mental idiosyncrasy. On the whole nature fakers give a rational and satisfying interpretation of animal behaviour, and



neither the school of pure instinct nor that of laboratory analysis does that.

Each species, of course, inherits special racial instincts, just as men do, but each individual is endowed with a brain capable in a greater or less degree of individual thought. In other words, animals do reason, and animal reason, I believe, is of the same character as human reason. To a considerable degree animal behaviour is the direct result, not of automatic response to stimuli, but of the working, on individual lines, of individual brains. That there is a wide gulf between animal reason and human reason is patent to all, but that gulf is caused by a difference in degree, and not in kind, in the mental powers of animals and man. The limitations of animal reasoning can be strikingly put by asking, Is it imaginable that any animal can conceive such a question as "Do men think?" Such an effort of speculation is absolutely beyond them. They are capable, according to the mental endowments of species and of individuals of more or less acute reasoning on concrete subjects, but of abstract reasoning they are absolutely incapable. In a greater or less degree they can put two and two together and make a deduction, but no animal can do more than enter upon the threshold of creative thought. They show the rudiments of the faculty that enables man to do so—the faculty of imagination—as witness the play of animals, which is largely pretence, or again the conscious self-deception, say of the dog, when it pretends to bite its companion or its master. But although some animals have reached this very threshold of creative thought, they can no more pass this threshold than we can go beyond this realm to the final comprehension of the mysterious spiritual force that works in all nature, and pre-eminently in ourselves—of that

something, as the poet has put it,

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of  
man:  
A motion and a spirit that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,  
And rolls through all things."

Observers are too apt to confine their attention to the generalities of wild life, or to wild animals in captivity. They see all the birds of one species make nests on the same general pattern, or all animals of a certain species displaying the same general characteristics, and they say, "All they show is instinct; nothing more." They put a wild animal in captivity, and they say, "It cannot reason, because no strength of bar or wall can convince it that it cannot escape; it continues to dash itself against the bars, not until it is convinced, but until it is exhausted."

Such arguments are the result of the necessarily restrictive character of the study of wild life. Few people have the time, or the inclination, or the opportunity, for the study of the individual in wild life. But a very large proportion of people have an opportunity for studying what the animal mind is capable of in the observation of our domestic animals. I make a plea for psychology in the farmyard. I think that here we have abundant material for triumphantly vindicating the proposition that animals do think, and that the thinking powers of individuals are, while lacking almost entirely the quality of imagination, varied in force and power as are the mental powers of individual men.

Take our old friend the horse. Now the horse is not the brightest example of thinking animals, for one reason, because it has to work hard physically, but primarily because it has to devote so large a proportion of its time to mastication. But who, with

any experience of horses, can say that horses do not reason?

I have in mind the actions of a pair of horses that I drove into the Porcupine goldfields in the first winter of the rush into that region. A narrow trail had been cut through the forest—a trail so narrow that the whipple-trees frequently struck the standing trees, giving the horses nasty jars on the collar. One of the horses accepted these jars as a matter of course; the other kept looking back to find the cause. He soon discovered it, and thereafter he never suffered a single jar on the collar from this cause. He measured the position of the trees carefully, and whenever he trotted by one that was likely to be struck by his whipple-tree he gave a sidelong swing that carried the whipple-tree clear of it. Was his action merely automatic response to external stimuli? If so, why did not the other animal similarly respond? The truth is that one animal was bright mentally, the other was stupid; one animal thought as he worked, the other merely worked. I could multiply examples such as this by the score; so could anybody experienced with horses.

Take another domestic animal, the name of which is synonymous with lack of thought: take the donkey. Can anybody with experience of donkeys say that these animals do not think? In my own experience with these animals I not only have had many surprising illustrations of the fact that they do think, but many that go to show they have a sense of humour as well.

One donkey with which as a boy I played used to get immense enjoyment out of the trick of throwing any boy who tried to ride him. And always by preference he threw his rider into a manure heap or mud puddle, often following this up by gently placing one hoof on the breast of his victim and, with his long ears

pointed, staring down at him in the most ludicrous manner, in a kind of mock triumph that was full of a humorous appreciation of the situation.

A donkey that I once owned was one of the most inveterate kickers and biters that I ever knew. Nobody, friend or foe, could go near him without him doing his best to give them a sounding crack with his hind hoofs or to bite them. Yet he would play with my little toddling baby brother with all the gentleness of a lamb. The little boy could pull his tail, run under his legs, or do anything with him, and the two could often be seen playing touch-and-go in the orchard.

Now the donkey always resented being caught, and used his teeth and legs with the utmost vigour to show his resentment. Yet whenever we boys found that it was impossible to break through his defence we only had to send our baby brother to catch him. The little toddler would stand in front of the donkey, reaching up his arms to hold him by the neck, and the donkey would stand submissively for us to put the halter on him, afraid to move for fear he would hurt the little boy. The picture of resignation that he presented on such occasions was comical in the extreme. If he had acted instinctively in response to external stimuli he would have kicked then as on every other occasion. What he did do was to show an intelligent restraint that was the product of reason.

Here is another instance not only of intelligent thought on the part of a donkey, but of intelligent co-operation between a donkey and a dog. A farmer friend of mine moved to a new locality about fifty miles from his old farm. He took his live stock with him by train. Among this live stock was a donkey and a collie dog. On the new farm it was noticeable that these two animals, which had never before evinced any interest in each

other, were always to be seen together. One day both were missed, and later in that day both were seen trotting along side by side on a road thirty miles from home. They were going in the direction of the farm from which they had been moved. A man who recognised them caught the donkey; the dog escaped. The donkey was sent back to the new home. The dog continued his journey, and later turned up at the old homestead. Was this concerted action merely the result of automatic response to external stimuli?

But I can give a still more wonderful instance of the thinking powers of an animal—one which I suppose will not be believed, but which is true, nevertheless.

The donkey that I owned when a boy I used to hire out once a week to a neighbour. That neighbour once had a donkey of his own, which had succumbed to a sudden illness. My neighbour came every Friday morning, and caught my donkey himself in the orchard.

One morning he came to the house with a long face.

"Sonny," he said, "that donkey of yours is sick."

We went down to the orchard together to look at it. There was poor old Jim, as we called him, with his legs stuck out like props and making an effort now and again to walk—an effort that only resulted in a few miserable staggering footsteps. With his head hung low, and his ears lopping on either side, he looked the picture of misery.

"Take it from me," said the neighbour, "that donkey is going to die. That's exactly the same way my donkey was taken, and he was dead in six hours."

It seemed too true—there could be no doubt, I thought, that the animal was miserably sick.

My neighbour went his way without the donkey, and as I had some duties

to attend to, I left the donkey where he was for perhaps half an hour. Then I took my father down to look at him, and what did we see? We saw the donkey chasing his tail in the greatest glee, and every now and then breaking into a gallop around the orchard with his tail straight out, at the same time giving vents to joyful snorts. The animal was simply overflowing with the exuberance of vitality.

This looked like a deliberate case of maligning. And it was. For on the next Friday, when the man came again for the donkey, he behaved in the same fashion.

"Sonny," said the man to me again, "that donkey is a sick donkey all right. Come and see."

There was Jimmy as before, looking as though about to drop, and doing every now and again a most realistic stagger.

I gave him a sharp cut with a stick, and off he went at a gallop. We caught him, harnessed him, and set him to work. And never again did he attempt any of that particular kind of old soldier's trick.

Of the intelligence of dogs, of their comprehension of the spoken word, of their acts of faithfulness, their jealousy, bravery, loves, hates, and intelligent helpfulness to their human masters there is no need to speak at length. It is common knowledge.

Here again psychology in the farmyard can teach us much, because dogs on the farm, instead of living useless, idle, pampered lives, are consciously useful, and have abundant opportunities for displaying their thinking powers.

In one village in which I lived all the farmers had the right to graze a certain number of cattle on a big moorland common that was extraordinarily rich as a pasturage. All the dairy herds of the village were turned loose into that pasturage, and



twice a day the milkers went there and sorted out their own cows and milked them.

Now this sorting out always struck me as a splendid study in animal psychology, for it was always done, not by the men, but by their dogs. The men from the farm would drive the milk waggon down to the moor, a bob-tail sheep dog or a collie running behind.

"Get after them," one would call to the dog, as soon as the moor was reached.

Forward would leap the dog, "like an embodied joy whose race was just begun." At top speed it rushed towards the dappled herd of cattle far out on the moor. Upon the peaceful herd there came a commotion, like that caused by a breeze on water. In and out among them the dog could be seen working. And gradually individuals became separated from the mass. With infinite skill cow was linked up to cow until presently the whole dairy herd of the farm to which the dog belonged had been separated from the others and was being gently driven to the spot where the milkers were waiting. Every cow in the herd was known personally to the dog, and everyone had been sorted out unerringly.

Sometimes a single cow would be missing.

"Where's Beauty?" one would say to the dog, as he came with the herd.

The dog, with ears cocked, and one leg held up, would stand looking into the face of the questioner, the picture of intelligence.

"Go and fetch Beauty."

Instantly the dog would swing round, and race back to the main herd, and soon he would be seen returning, with the cow Beauty hurrying along before him.

Would that dog be merely acting instinctively? Pshaw! The question, and the doubt it implies, is ridiculous.

And yet we see the new laboratory psychologists turning their faces from beautiful triumphs of animal intelligence such as this to watch the bewildered movements of animals in pens fitted up with all kinds of scientific contrivances for testing the response of animals to elaborately-contrived "stimuli." I recall particularly one experiment recently described in one of the quarterlies, in which an endeavour was made to ascertain whether dogs were capable of discriminating colours. This experiment was attended by negative results, from which the deduction was made that dogs did not know blue from red, or green from white, because bewildered and highly-strung animals did not always select from amid many electric lights of different colours the one which was always followed by the giving of food when the animal touched it with his nose.

Farmyard psychology would soon dispel any doubts on the question. Here is an instance: In one house where I was living we had an old man who always used a large red handkerchief, while everybody else in the house always carried a white one. One day we had a visitor to the house, who, on leaving, pulled out a red handkerchief and blew his nose. A collie dog that we had observed him. It immediately ran after our visitor, snatched the red handkerchief away from him, and carried it indoors to the old man who always used a red handkerchief. This shows that dogs can distinguish colours, and it also shows something else. It shows that this dog was not the mere automaton of instinct, but had definite conceptions regarding the ownership of property, and considered that our guest had been guilty of stealing.

Cows and sheep and pigs, and even the barnyard fowls, all think for themselves. The fundamental error which leads to the conception that they do not think lies in the fact that

they are usually considered in the mass instead of individually. A flock of sheep, for instance, can be taken as exemplifying to everybody who has eyes to see the proposition that animals in general, and sheep in particular, do not think.

Look at a flock of sheep in a storm. They instinctively turn their tails to the direction from which the storm is coming, and move in the same direction as the storm, the result being that they are nearly always found on the wrong side of a shelter. That is why, in countries where the sheep pastures are fenced with hedges, there are generally broken fences after a severe storm. The sheep, driven before the storm, push into the fence from the windward side, and the force of the flock impels those in front through the hedge, and thus, accidentally, into the sheltered side of it. Yet it is not fair to assume from this that sheep do not think, any more than it is to make the deduction, from the silly or panic-stricken actions of a crowd of people that human beings do not think. Any shepherd can give instances to show that sheep do think, though, as a whole, they have less brain power than any other farm animal. Cows, for instance, have sufficient intelligence in the mass to seek the sheltered side of a fence, and will move deliberately in the face of a storm to find it.

Study the individual, as the so-called "nature fakers" do, and every time the conclusion will force itself upon the observer that animals do think, and that as a result of their individual thinking, which varies greatly in power according to their breed and individual endowments, each develops a distinct individuality.

Thought does not separate man from the animal kingdom, for all creation thinks. But trace back man

to his primeval condition, and it will be seen that always man has had something unexplainable to supplement his mental workings. The oldest relics of prehistoric man show that the human race has always had in it a divine quality of which the lower animals have only the faintest rudiments. To that quality we give the name imagination—signifying the mysterious power that comes, seemingly, from outside volition, to inspire men's thoughts into new channels. Primitive man showed the glimmerings of this power in his house building. Unlike the animals and birds, in building his house, he never faithfully copied the work of his ancestors. In this and in other directions he showed always a creative plagiarism—an always-progressive adaptation of materials and ideas to new ends. The thoughts of animals deal always with the present. Man alone thinks beyond the hour and beyond himself, and nurses aspirations as endless as eternity, and as illimitable as the universe. The Polish writer Henryk Sienkiewicz says that to enter a church and see people praying always reminds him of the immensity of the gulf between man and animals. The observation illumines the mystery of that gulf, but does not explain it any more than the assertion that animals do not think.

The problem involved is a deeply interesting one. Long ago scientists demonstrated the intimate connection between human and animal anatomy and physiology. For psychology a distinctively human character was long maintained. But it has at last overstepped this boundary, and comparative psychology is now opening up fascinating new fields of research. It is a new science, the universal appeal of which is reflected in the great vogue of the nature story.



MISS JANET CARNOCHAN

## MISS JANET CARNOCHAN

A SKETCH AND AN APPRECIATION

BY FRANCIS DRAKE SMITH

**I**N a time when much less worthy names constantly meet the eye in the public press, it is with a peculiar sense of pleasure and satisfaction that the writer places on record something concerning a woman who in her own retiring way has done much for the community and Province in which she lives. It is one of Miss Janet Carnochan's perpetual regrets that she was not born in the picturesque old town of Niagara-on-the-Lake. The fates all but granted

her that distinction, for she first saw the light of day at Stamford, only a few miles distant, and her instinct for the historic finds much consolation in the fact that her birthplace contains the second oldest church in Ontario. The Associate Presbyterian Church of Stamford was built in 1791, the Mohawk Church at Brantford only four years earlier. Stamford has perhaps the only "village green" in Canada, and it is also notable as having long boasted the



fine residence of Sir Peregrine Maitland. Until very lately the "Governor's Gates" were one of the attractions of the hamlet.

Miss Carnochan's predilection for the ancient capital of Ontario was early gratified, for her parents brought her to Niagara as a mere infant. Both of Gaelic origin and of covenanting or Cameronian stock, they had emigrated from the town of Colmonell, Ayreshire, Scotland. After the battle of Bothwell Bridge in 1683, a maternal ancestor, Gilbert Milroy by name, endured seven years' slavery in Jamaica for his religious opinions. A second John Milroy suffered death in defence of his faith. Although now in her 72nd year, Miss Carnochan retains distinct recollections of events that occurred when she was only three years old. Between the ages of four and five she read parts of Rowland Hill's *Cottagers*, a book then in St. Andrew's Church Library, and passages from it are still fresh in her memory. Thus the instances of youthful erudition recently furnished in American magazines establish no new precedent. Educated in the local public and private schools, she preferred English literature, history, arithmetic and algebra beyond her other studies, thus manifesting a catholic taste for so young a girl. At that time her reading was miscellaneous and desultory. She devoured Sir Walter Scott's novels, the same author's "Demonology and Witchcraft," "Tales of Bruce and Wallace," Miss Brimer's novels, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and certain volumes of sermons. As a very young girl she fairly immersed herself for a time in "Chambers's Encyclopædia of English Literature," thus acquiring for that period quite a unique knowledge of little-known writers. These details throw an interesting light upon what a mere child could accomplish of her own accord in a day when op-

portunities for education were much fewer than they are to-day.

Obtaining a first-class county teacher's certificate when but sixteen, she at once entered upon her chosen profession. This would be against the Departmental regulations to-day, but she proceeded and succeeded. At eighteen, by attending the normal school for the short term of five months, she obtained a first-class "B" certificate, an achievement to which most aspirants devoted three full years. She taught for a short time in Brantford and then for five years in Kingston, where she renewed a treasured acquaintance with the late Rev. J. B. Mowat, brother of Sir Oliver Mowat, and then professor at Queen's University. Years before Mr. Mowat had been pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake; and, though Scot-like, she preserves a strict reticence in such matters, and admits that it was through his influence that she received her earliest and best religious impressions. She corresponded with him as long as he lived and still keeps his letters as one of her most valued possessions. From Kingston she went to a Peterborough school for a year, but for the last forty-one years she has indulged her passion for living in Niagara.

Like many other exceptionally able women, Miss Carnochan has kept aloof from the suffragette movement, but as far back as 1872 she provoked furious local opposition by accepting the "headmastership" of the Niagara Public School. The innovation shook the community to its very foundations, but she stood her ground so firmly that in six years she had lived down all objections. Then she became assistant teacher in the Niagara High School, holding that position for twenty-three years under five successive principals. It was characteristic of Miss Carnochan that in serving her pupils she al-

ways went beyond her contractual obligations. In both the public and high schools she sought to give those under her a knowledge of astronomy, a subject never on the authorised curriculum, and to her useful efforts many to-day trace their interest in the starry heavens. Her career as a teacher extended over a period of thirty-nine years. In an illuminated address that hangs in her study, her former pupils, now scattered far and wide, duly acknowledge their immense debt to her patient and unselfish interest in their behalf.

In 1895, some years prior to her retirement from the high school, she was instrumental in forming the Niagara Historical Society, an organisation that under her guidance has done much valuable work in rescuing from oblivion a great deal of material that will prove useful to future historians. Freed from the obligations of the teaching profession, she devoted herself with redoubled energy to this labour of love for her beloved Niagara. By appeals to the public and by personal interviews with Cabinet ministers at Toronto and Ottawa she raised \$5,000 for the erection of an historical museum at Niagara. This institution now houses 5,000 articles identified with the life of the Niagara Peninsula from the French occupation and the war of 1812 down to the present day. To this interesting collection her former pupils, now scattered all over Canada and the United States (many of them occupying prominent positions in the literary, scientific and business worlds), have freely contributed. The museum is a mecca for many visitors. The Niagara Historical Society has issued no less than twenty publications covering the early history of the district.

As President and Curator, Miss Carnochan is constantly instrumental through the mails in furnish-

ing distant descendants with information concerning their early Niagara forbears. As might be expected, she does valuable work on the council of the Ontario Historical Society. In other ways she has set a worthy example of service to her own immediate community. To the local public library that has flourished for sixty-three years, and is one of the largest and best outside the chief Canadian towns and cities, she has given much time as secretary and treasurer, and as a selector of books and compiler of catalogues. She has been called "the unpaid official," and has twice served on the council of the Ontario Library Association. For forty years she has been active in Bible Society work and as a Sunday school teacher. She is a life member of the Presbyterian Women's Foreign Missionary Society. Of late years she has turned her attention to the reclamation of the historic, but neglected, Presbyterian graveyard. The writer once styled her "an expert on centenaries" on the ground that she has been active in the celebration of three and attended a fourth. The three in which she took part were those of St. Mark's Church and St. Andrew's Church, and that of the town itself. Not satisfied with this record, in 1898 she organised the Jubilee Celebration of the Niagara Public Library.

Amidst all these multifarious activities, Miss Carnochan has found time at irregular intervals to do considerable literary work, some particular circumstance or event usually calling it forth. Fourteen of the twenty publications issued by the Niagara Historical Society have been written entirely or in part by her. She has read many papers before such organisations as the Canadian Institute, the Ontario, Lundy's Lane, Napanee, and Bowmanville Historical Societies, the Educational Association, the York Pioneers, the On-

tario Library Association, and the St. Catharines Literary Club. Other papers and fugitive verses have appeared in *The Week*, *The Toronto News*, *The Toronto Globe*, *The Methodist Magazine*, and other publications. The most notable of her writings are "The History of St. Mark's Church, Niagara," published on the occasion of its centennial in 1892, and a companion, "History of St. Andrew's Church, Niagara," also published as a centenary volume in 1894.

Her most familiar pamphlets relate chiefly to the Niagara Peninsula and to a trip made years ago to the land of her fathers. The most interesting of these are: "Niagara One Hundred Years Ago," "A Slave Rescue Sixty Years Ago" (1837), "The Evolution of an Historical Room," "Early Schools in Niagara," "Niagara Library, 1800-1820," "The Courthouse and Jail of 1817," "Palatine Hill" (the Servos House), "Inscriptions and Graves in the Niagara Peninsula," "A Canadian Heroine" (Mrs. Wait), "Sir Isaac Brock," "Count Des Puisaye," "Robert Gourlay," "Fort Niagara," "Wrecked on Sable Island," "Martyr Graves in Scotland," "The Regalia of Scotland," "What I Saw in Edinburgh," "My Day in the Trosachs," "The Carlyles," "Reminiscences of Niagara in the American Occupation," (1813), "Origin of the Maple Leaf as the Emblem of Canada," "Woman as Described by Canadian Poets," "Canadian History as Exemplified by Visitors to Niagara," "Books That Have Influenced Me," "History as Sometimes Given,"

Published verses from her pen include "Fort George's Lonely Sycamore," "Has Canada a History?" "Golden Rod," "Words of Jesus to Women," "Centennial Hymn (St. Andrew's)," "Chautauqua Hymn," "Canada—an Ode," and half a dozen

sonnets entitled "Fort George," "Fort Mississauga," "Canada," "Laura Secord," "United Empire," "Memorial to J. M. Dunne," "Fort George's Lonely Sycamore"

records:

The story of a tree that rears  
Its form on an historic plain.

One of its most effective stanzas reads:

Beneath the crumbling ruins old,  
Where first our hero Brock was laid,  
With funeral pomp in death-sleep cold,  
And tears were shed and mourning made  
For him, who, with the morning sun,  
Went from these walls erect and brave;  
The evening saw his victory won,  
A hero's fame, a soldier's grave.

The lines on Fort George open:

What memories cluster round thy earth-  
piled wall  
Of daring deeds and calm endurance  
here,  
What sad, sad records of the Hungry  
Year  
Relieved by tale of dance in Navy Hall.  
The French thorns planted close in sight  
recall  
The Fleur-de-lis triumphant far and  
near.

Miss Carnochan disdains those who say that Canada has no history. She writes in her poem entitled "Has Canada a History?" in part as follows:

No history, forsooth! Consult the tomes  
Which tell of those who left their fair  
French homes,  
Their sunny vines and "pleasant land  
of France,"  
For rude stockade exchanged the merry  
dance,  
For glittering court the red man's scalp-  
ing knife,  
For college halls a rude, laborious life.  
Consult the mouldering records of the  
past  
In Ville Marie and old Quebec amassed,  
Of France's chosen chivalry, which tell,  
In this new land of France, then  
La Nouvelle,  
Which tell of chivalrous La Salle's essay,  
Long marches from Quebec to Mexique's  
Bay;  
Thousands of miles, not once alone nor  
twice;  
Hunger and cold and death the bitter  
price.



Which tell, too, of her missionary band  
 Of hero martyrs in the red man's land,  
 Whose mission was not gold, but souls  
     to save,  
 Of gentle Lalement and Brebœuf, who  
     gave  
 Their lives through nameless tortures for  
     the truth,  
 To bear the cross to men, who knew nor  
     fear nor ruth.  
 Go, ask the veterans of Hudson's Bay  
 To tell of years of hardship as they may,  
 Or Selkirk vainly battling in the North,  
 When fortune sent her bitter arrows  
     forth,  
 'Gainst freshets, famines and the north  
     wind's breath,  
 And rival hostile bands, disease and  
     death.  
 Go, ask the unwritten history of those  
     days,  
 As told by those fast fading from our  
     gaze;  
 Go, ask the veterans of the war to tell  
 One-half alone of all that then befell;  
 Go, ask the ancient white-haired dames  
     to speak  
 Of sad, sad moments, when they came  
     to seek  
 New homes, new hearthstones, ah, the bit-  
     ter pain  
 Of finding that, instead, they ofttimes  
     gain  
 Lone graves for tender little ones, alas!  
 /They may not stay, but onward, on-  
     ward pass.

A true patriot, her sonnet "Canada," published years ago, happily praises those doughty Canadians who in days gone by defended their birth-right against the United States. Here it is in part:

To gain our varied wealth as friend or  
     foe  
 Our wily neighbour stretches wide in  
     vain  
 Her arms. For twice have we of this  
     domain  
 Thrown back her hostile bands with  
     forceful blow  
 From crimson heights, from eastern  
     citadel.

Her pamphlet "Sable Island" refers to an exciting incident of a voyage to Scotland when she was wrecked and cast ashore in "the graveyard of the North Atlantic."

She lost all her personal belongings save only two cans of Niagara peaches that she was taking to Scotland to show the inhabitants what the Niagara Peninsula could produce. Curiously enough the wicker basket in which the cans were packed was the only portion of her baggage that floated ashore from the sinking ship. Her notes on her visit to the old land reflect her pride in Caledonia and the Caledonians. She believes the race from which she sprang is more accurately portrayed by Ian MacLaren and the rest of the Kail-yard School than in Stevenson's "Edinburgh," "The Unspeakable Scot," or "The House With the Green Shutters."

It is pleasing to recall that in 1893 Miss Carnochan's merits were partly acknowledged in her selection as one of Canada's twenty representative women chosen to attend the Chicago World's Congress. If each Canadian community could have another such public-spirited member the country would be better off. Her chief pleasure has been that of endeavour and her chief satisfaction that of achievement. She is thankful that she has had work to her hand and that she has been able to do it. Yet in the midst of all her labours she finds time for an occasional game of golf on her beautiful Niagara commons, with its French thorns immortalised by William Kirby, who was one of her most intimate friends and the author of "*Le Chien D'Or*." Modest as is her estimate of her own achievements, she is lavish in her recognition of others. Best of all, though well past three score years and ten, she declares herself a pronounced optimist on the universal outlook. She rejoices in the confident belief that, despite all the wrong and suffering still to be found in the world, the human race is "marching on through struggles many" to higher planes of existence.



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

### THE KING'S GIFT

By JEAN BLEWETT

(Toronto Local Council of Women)

The New Year coming to us with swift  
feet

Is the King's gift, and all that in it  
lies

Will make our lives more rounded and  
complete,

It may be laughter, may be tear-filled  
eyes;

It may be gain of love or loss of love,

It may be thorns or bloom and breath  
of flowers,

The full fruition of these hopes that  
move,

It may be what will break these hearts  
of ours.

What matter? 'Tis the great gift of the  
King,

We do not need to fear what it may  
bring.

\*

**M**R. WILLOUGHBY CUM-

MINGS, who for eighteen years  
was Secretary of the National Coun-  
cil of Women, a position she resigned  
in order to become a lecturer in the  
interests of the Government annu-  
ties, and who is at present con-  
vener of the Finances Committee of  
the International Council, as well as  
a vice-president of the National  
Council, spent last Summer in Japan,  
and as a result of her visit has writ-

ten for this department the following  
account of her experiences there:

### IN FAIR JAPAN.

Picture to yourself the plight of a  
foreign woman as she found herself  
surrounded by a bevy of dainty,  
graceful, little Japanese ladies in a  
large military club-house in Japan  
one afternoon and heard that fully  
two hundred and fifty or three hun-  
dred more ladies and gentlemen are  
awaiting her coming in the large  
assembly hall upstairs, eager to  
hear what she had to tell them con-  
cerning the women of Canada, their  
life and their work.

If she could have spoken Japanese  
or if they could have understood Eng-  
lish, the matter would have been  
quite simple, but alas, such was not  
the case, and only those who have  
tried to give an address through the  
medium of an interpreter can fully  
appreciate the difference.

However, there is not time now  
for vain regrets or self pity, for these  
little ladies are offering cakes and  
tiny cups of a sort of barley water, a  
favourite afternoon beverage in  
Japan. We are in the drawing-room  
of this military club-house, which is

a fine spacious building, standing in grounds that formerly surrounded the Daimyos Castle, in the city of Takota, and the room is furnished in a so-called "foreign style," which means a costly but ugly velvet carpet, instead of the usual soft Tatami mats, and still uglier plush furniture, the colour of which clashed painfully with the carpet.

Some very large pictures in gorgeous gilt frames covered the walls, and the effect of the whole gave one a longing to chalk up somewhere in a prominent place a warning that this room only resembled a foreign club-room, as an advertising chromo resembles a painting by a great artist.

The Japanese lady who is to act as an interpreter, having been served with cakes and barley water, we are escorted upstairs by some of the officers, and presently reach the assembly hall, where at least two-thirds of the audience are seated on chairs, while the others sit in the usual Japanese fashion on cushions on the floor.

While another speaker is giving her address in Japanese, there is time to watch the audience and to notice how beautifully most of the ladies are dressed, their kimonos being for the most part in various shades of gray of rich material, and their obis (wide sashes), of exquisite brocade, which always harmonises beautifully with the kimono. All married women in Japan wear gray or neutral tints when dressed in native fashion. Only the young girls don the brighter tints, while the children are always in gay colours and look like flocks of little butterflies as they play about in the sun.

Now the time has come, and the ordeal has begun. First a low bow to the audience with hands on knees, then everyone in the audience bows. A few sentences expressive of the honour done to one's humble self in

being invited to address the honourable audience, and one's appreciation of the delightful country and its people. Then a pause while the interpreter repeats, which seems to take so long that it is hard to remember where one left off, and how to fit in the next sentence. However, as nervousness wears off, it becomes easier, especially as it becomes very evident that the audience is really interested in what is being said to them. The story of the National and International Councils is told, including some of the good work that has been accomplished in the past, and some of the work now under way. With many more bows and kind speeches, the affair comes to an end, and presently after a delightful ride home in a kuruma, with tea awaiting, one closes the afternoon.

Now for the sequel: Shortly after dinner a courteous Japanese gentleman calls upon the foreigner. He speaks English fairly well, and is editor of one of the city newspapers. He had not been at the club, but already such strange stories had reached him of some of the extraordinary things Oka San (honourable married lady) had said, that he had come humbly to inquire from her if indeed they were true.

"But what were these strange things?" she asked.

"Oka San will pardon, but indeed some stupid person had rudely ventured to say that Oka San had said that the Government in her country had done certain things at the request of the *women*."

"That is quite true, not only done things, but amended laws at the request of the National Council of Women," Oka San replied.

"But, Oka San, the women in your country vote not, is it not so?" he queried.

"Not in parliamentary elections," was the answer; "nevertheless, our requests are always heard with at-



tention, and are generally answered favourably."

The little man afterwards drank some tea, and then went away home still looking somewhat perplexed.

Shortly afterwards a second caller arrived, who proved to be the editor of the rival newspaper. He spoke English well and had been at the club-house, but he called to inquire if the interpreter had really understood Oka San correctly, and had she really said that the Government in her country had done many things at the request of women.

When he was assured on that point an interesting interview followed, in which he told the foreigner of the splendid organisation and work done by the women in Japan in the Red Cross Society during the late war with Russia.

"But there is nothing for them to do, now that there is peace," he added regretfully.

The many things that these dear little home-makers and home-lovers might do for the women and children of their country if they were banded together in a National Council, were pointed out and copious notes were taken, which it was promised would be reproduced with strong editorial backing some day.

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A centre round which all women workers of all sections of society, of all religious denominations, and all political parties gather in unity and understanding of one another, including women of conservative views and those who are termed the old-fashioned workers, as well as those who belong to the more progressive functions, is the pivot upon which the National Council turns its working machinery. To be the head of such a body of women requires executive ability, broad experience, and indeed we find diplomatic finesse, high culture and these traits of character embodied in

their fullest in the charming and estimable president, Mrs. Torrington. Only when one knows her personally can one fully understand her unusual fitness for the highest honour the women of Canada can give, and no one comes to that honour without well deserving it.

I can safely say that Mrs. Torrington is one of the best-known women in the musical, club, social and philanthropic circles of Toronto. The great good that both she and her husband, Dr. Torrington, of the Toronto College of Music, have done will never be known to its full extent. Many a talented pupil has been given a musical education through the kindness of Dr. Torrington and his wife.

And though Dr. Torrington has done so much in the musical world, Mrs. Torrington represents club life in Toronto as no other woman does. Though they are her recreation and pleasure, Mrs. Torrington, nevertheless, places home as a woman's first duty, for by it will a woman ever be judged, and through the home a nation stands or falls. Could a better leader have been chosen to stand at the head of a council that aims at upholding the ideal of a family life, chastened by mutual love and respect and enlightenment and diversified by an intelligent grasp of all the leading questions of the day, and enlisting the interest and sympathy of women in everything that affects their interests?

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At the recent Executive of the International Council of Women held in Stockholm, Sweden, Miss Agnes Riddell, M.A., and Mrs. Sanford, of Hamilton, the International Treasurer, represented the Canadian National Council, and it is of great interest to all Canadians that the names of Lady Taylor, of Hamilton, formerly of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Boomer, of London, were unanimously and by acclamation accepted as life patrons



MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON

of the International Council, both honours being the gift of Mrs. Sanford, who nominated both ladies as being amongst the earliest members of the Canadian branch.

The International Council provides a common centre for women workers of every race, faith, class and party, who are associating themselves together in the endeavour to leave the world more beautiful than they found it; in a common consecration to the service of humanity in the spirit of love, which we hail as the greatest power in the world.

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Mejuffrouw Johanna Naber, the

press convener of International Council of Women, writes from Amsterdam, Netherlands, requesting me to make known to Canadian women that Servia, Finland, and West Australia have joined the International Council, also that the establishment of a National Council is under way in South Africa. I cannot estimate too highly the great value the Council will be to the women of these countries. It is the university of present-day problems on all questions concerning women and of estimable value for all who are searching for the solution of this highly important cause.



## The WAY of LETTERS

MADAME ALBANI, perhaps the most famous of Canadian entertainers, has written a book entitled "Forty Years of Song." Her fame is world-wide, and at the height of her glory as a prima donna she rose to the eminence of an European celebrity. Not only was she courted by the wealthy, lionised by society and applauded by the crowd, but she made as well cordial exchanges with kings and queens. So that while she is a Canadian by birth, having been born at Chambly, Quebec, to the French-Canadian name of Lajeunesse, she early became engrossed in the artistic life of two continents and found herself in a glamorous swirl from which she occasionally took a long look backward to the time when as a mere child she bedecked herself with an old tablecloth and sang "Le Désert," with the rocks of the Chambly Basin for stage and the Richelieu River for setting. She tells us that she was able to sing and read music when only five years of age, and that at the age of twelve, when she made her first appearances in "public" (at Montreal), she played both the harp and the piano and "was desired to show all my friends everything I could do at that time." A local impresario chanced to hear her playing casually in a Montreal music store. He was so well im-

pressed that he engaged her on the spot. "It was in this way," Madame Albani recounts, "that I made my first appearance in public, singing, I remember, on that occasion, 'Robert, Robert, toi que j'aime.'" From Montreal she went with her father to Albany, where she became first soprano in the Church of St. Joseph. There she sang Mozart's and Cherubini's Masses, and Beethoven's Great Mass in D. After that experience she is "Quite sure that to the singing and study of sacred music in those early days I am greatly indebted for whatever success I may since have achieved in oratorio. Often, I know, it is said that the mere act of singing such music when one is very young ought, according to nature's laws, to injure the voice considerably. But I can state emphatically that it does nothing of the sort, and this is not only my own opinion, but that of many great singers." Madame Albani corrects the assumption that her stage name was chosen because some of the people of Albany had subscribed a sum of money sufficient to pay her initial studies in Europe. "My Italian elocution master, Signor Delorenzi," she writes, "said that my real name, 'Lajeunesse,' was not a good one for the stage and that I ought to adopt another. He promised



to find me a good one, and the next day came and suggested 'Albani,' telling me that it was the name of an old Italian family whose members, with the exception of a very old cardinal, were all dead. I said, 'But did you know that I have lived in Albany?' 'No,' he replied, 'I have never heard that'; and this is the true origin of the name under which I have sung ever since."

It would be agreeable, but impossible here, to follow Madame Albani from the time of her debut at Messina as a first-class cantatrice until she crowned her achievements with several seasons and many triumphs at Covent Garden, London. We must linger rather over her account of her return to Canada, after an absence of almost twenty years. She came first to Toronto, where she overheard one of the stage carpenters say, "Wall, I guess this ain't like a stage play: it's like a political meeting." But it was at Montreal that the people lost their heads and their hearts. "When I left America to prosecute my studies in Europe," she says, "an effort had been made in Montreal to organise a concert or get up a subscription to assist me to go abroad. The French-Canadians, however, had the old-world traditional misgiving of a public career, and especially that dislike for anyone belonging to them to go on the stage itself, a feeling which was then very much still alive in Canada, although the idea was beginning to die out in other countries. Consequently all help, as they then honestly thought in my best interests, was withheld from me in that quarter."

But the French-Canadians re-deemed themselves. At the station when the great singer arrived the crush was so great that "we had actually to fight our way through the cheering crowd." A torchlight procession was formed, a brass band

played music, and in time the multitude moved slowly towards the Windsor Hotel, where the crowd was so dense that Madame Albani had to be carried over the heads of the people into the building. Next day the great singer was formally received at the Hotel de Ville, where the Council presented her with an illuminated address, and the poet Louis Fréchette read a poem that he had composed for the occasion. The afternoon of that day became like a holiday. "Shops were closed, crowds were in the streets, and we were cheered all the way back, as we returned from the Hotel de Ville to our hotel, until I began to think that after such a commotion and emotion I should never be able to sing another note!" But perhaps the most touching episode of this memorable revisitation was the return to the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where the woman who had been patronised by monarchs and acclaimed by the critics of Europe sang an "Ave Maria" in the old chapel in which as a child she had been wont to sing so many years before.

This book of reminiscences is written in a frank, unpedantic manner. It makes a handsome volume and contains a number of interesting photographic reproductions. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

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THE Toronto Women's Press Club recently undertook to make a compilation of selected quotations from Canadian writers and to publish them in book form. The result is commendable. But if the Club set out to make a book that would increase the average knowledge of literature written by Canadians and entice strangers to seek an acquaintance with Canadian writers, we fear that they have not wholly succeeded. The idea itself, in many respects, is a good one,

but it is sometimes possible to carry to a happy conclusion a proposition that may have at the beginning a sad outlook. In this instance, however, we seem to encounter the very reverse of this. But it is not always easy to take from the body of a novel, for instance, a few lines that will stand examination by themselves. The compilers have erred in generosity because they have selected some names that have not as yet much claim on posterity. No doubt they were pressed by time, for they have included among their quotations many lines that are by no interpretation apt. Here is an instance, re-quoted from the sixth day of March:

Creeds and churches bother my head,  
But this one thing I know—  
It isn't true that Peepy's been dead  
Since seventeen years ago.

There are other selections equally inane or commonplace:

Horse, or man, or dog aren't much  
good until they learn to obey.

What would life be worth without the  
vision?

There is no greater joy to the truly  
living thing than the joy of being alive  
in every part and power.

His own theory, he told me in confidence, was that the dessert compartment of his stomach was so arranged that no amount of plain food would fill it.

Imagine morsels like these—one for contemplation during the idle moments of a whole day! They are not given with fairness to the authors. In their own places they meant something, but in a volume of quotations! But to show that Canadian writers can give something worth quoting we reprint the following (and they might have been all equally good):

The friend I trusted failed me. This was bad, but not so bad as though I had failed my friend.

Well, well, let us put a merry face on life. We all have our thousand faults.

Duty is generally the thing a fellow doesn't want to do.

Happy am I that sing of love,  
Yet from thrall of love am free;  
Happy am I that sing of pain,  
And quick forget what pain may be.  
I sing of death—and lo! to me  
Life is supremest ecstasy!

It is an interesting exercise to go through this book and read the conflicting observations on patriotism. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

**H**UMOROUS books are never too plentiful. W. W. Jacobs is one of the subtlest of living humorists, and his humour is tintured with quaint philosophy and accompanied by excellent character sketching. His latest book is "Ship's Company," and all who have read "Many Cargoes" will be glad to read more by the same author. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). Ellis Parker Butler has lived a long time on the reputation of "Pigs is Pigs," but nothing that he has attempted since the publication of that extremely funny story has met with anything like the same success. His latest venture is "The Adventures of a Suburbanite," which is rather affected. It describes the experiences of a young couple who satisfy a longing for suburban life, where they can have space and keep chickens and perhaps a horse and do a little gardening. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). Discriminative readers and those who seek in their reading something that deals with the deep and personal struggles of individuals will read with understanding and perhaps with sympathy Robert Hichens's latest novel of modern Rome, "The Fruitful Vine." This is the story of a childless woman whose yearning for the wonders of motherhood leads her to make woman's greatest sacrifice. It

is told with this author's skill and mastery of colour and description. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company). A more wholesome and to many persons a more soulful book is "Mother," by Kathleen Norris. Its tendency is to make us realise the big unselfish place that the mother fills in almost every home. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada). Quite different again is the character of *Peter Pan*, whose interest seems to be as strong as ever. Now the creator of this delightful fantasy, J. M. Barrie, gives us another story, or rather, another version, entitled "Peter and Wendy." However, it is written in Barrie's inimitable style, which cannot be described. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). Stewart Edward White comes along again with an amusing volume entitled "The Adventures of Bobby Orde." (Toronto: the Musson Book Company). But for stories of adventure turn to "South Sea Tales," by Jack London, a new volume of stirring short stories, a result of the author's recent voyage in the southern hemisphere. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada). If one seeks a good, wholesome, interesting tale, a tale of the transformation of the selfish members of a community, "Mothers to Men" is the book, and Zona Gale, of "Friendship Village" fame, is the author. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada). To those who think that the Christmas season is a time of rejoicing for everybody and that all are happy in giving and receiving should read "Miss 318," by Rupert Hughes, and see the other side of the picture. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell). A book that takes one back over pleasant paths to the time of youth is the one entitled "The Believing Years," by Edmund Lester Peterson.

Only persons of fine sensibilities and a rare sense of humour will properly appreciate this volume, but it is worth the experiment. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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#### NOTES.

—For those who like to pass an idle hour or two in an absorbing romance and think no more about it "The Last Link," by Morice Gerard, will do. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

—Among books of absorbing interest "The Gamblers," by Charles Klein and Arthur Hornblow, is one of the best. These are the authors also of "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Third Degree." The three books have been dramatised. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

—"The Book of Courage," by Rev. Dr. W. J. Dawson, is an excellent book for the young man, or even the old, who needs encouragement to meet the common difficulties of life. (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell).

—A valuable book on "District Nursing" has been written by Mabel Jacques, a graduate of the hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, with an introduction by John S. Pryor, M.D. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

—One of the best sociological stories in recent years is "One Way Out," by William Carleton, being an account of the experiences of a middle-class New Englander who "emigrates to America." (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

—A new illustrated edition of Kingsley's "Water Babies," abridged and explained by Professor William Clark, of Trinity University, has been issued by the Musson Book Company, Toronto.





### HIMKNOWLEDGY

Stanley Jordan, the well-known Episcopal minister, having cause to be anxious about his son's college examinations, told him to telegraph the result. The boy sent the following message: "Hymn 342, fifth verse, last two lines." Looking it up, the father found the words: "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan passed."—*The Circle*.

\*

### WHO CAN IT BE?

"Have you noticed, my friend, how many fools there are on earth?"

"Yes, and there's always one more than you think."—*Sourire*.



*Satan*: I have called you in to explain this peculiar record. You are recorded with the same lie seventeen thousand times. This is the only sin you have committed. I am curious to know why you told this same lie so many times.

*New Arrival*: Well, your majesty, it's this way: my wife is very fat, and every time we passed a woman who was the least bit plump, she would say, "am I as fat as that?" and I always replied, "mercy! my dear, no!"

—*Life*

### AND A BARGAIN AT THAT

A little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not approve.

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is ten cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'Darn' again."

"All right, mother," he said, as he took the money, "I promise."

As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said: "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

\*

### SPECIALISATION

Doctor—"What can I do for you?"

Patient—"I have cut my index-finger."

Doctor—"Very sorry. But I am a specialist on the middle finger."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

### ON HIS GUARD

Teacher (to new pupil)—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?"

My Little Man—"For the same reason as the 'en crossed th' road. Yer don't catch me with no puzzles."—*Sydney Bulletin*.



"Are there Dragons, Mother!" "Oh, no, dear?" "Why not?"

—Punch

#### CAPTURED

Sandy was having his first taste of life in the African forests. Borrowing a gun, he set off one day in search of game. A little later his companion spied in the distance Sandy running at full speed for home, with a huge lion behind him, gaining at every step. "Quick! Quick! Jock!" he cried. "Open the door. I'm bringing him home alive." —*Auckland Weekly News.*

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#### COLD STORAGE

He—"Where is the live chicken I bought for our party?"

She—"I put it in our new ice-box to keep it fresh until it is killed to-morrow." —*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

\*

#### GOING, GOING, GONE

The three degrees in medical treatment—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill. —*Sacred Heart Review.*

#### THE LEAVINGS

Her Father—"So my daughter has consented to become your wife. Have you fixed the day of the wedding?"

Suitor—"I will leave that to my fiancée."

H. F.—"Will you have a church or a private wedding?"

S.—"Her mother can decide that, sir."

H. F.—"What have you to live on?"

S.—"I will leave that entirely to you, sir." —*Boston Transcript.*

\*

#### ROUND THE CIRCLE

Chronic Old Growler (whose subject, as usual, is the country, and how quickly it is going to the dogs) —"And after all, it's you farmer chaps as is at the root of all the evil. You raise the corn, and the corn raises the whisky; whisky raises politicians, and politicians raise all the trouble we have in the country." —*M. A. P.*

## HIS MONEY

A poor Jew received a monthly allowance of five dollars from a rich man of the same faith. The money used to be paid to him regularly by the bookkeeper. On one occasion when the poor man came around the bookkeeper handed him only three dollars. The poor man remained standing quietly until the bookkeeper asked whether there was anything else he wished.

"You must have made a mistake," he said, "I always get five."

"Yes," replied the bookkeeper. "That has now been changed."

"Changed? Why?"

"You see, the boss recently married off his eldest daughter and he had a great deal of expense, as you may imagine—the dowry and so forth, you can easily understand—"

"Yes, yes," grumbled the beggar. "Give your employer my best wishes, and tell him that if he ever marries off another daughter, he may do it with his own money, not with mine!"

—*The Maccabear.*

\*

## UNSIGHT UNSEEN

"I have found just the party for you, Lord Duncan—a lady with a dowry of half a million."

"And when can I see this lady?"

"Just keep thinking of the dowry—don't ask to see her."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

## HIS WORRY

"Clarence," said the American heiress hesitatingly, "I think that you should be told at once how my father made his money. Our business men in this country have methods which to one of your pure soul, whose motto is 'Noblesse oblige,' cannot but——"

"Cease, Mamie, cease," said the young lord reassuringly, "tell me no more. However he made his millions I can forgive, for your sake. But—er—has he still got them all right?"

—*London Globe.*

\*

## THEIR FIRST TASTE

She—"Poor cousin Jack! And to be eaten by those wretched cannibals!"

He—"Yes, my dear child; but he gave them their first taste in religion!"—*London Opinion.*

\*

## OVERLOOKED HIM

Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent:

"Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order! Order!" said the judge gravely. "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—*Western Christian Advocate.*



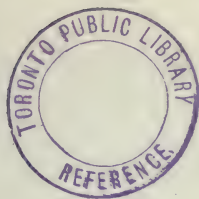
JESSIE GILLESPIE

JANUARY FIRST

"God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay."

—*Life*







*Drawing by Frank Johnston*

THE SPIRIT OF WINTER

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## THE TRAIL BEYOND COBALT

BY DUNCAN ARMBRUST

"MOOS-WAH!" (moose) whispered Jim, as there came a splash from across the lake, followed by a crunching sound. "See lots of them in a few days," he further suggested as I rose to peer into the semi-darkness.

We were sitting around the camp-fire after our evening meal, talking over our proposed trip to the hills. We had been prospecting south of Gowganda in the Ontario silver fields most of the summer, each day searching the rock-faces for veins without any startling success, and hoping every morning that our lucky day had dawned at last. But *Dame Fortune* was still to lead us on many a wild-goose chase.

The mad rush to Gowganda in the winter of 1908 had thoroughly awakened the prospecting fever in our blood, and the late spring found us in the thick woods of that region. The history of Cobalt, Larder Lake, Montreal River and Miller Lake was here repeated. Everything within a radius of ten miles was staked solid. We arrived on the scene to find nothing left but a few choice claims of swamp and muskeg. Not caring to invest in water lots, we moved back of Hanging Stone Lake, prospected

there awhile, and found numerous and beautiful varieties of slate which never yielded anything except slate, and poor slate at that. Returning to Flannigan Lake, the site of our present camp, we found the few scattering hills of diabase rock staked with a vengeance, having been "jumped" several times.

Curiosity to see what lay beyond that blue ridge to the south was strengthening upon us, so, as the summer was getting on, we held a council of war and decided that my partner should hit the trail next morning for the heart of the moose country, while I, after finishing some work about camp, was to follow two days later. Many times in those two days I speculated on just how far into that wilderness of primeval forest my partner would lead me. In filling the pack-sack I allowed for any contingencies which might arise from his inordinate bump of travel.

The last day dragged to a close. Next morning, companioned by the pale glow in the east and the birds whose songs had awakened me, I snatched a hasty breakfast and was soon on the trail. All summer my camera had lain in the tent among our supplies and never been used, so



I decided to take it along and get some of the scenery if I shouldn't get any of the silver.

Leaving the lonesome red pine beside the camp, I took the trail which

ing ahead in the dim light, a line of white blazes showed where Jim had forced his way through. After travelling for some time I came to an open muskeg, which was quite a re-



FLANNIGAN LAKE

NORTHERN ONTARIO

ounded the lake and suddenly plunged into the dense forest at the southern end. Although the country was thickly wooded it was rugged in the extreme and alternately led me through rocky canyons, bestrewn with windfalls, and then through thickets of balsam and spruce. Often I would emerge from one of these and enter a beautiful grove of birch and poplar, where blueberries grew and wild currants and partridge-berries hung in gaudy clusters. Here I met old Mrs. Partridge with her brood. Mild-eyed and unafraid, she clucked about, quite undisturbed at my approach.

After a couple of miles the trail grew less distinct, it having been an old and well-worn moose run-way leading to the lake. However, glow-

lief after fighting the thickets, and I was glad to throw off my pack and breathe the free air of the open spaces.

Looming large before me were the mighty hills, and the sight of them quickened my pulses. After painting my face and hands with "dope" to keep off the blood-thirsty flies, which were as thick as briars in the open, I made my way across the steaming moss of the muskeg. A small lake huddled in the spruces at the foot of the slope. The trail here led abruptly up the hill, but the hard hoofs of many moose had made a path broad and smooth, leading upward until it finally lost itself in a maze of branches.

Carrying a fifty-pound pack up a



ON THE TRAIL TO GOWGANDA

mountain isn't as easy as going up in an elevator, a fact that impressed itself pretty thoroughly upon my mind as the day wore on. All about me were signs of moose. The whole mountain top (with new respect I now regarded it as a mountain)

where a spring crossed the trail. I knelt to strip off my pack, and just succeeded in getting the shoulder straps caught around my shoulders when a fine bull moose stepped out of the bushes. He sniffed the air and circled about in my direction,



THE FOREST SOUTH OF GOWGANDA

seemed to be one huge moose-yard. More than once during the afternoon I had heard them scampering through the bush at the side of the trail, but the thick undergrowth obscured them from sight. Later in the afternoon the climb was more gradual, the country quite open, with many little knolls between which the trail zig-zagged back and forth. On rounding one of these knolls I saw the bushes move thirty paces ahead,

while I remained in my humble attitude, trying to free myself from the pack straps. Once he stopped behind a large rock, and I managed to free myself, but he came on again, trying to get my scent, and when he faced me ten paces away I had my gun pulled and my tree picked. I could see the blue of his eye and the tawny patches on his sides where some of the old hair still remained. He was a noble looking creature and



peaceably disposed, thank heaven! My high opinion of him was evidently not reciprocated, for, after a most searching look, he swung his great head around and hastily took a south-easterly course for the thick timber.

would be as dry as if protected by the finest tarpaulin. After I had made some tea I still kept the fire going, as the night was chilly and the fuel plentiful.

Only once during the night did I awaken from my delicious slumber



THE BALSAM SHELTER

While the afternoon sun was still well above the horizon, I came to a spring of pure mountain water gurgling over its mossy rocks, and I decided to camp there for the night. Here I found some fine canoe birch, fully two feet thick at the base, and as straight and smooth as a young pine. In case of rain all that was necessary was to strip off a piece large enough to cover me, and I

on my sweet-scented bed. Down at the spring some twigs were crackling, which I supposed to be caused by a moose after a drink. I took occasion to pile some more logs on the fire before rolling up in my blankets again.

I was up and away by daybreak, following the blazes from tree to tree, and occasionally stopping to examine the rock to see if the formation

had changed. But it was still that sickening white quartzite, with here and there in the hollows some float of various species. It began to look like, a long, weary trail and a fruitless one.

Thick undergrowth of tangled

line ahead was persistent and real.

So many story books written nowadays of the back-woods life tell of the hero "swinging" down the trail in the early morning sunlight, etc., etc. Up here in the Canadian north woods it is slightly different—your



A STREET SCENE IN GOWGANDA

brier, wild hazel bushes, and maple scrub on the rising ground, with tag alders and young cedars in the hollows, made progress more and more of a struggle. The axe had been brought into play, and a path literally cut through in some places. Here little roots often caught my toes and tripped me. Flies and mosquitoes irritated me, while the tump-line burned into my forehead. It was a strenuous battle, a battle of grit, strength and woodcraft against the forces of nature. But that glowing

may be a hero, but you do not swing. Your progress is a combination of the hop-step-and-jump, catch-as-catch-can, cold plunge and the crawl stroke. You "shuffle" down the trail, come to a log, tackle him high, leap to the ground, hop over a deadfall, side-step a tree, hitch up your breeches, take the cold plunge under a leaning stub, and swim ashore through the underbrush. There you straighten up and adjust your pack for a fresh start. Just then catch your toe in a root and land on your

eyebrow in a muskeg ten feet away! There you are, not singing "The Maple Leaf Forever," nor admiring the beauties of nature, but silently repeating between puffs the known and unknown words in the category of provokable cusses. But even the worst of trails must end.

In the afternoon the country began to open up, and I found myself travelling along a ridge, which ended rather abruptly, and I could catch glimpses through the trees of the country about me. It had been our custom, while travelling through unknown country, to climb trees for the purpose of getting a view of our surroundings. Indeed, we found this necessary if we wanted to see beyond a few yards ahead, so thick were the forests. I now selected one taller than its neighbours and, from much practice, shinned up with the ease, if not the grace, of the original Adam.

Suddenly to emerge from the dim light of the woods to the open height above the surrounding country was a transformation of scenery welcome and wonderful. After travelling for nearly two days I had reached the highest spot in the country. From this vantage point I was able to get a conception of Canada's great forest wealth. Far below me in three directions stretched away a magnificent panorama of blue, rolling hills and valleys. To the east, to the west, and to the south, stretched a great sea of forest, ever changing from sunshine to shadow and fading away into the dim, ethereal blue. From a series of rolling hills to the westward, near Shining Tree Lake, to Maple Mountain, on the Montreal River, in the east, lay a hundred miles of forest. In the immediate foreground was a wide valley, with here and there open spaces of muskeg of lighter green, showing in contrast to the sombre green surroundings. From the centre of the lighter verdure, gleaming and sparkling like a silver

ribbon, a tiny stream pursued its sinuous way, destined soon to lose itself in one of the small lakes which showed its mirrored surface far below. In all the vast perspective there was no visible sign of human life, unless the bush fire that was sending up dense columns of smoke over in the land of little sticks beyond the valley, told of a prospector's carelessness.

For perhaps an hour I sat there in the tree-top, lost in wonder as I looked down upon the legion of spear-pointed trees, under the spell of the vastness and the loneliness of it all. While gazing down the valley I saw something which suddenly brought me to myself. From an open space on the summit of one of the lower hills about three miles distant, a thin wreath of smoke started curling up among the trees. I watched it for a short time and concluded that where there was smoke there was a camp-fire, and that it likely belonged to my partner. The direction I noted by my compass, and, without further delay, I bade good-bye to the blue sky and descended to the piny shade of the woods. The descent was made over jumbled rocks, and very often by dropping from ledge to ledge.

It was nearly half an hour afterward that I reached the first gully. The trail followed a moose run way for some distance, then turned off at right angles, straight for a hill which rose out of the muskeg like a giant loaf of bread. At the base of the hill the moss and roots had been stripped back for yards and yards, leaving the naked, gray-blue diabase exposed to view. Here was the mineral-bearing rock, a young mountain of it, rising straight out of the muskeg. Its rough sides showed signs of a prospector's work. Many cracks and crevices had been cleaned out, and there were great reddish-yellow stains on much of the rock.



As I scrambled up the precipitous rock, the musical clink! clink! of a prospector's pick sounded on the air. It was with greatly accelerated speed that I bore down on the music. In the centre of an open space, on the very summit of a hill, I found the camp. A shelter stood in the open space and near by a fire was burning, while Jim was plugging away at a rock near the fire. As I threw off my pack, he turned about and looked me over for a moment.

"Well, got here, did you?"

"Yes," I said, "mostly; what hide and clothes I still have left you can see for yourself."

He laughed. "You ain't got an awful pile of duds on at that, but hide is cheap."

"Yes, almost as cheap as birch-bark," I said, as I noticed a large patch of that material on each of his knees.

With this his eye fell on the grub bag, and in a short time we were moving away the bannocks in true lumber-jack style. Bannocks, "dislocated potatoes," sowbelly, and coffee—have you ever tasted a meal like this? Were you ever there? Some might laugh, but there are those whose mouths will water and they will say, "By Golly, yes!"

After supper I asked Jim to gently break the news whether we were millionaires or not. He meditated, with many puffs of his pipe.

"This is the queerest formation I ever struck in my life," he said. "Have you looked it over?"

"No; just glanced at it."

"Well, take a look at your compass."

I did accordingly, and was surprised to see the needle spin round, stop, spin round the other way and then stop—pointing south.

"It's gone bugs!"

He smiled at my astonishment and told me quite calmly that I was sitting on the biggest corner in iron

that nature had pulled off for some time. He fetched me some pieces he had just broken from a projecting ledge, and its evidence fully bore out what he had said.

"No wonder the compass is dizzy," I exclaimed.

The rock appeared shot with iron—"white iron"—from particles the size of a pin head to lumps as large as your thumb. Indeed, it was iron first, with the rock just incidental.

"I've been pretty much all over this blamed country and found nothing but this iron pill," ejaculated Jim in disgust. "There ain't a likely looking wrinkle even on it that's got anything except rust in it."

He then related his two days' travels and how he had only found this isolated variation from the quartzite of the big hills. Even this indication of the possible presence of other mineral seemed an illusion and one of nature's freaks. We determined to make one final search of this iron hill and this far country before we turned our faces for the long homeward trail.

For ten days we worked hard, and the days passed quickly by without our being any nearer the goal of success. The iron hill was still iron beyond all doubt. From a tree-top near our camp we had sighted some white-crowned hills, away across the muskeg, and on that last desperate day we cut our way through a tangled hell to reach them. They turned out to be sand—white sand. This was the last straw. The indomitable hope which sent us prospecting through the hardships and privations of the past summer we left in that sand bank.

"This would make great building sand for the new house, wouldn't it?"

There was a long, ominous silence; then the magic of that word *home* suddenly stirred Jim to the point of eruption.

"Home, did you say? Great Guns! let's get started now," and with this he sprang to his feet and made off down the trail.

Late that afternoon, as we rested in camp, when old Sol was hanging on the horizon by his finger tips and painting the opposite hills all golden-green, with the purple hills in the distance, I felt that, after all, this was worthy of the struggle of the blazed trail. At this hour of day the great quiet of the North comes down full of mystery and awe. Behind the great silence is the furry life of the wilderness. The little people of the padded feet come abroad to prowl the thicket and haunt the gloomy trails—shadows within shadows. Here the days had passed quickly by, the nights were made cheery by a huge fire at the very door of the balsam shelter, which threatened at times to turn it into an ash heap. The shelter itself was a simple affair, constructed of poles, covered with birch-bark and hung about with balsam. It faced the sunrise, and the last rays of the setting sun warmed its rough sides with dull red fire. Not far below a spring of water supplied our camp, guarded and tended by *pes-he-wah*, the lynx, whose wet, round foot-prints we often saw on the log that lay across the pool.

The feeling that the game was up and we had missed the pot at the foot of the rainbow soon disappeared. It was displaced by the thought of green fields and orchards, of a little farm near Niagara, five hundred miles straight south.

Jim whistled and piled more logs on the fire, which sent a shower of sparks skyward and deepened the growing shade of evening. Bang! The heat of the fire had split the

rock and sent fire-brands in every direction. The hills echoed the sound until it died, far away up the valley. A moment later Jim put his hands to his lips and gave a most unearthly howl. The death-like stillness was immediately filled with wild howls, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill, while we laughed until we could laugh no more.

"We'll bust this darn quiet for once," said Jim, and with that he let out another volley of wild howls, screeches, groans, and barks, until the air was filled with a chaos of hysterical echoes.

The next few minutes we were prostrate with laughter and lay groaning for breath. A pebble rolled down the hillside. As soon as we were able, we adopted this new suggestion and rolled rocks down the steep slope. We united our efforts on the large ones and worked them to the place where they would help themselves, then gave them the final heave. A rock weighing half a ton and partly composed of iron, with a fair start—well! The way it covered ground and tore up the underbrush was appalling. Thud! Bang! Crash! And then when we thought it had finished its mad career, a moment later we would hear it go "kerplunk" into the muskeg far below. This would send us off into fresh spasms.

Late that night when we crawled into the shelter with aching bodies, it was to sleep like a pair of kids. In the morning Jim was out early, and during breakfast he told me of a dream he had had.

He thought where the rock had split the night before it had disclosed untold riches.

"Did you find anything?"

"Yes," he answered, while I held my breath, "more iron!"

# CYNEWULF THE SAXON

BY WARWICK DEEPING

THERE was a hurrying of people towards the southern gate of *Caer Segont*.

"Ursus and his men have taken a barbarian!"

"A giant!"

"Hairy as a goat!"

A bank of red clouds cut the evening sky into two sheets of blue and of gold, and the tall cypresses and elm trees in the gardens were still bathed in yellow light. Tossing these words from mouth to mouth, the townsfolk made haste to see this wild sea-wolf from Ursus and his hunters had taken in the woods. The idle groups melted from the sunny places about the forum. Men and women ran out from the narrow ways between the crowded houses. Old fellows left their little gardens under the city walls. Girls in bright-coloured tunics hurried along together, chattering and holding hands.

Those who had reached the southern gate saw Ursus swaggering there and showing his white teeth. A gigantic negro, his blackness wrapped up in a scarlet cloak, he stood with the butt of his boar spear resting on the ground, his chest expanded, his head thrown back. The nostrils of his flat nose seemed swollen with arrogance, and gold bracelets glistered on his arms.

The people did not look so eagerly at Ursus as they did at the man who stood alone in the open space within the gate, held like a bear at the end of a rope. He was naked, but for a sheepskin about his loins. Some-

one had smitten him through the thigh with a spear, and from the wound blood still oozed. His arms were lashed behind his back so tightly that the thongs were almost hidden, and there was a red mark round his neck where the rope had chafed the skin.

He stared at the people of *Caer Segont* with a kind of fierce timidity, and they stared back at him as though he were a strange, wild beast. The man was young, tall, and strongly built, with a fleece of fairish hair, and a boyish beard spreading in gold flakes over his chin. The people could see his ribs moving as he breathed. The muscles stood out strongly under the skin, twitching from time to time like the muscles of a nervous horse.

The negro stretched out his spear, and looked boastingly at the crowd.

"A fine beast, citizens, a fine beast! I had a tussle to take him."

He grinned, and showed off his huge arm.

"See here. I crushed him. I hugged the breath out of him till he was quiet."

This tawny headed, blue-eyed savage was the first sea-wolf whom the people of *Caer Segont* had seen. Though ruin and death had been spread along the southern coast, though *Anderida* had fallen and the barbarians had made a great silence there, the great forest had hidden the violence of these happenings from the people of *Caer Segont*. True, they had built city walls after the Legions



had sailed many years ago, but the barbarians had never touched the town. They were like the rumour of a pestilence that would exhaust itself and pass. The great forest, grim and impenetrable, had shut off the gray blue sea and the white sails of the plundering ships. The fields and gardens about the town continued to bring forth corn and fruit.

The people crowded about Ursus and his captive. Some of them put out their hands and touched the barbarian. A young black-haired girl pricked his arm with the pin of a fibula, and laughed. Another stroked his beard with a bronze strigil.

Ursus showed his teeth.

"The beast is quiet now, neighbours. He is tamed. But you should have seen him before I crushed the breath out of his body. He fought the five of us more fiercely than any boar."

A cobbler wearing a leather apron felt the Saxon's muscles.

"It is a strong beast. What will be done with him?"

A hard-faced old woman who had lost all her teeth spoke up in a shrill, cracked voice.

"Set him to grind corn."

The crowd laughed.

"Old Mother Mors has lost her grinders. She has an eye to the mill-stones."

Ursus shrugged with scorn.

"Corn-grinding is for old women. I am the lord of the beasts. This sea-wolf goes to my cages. He will make sport at the games."

The people applauded, even the girls clapping their hands.

"Let him fight with the brown bear."

"No; the dogs would be better."

"Yes; but Father Gildas has forbidden us to let men fight in the amphitheatre."

"Christians, true! But a heathen beast——"

"That is different."

"Let Ursus have him. The præfect will not say him nay."

The negro swaggered, turning his great head this way and that.

"Leave him to me, neighbours. I know how to make good sport. Make way—now! Men who have hunted come by a holy hunger. I will cage up the sea-wolf in one of my dens."

He struck the barbarian with the shaft of his spear. The man stumbled, turned a fierce face, and then went forward through the crowd, Ursus holding the rope that was fastened about his neck. The people gave way, but followed on with chattering eagerness, flushed with the blood-lust that Father Gildas and his priests had not been able to wipe away. Even the young girls were noisily elated. Though here and there some softer soul felt it a pity that the young man should be torn by the claws of the bear, or have his throat bitten out by the negro's dogs.

It happened that when Ursus and the people came crowding along the stone-paved street, Flamma, the præfect's daughter, stood on the porch steps of her father's house. Two slaves waited below her on the steps, with collars of lead about their throats. As for Flamma herself, daughter of Probus the Roman, she was the despair of the petty lords of those parts who had not the valour to conquer such a mate. Her brown-black eyes melted the hearts of men; her red mouth tempted and scorned them. There was the aloofness of pride about her. She looked too fiercely beautiful to be touched. Her rust-red hair seemed to light up her smooth brown cheeks, her deep, burning eyes, her little, scornful nose, and the scarlet thread of her mouth. She was a Roman girl, with the blood of the old Romans in her.

Flamma stretched out an arm, and Ursus the negro stood like a figure in black marble. His eyes glistened, and looked evil and hungry.

"What is this? Who can this be?"

Ursus told her.

"A dog of a Saxon."

"Show me the man."

The people who had crowded even up to Ursus's elbows fell back, the women sneering a little, the men content to gaze. The cobblers, silversmiths, and carpenters stopped their work, and poked their heads out of the doorways of their shops when Flamma, the daughter of Probus, passed. As for Ursus, he bowed himself, gathered his scarlet cloak more tightly over his black chest, and tugged roughly at the rope.

"Down, dog of a heathen!"

The young man, straining instinctively against the rope, stared up at Flamma as though some goddess had thrown open the brazen doors of her temple and appeared in her splendour before men.

Ursus smote him on the mouth, and then pointed to the ground.

"Ox-eyed fool, down on your knees!"

The young man continued to stare at the Roman woman, steadily, yet with wide-eyed awe. The crowd laughed. Flamma looked them over as a great lady might look at a drove of swine.

"Hold your rough ways, Ursus. How came you by the man?"

The negro cringed before her, and when a boastful man cringes he becomes ugly and contemptible. Ursus spoke with a quick, chattering grandiloquence, parading his own prowess, and showing off the muscles of his arms. Ever and again his eyes shot an upward glance at Flamma's face—a glance that gloated, and was afraid to abide. As Flamma listened she seemed to grow taller, and to look down on Ursus from an increasing height. Her mouth hardened, her nostrils became scornful. She desired to spurn the negro with one of her sandaled feet.

Ursus folded his bare arms, making

the huge muscles stand out, and inflating his chest.

"Lady, I am the beast-master and your servant. I will make a fight for you between the sea-wolf here and the brown bear, or with dogs, or a wild boar, as it may please you. Or I will fight the barbarian myself, and break his back with my hands."

Flamma looked from Ursus to the Saxon. He did not cringe or shiver, and something in his eyes touched her—a fierce and half-wondering appeal, the dumb look of a thing that had been hunted. Blood from his wounded thigh marked the gray stones of the street.

She spoke to one of her slaves, and the fellow disappeared through the porch into the great corridor of the house.

"I will buy this man for a slave."

Ursus stared at her, and grinned.

"God forbid that you should take a wild beast into your house."

"God forbid that he should be treated like a beast! I say that he shall be my slave. The full price shall be paid to those who took him."

Flamma's man returned with a little iron box. He knelt on the steps and held it before his mistress, who took a key from the silk bag at her girdle.

But the people of Caer Segont were not well pleased. They began to shuffle their feet and murmur.

"She carries things with a high hand!"

"The præfect. We will see the præfect."

"This heathen dog deserves to make sport for us."

"It is easy for the rich to rob the poor."

Flamma had been counting money from the box. She raised her head and looked down upon the people. Her scorn was like fire thrown from the steps of a temple.

"What say you, people of Caer Segont? Do you murmur because I

have pity? Get you to your homes, and ask Christ's mercy."

They looked at her sullenly, holding together in restless, grudging groups.

"Are you beasts that you would tear and torture? Go to Father Gildas and boast of this to him."

She turned to the barbarian and to Ursus. The young man had been watching her with intent and listening eyes.

"Cut the rope—and those bands."

The negro shrugged, drew his girdle knife, and obeyed her, while the crowd recoiled as though Ursus were letting loose some wild beast. Flamma kept her eyes upon the young man's face. When Ursus had freed him she beckoned with her hand.

"Come."

He understood the gesture, and the mercy in her eyes, and falling on the steps before her, kissed the hem of her tunic and her feet. Then he knelt up, took one of her hands, and laid it upon his bowed head. The people were silent, though a few of the women laughed.

The young man sprang up, and standing on the lowermost step, he looked threateningly and haughtily at the crowd. Though he uttered no word, and would not have been understood by them had he spoken, the people of *Caer Segont* knew that he defied them, even though he had knelt willingly at Flamma's feet.

When Cynewulf the Saxon was taken into the præfect's house the people of *Caer Segont* prophesied against the madness of the thing, saying that the man was a wild beast whom no one could tame. He would frighten his fellow-slaves, break out into violence, and escape by night out of the city. Such a wolf was bound to turn upon strangers and tear them, and Probus would rue the fact that he was ruled by his daughter.

Yet all these prophecies were falsified, for the barbarian was as quiet

and as even-tempered as some big dog. The little world of *Caer Segont* was new and amazing to him, the streets and houses, the great basilica, the mosaic floors, the paintings on the walls, the furniture in Probus's house. The men of his race were strangers to towns and cities, hating and mistrusting them; but Cynewulf seemed made of different stuff. The place was full of wonder and enchantment. Moreover, he was near to the woman who had saved him from Ursus and the crowd.

Titus the slave-master was set to teach Cynewulf the Roman tongue, and Cynewulf showed a grim hunger for the strange new words. So eager was he that he would pester his fellow-slaves by eternally pointing at things and asking their names. He would say words over to himself as he worked at some task that had been given him, knitting up his forehead and staring hard as though he were following the tracks of new and unknown beasts. For Cynewulf had had a full heart in him ever since Flamma had made Ursus cut his bonds. His gratitude to her was dumb. He hungered to pour out words, to understand her when he heard her speak. Her voice had a wonderful power over him, and made the unknown words that she uttered seem full of some noble meaning.

His fellow-slaves had made him understand that he had been saved from a dog's death, and Cynewulf brooded over it as though he had incurred a debt. Lying awake in his little sleeping-cell at night, he would think of Flamma as a glowing figure, saffron robed, with eyes that were very merciful. He was one of the slaves who were chosen to walk before her when she went through the streets. Cynewulf took a pride in marching along with his staff, and thrusting the laggards out of her way; but he was always left in the court before the northern porch of the church, even



when his fellow-slaves were suffered to enter. Then a sudden loneliness would come over him, and he would feel like a dog left out in the cold, while he listened to the voices of those who were singing. Cynewulf began to hunger to speak to the God whom his lady worshipped. His own gods, and the wild, storm-voiced spirits of the north, seemed to have fled away from before the presence of this woman.

Two months passed, and Cynewulf had learnt a great number of words. Titus the slave-master had spoken to Flamma concerning him, and it seemed to Cynewulf that she looked at him more kindly and smiled her praise. Sometimes he had a curious conviction that his lady had him in her thoughts, that she desired some great service from him, that she was watching to see what manner of man he was.

One day Titus called him as he was drawing water at the well.

"Come," said he, looking solemn.

Cynewulf wondered. He was taken through the gallery into the præfect's garden, where roses trailed over stone arcades and sleek grass stretched between hedges of clipped yew. Peacocks spread their tails in the sunlight, and in the centre of the garden there was a stone fish-pond with steps going down to the water. The place was very beautiful. Cynewulf felt a yearning in his breast because of its beauty.

In a stone chair by the fish-pond sat his lady on cushions of rose and gold. She had a white veil over her head to shade her from the sunlight, and her hair shone through the white stuff like red beech leaves through silver mist. Cynewulf felt great awe of her. Titus withdrew, and left him alone before the stone seat by the fish-pond.

Flamma beckoned him to come nearer. Her eyes were big, solemn, and searching, but as they looked at

Cynewulf they smiled. And Cynewulf could have fallen flat before her and offered her his life.

"Cynewulf, you are learning our Roman tongue?"

He stammered out: "Yes, lady."

"You are content—here?"

"Yes, lady."

"You do not wish to run away?"

"To run away?"

"To your own people?"

"No; I be your man."

She seemed to muse for a moment, and Cynewulf thought that she looked troubled and sad. She glanced up suddenly, and their eyes met.

"Cynewulf, you are free. You can go back to your own people."

He did not understand her immediately. She spoke the words again, and Cynewulf flushed, and looked troubled.

"Have I not served well?"

"It is not that."

"Am I—bad man?"

She smiled at him, and Cynewulf trembled.

"I not leave you," he said.

"Then you are no longer a slave. I give you freedom."

"Tell me—stay."

"Is it your desire?"

"I am my lady's," and his eyes appealed to her.

Flamma turned her head and watched the gold-fish swimming in the water. She sighed, and her hands felt under the folds of her robe. She drew out something that shone—a Roman sword.

"What is this, Cynewulf?"

He was prompt with the word.

"A sword."

She held it so that the point was turned towards her throat.

"To kill with?"

He nodded.

"In the hand of a bad man—to kill Probus, my father. To bring sorrow and shame—to me!"

Cynewulf trembled, but not with fear. Lines crossed his forehead. His

mouth looked fierce and desperate.

"Show me that evil man!"

"You would fight for us?"

He opened his arms, and his face blazed.

"Give me the sword. I—kill."

Flamma leant forward and looked at him as though searching his heart.

"Cynewulf, listen to me. Evil men would kill my father, and our slaves are not to be trusted. Valens, who sleeps at the door, is a false man. He has taken money, and I have sent him away. I give you this sword, and make you watchman, to lie across the door at night."

Cynewulf's face was transfigured.

"If needs be, I will die there," he said.

Flamma gave him the sword, and he kissed its blade, and thrust it into his girdle. For the moment he stood irresolute, looking at her with the eyes of a dog.

"Speak, Cynewulf."

"Lady, I would pray to your God, Him they call Christ."

"You would be a Christian?"

"I would send my prayer after my lady's prayer."

She smiled, as one smiles at a child.

"It shall be so, Cynewulf," she said, "the holy men shall teach you."

These were wonderful days for Cynewulf the Saxon. He was given a shield and a coat of mail, and suffered to take to himself a short-handled axe that he found in the woodman's lodge. At night he spread his mats across the street door at the end of the great corridor, and lay down, hugging an immense pride. By day Sanctus the priest came and taught him in the vine-covered loggia opening upon the main court. Cynewulf would sit and listen, and learn to utter simple prayers. The strange beauty of the Christ's life entered into his soul. And sometimes, towards evening, Flamma would send for him into the garden, and would teach him from her own lips, telling

of the mighty and just wrath of God, and the merciful love of Christ the Son. She taught Cynewulf the simple tales of Bethlehem and Galilee, of the Garden of Gethsemane, of Calvary, and of the rising from the tomb. She told him, too, of the saints and martyrs, of Joseph of Arimathea, and the great church at Glastonbury. Yet even through the soft murmur of the holy words ran sounds of fierceness and of valour that stirred Cynewulf's soul. He longed to leap and to use his sword for the White Christ, and for Flamma his lady.

It was a July night, and a full moon was shining, when Red Morgan's men climbed over the city wall and crept through Caer Segont under the shadows of the houses. There were five of them, three Britons, a Greek, and a Spaniard, ruffians who lived by brigandage and violence. The Spaniard, who was a very big man, and the leader, carried a heavy iron bar. Red Morgan had given them his orders and a sum of money, for he wished Probus the Roman dead.

Cynewulf was sleeping, but he woke to the sound of men whispering in the porch. Then something was thrust between the door and the door-post, and the wood cracked and the hinges groaned. Cynewulf leapt to his feet and drew back three paces, shield on arm and axe in his right hand. The corridor was in utter darkness, though faint streaks of moonlight showed about the door.

Morgan's men were straining at the iron bar. One hinge snapped, the other followed it, bolts and lock gave, and the door fell in with a crash. Cynewulf did not wait to parley. He was on the men like a leopard out of a cave, and striking with the axe before they could guard their heads. The Spaniard went down with a split skull. A Briton stumbled, blood-blinded, out into the moonlight. The other three took to their heels and ran.

Then Probus's slaves awoke. Torches were lit and came flaming down the corridor. Probus's white head towered above the heads of his slaves. A woman wrapped in a black cloak, her red hair loose upon her shoulders, hastened down the stairway that led to the upper rooms. Cynewulf stood there, holding the wounded Briton by the throat.

"I fight," he said; "they run away. But here are two."

The slaves took the Briton from him, uttering shrill cries. Probus, sword on thigh, stood and stroked his beard. Cynewulf looked towards Flamma wrapped in her black cloak.

"Cynewulf keeps faith," he said; "he is Christ's man."

Probus took a ring from his finger.

"Christ's man—and mine. Let him be baptised."

And baptised he was next morning in the church of St. Joseph, where Father Gildas served the altar. Probus the præfect and Flamma stood as witnesses. They gave him the name of Gerontius, though he was known afterwards to the Britons as Geraint.

Summer went and autumn came, and vague rumours of evil began to breathe about Caer Segont. It was said that the barbarians had landed near Vectis, that they were plundering and slaying, and that Winchester had fallen. Then white-faced, yawning people came straggling to Caer Segont, people who spoke in hoarse whispers of anguish and horror and death. The reds and golds of the autumn woods were sad and distressed. The wind moaned. Men were afraid to go out and gather the apples in the outlying orchards.

Probus and the Fathers gathered together the old soldiers, called on the young men, and brought forth a bronze eagle out of the treasury. Guards were set at the gates, sentinels along the walls, and men were drilled in the forum. As for Cyne-

wulf, he looked grave and troubled. Some of the people mistrusted him, but Cynewulf trusted his own heart.

The hour of its death agony came suddenly and by night to Caer Segont. There was the screaming of a trumpet at the southern gate, wild cries, the glare of torches, a running to and fro of men in the streets and lanes.

"The barbarians—the barbarians!"

Women huddled their children together and fled to the great basilica and the churches. Probus had gone forth with his slaves to rally the men of Caer Segont, but he left Cynewulf in the house.

"Guard thy lady," he had said.

And Cynewulf had kissed the old man's hand.

Men fought that night at the gates and in the streets, in the gardens, and in the houses. The barbarians were everywhere. They leapt like madmen, striking with axe and sword, bellowing when wounded or when burning brands were hurled into their faces. The men of Caer Segont were slain in their own streets, nor was mercy shown even to the women and children. Probus the præfect fell very early by the southern gate. The people were taking refuge in the churches, and in the basilica, defending themselves desperately and barricading the doors and windows.

Crowds fled past Probus's house, shouting, "To the basilica—to the basilica!"

Cynewulf and Flamma were standing in the darkened porch. She was very silent, full of a mute anguish, fearing the worst.

"My father!"

Cynewulf sprang out and seized a man who was flying by.

"Where is Probus the præfect?"

The man squealed and tried to escape, but Cynewulf held him fast.

"Speak! What news?"

"Probus is dead."

"Swear to it."



"I saw him slain. Is that enough?"

Cynewulf let the man go and went back to the porch. The fellow had uttered the words so loudly that Flamma had caught the truth of her father's death. Nor did it come upon her as a blow out of the darkness. Death had looked at her out of her father's eyes when he said farewell.

She stood there, looking out into the night.

"Cynewulf, save yourself."

"Lady, I still serve you."

"No, no. Probus my father is dead. It is sufficient that I follow him. Join yourself to your own people."

Cynewulf sprang up the steps suddenly and thrust her back into the porch. A stream of fierce, panting men went by in the darkness, shouting barbaric words. Flamma shuddered, despite her courage. As for Cynewulf he was trembling, but not with fear.

"You shall not have death!"

"Cynewulf!"

"I fight death—I beat him off. Come! I am mad for the Lord Christ."

He caught her up before she could so much as put out a hand to stay him, and descending the steps, he began to run through the darkened streets.

Flamma struggled in his arms.

"I charge you, let me go."

From the mouth of an alley a man sprang at them with threatening sword. Flames had shot up from the roof of a neighbouring house, and the glare showed the man's barbaric beard and hair.

Cynewulf roared at him in the Saxon tongue.

"Keep off—the spoil is mine!"

The man laughed, peered into Flamma's face, and clapped Cynewulf on the back and laughed again.

"Well chosen, brother; there is good plunder here."

From that moment Flamma lay very still in Cynewulf's arms. Now

and again he felt a great shudder go through her, but she remained silent and resisted him no longer. Cynewulf threaded his way through the side streets towards the western gate. The town seemed empty and silent here, stricken with dumb horror. Away towards the forum flames were waving above the housetops and about the black pinnacles of the cypresses. Uproar filled the night.

Cynewulf gained the western gate. It was closed, and the bar was up, but the guards had fled from the guard-room. He stood his axe against the wall, threw down the bar with one hand, shot back the bolts, and swung the door open. A fresh breeze blew through the tunnel of the gateway. Cynewulf took his axe again, and carried Flamma out into the night.

An hour passed before Cynewulf paused, and turned to look back at Caer Segont. He had stumbled along field-paths and through orchards, and had gained the edge of the western woods. Caer Segont showed as a red mound, a little heap of flames. Cynewulf was hot and weary, and his heart laboured under his ribs. He set Flamma upon her feet, under the boughs of a great beech tree.

She leaned against the tree trunk and covered her face with her hands. The agony of the night seemed more bitter under the shadows of the silent woodlands. The darkness felt big and swollen with despair.

When she uncovered her face, Cynewulf was kneeling at her feet.

"Have no fear," he was saying.

"See—I am your man and your servant. No evil thing shall come near so long as I live and am able to strike."

Flamma's heart went out to him in a sudden rush of tears. She bowed herself, and her tears fell down upon Cynewulf's face.

"Cynewulf, stay with me."

And from that moment Flamma loved him.

# THE HAND LAUNDRY

BY HILDA RIDLEY

CALEB HIGGINS looked round him with pride. To him the little place seemed indeed the doorway into that larger land of which he had so often dreamed. Again he could see in his mind's eye, far away from the noisy city, a farm set in green orchards, fed by cool streams. It was only a bare little room which he surveyed, standing in the busy thoroughfare of a large city. Outside in large black letters were the words "Hand Laundry."

"And to think, Mother," he said, addressing one of the women who stood beside him, "how often we joked you about your being such a fine laundress, and you saying you wished you was one and never dreaming it would come true!"

"It was your enterprise, Caleb," replied his wife humbly.

"Yes, I guess I have an eye to business," admitted Caleb, smiling at the other woman who was with them and who was his sister. "You see, I knew laundry work was a paying proposition, 'cause there was never a laundry that I went into as wasn't rushed for business, and then when I was looking round, thinking and thinking how I was to make enough money to buy a farm, it come to me like an inspiration that laundry work would do it, seeing how handy you and Martha was with that kind of work."

"And you're handy, too, Caleb," said Martha. "Why I never knew anyone get to ironing blouses so quick as you."

"I guess it was the packing that kept my hands nimble," said Caleb, "so there's good in everything, even in packing."

Hardly had he spoken when the door opened.

"Can't be a customer already!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins breathlessly.

The newcomer was a young man. He flung a package down on the counter.

"Want it Saturday night, sure thing," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Higgins, with ill-concealed agitation, for as she afterwards confessed she felt "all of a tremble."

"The name, please, sir," said Martha bravely, as she hastily produced a book.

He flung it at her as he had flung down the package and went out banging the door.

"And this only Wednesday night, mother!" said Caleb, while Martha made a list of the contents of the package.

"Say," continued Caleb, with his arms akimbo and his legs well apart, "ain't I glad I give up that packing and that pittance of \$12 a week! Oh, it's good to be independent!"

His face was aglow. He was a little man, slight and wiry, quick in his movements and with his hands. His brown hair stood up stub-like from his fair, rather lined face, which was ordinary, save for the blue eyes into which there sometimes crept that light which betrays the presence of a vision longer than is necessary for

the common tasks of the day. Mrs. Higgins was taller and stronger than her husband, but she had the calm, resigned face of one who held herself in subjection.

"What I wish is that there was more of us," said Martha.

But it was useless to wish this. A child had come to bless the union of the Higgins, but he had died when only a few years old, and then Mrs. Higgins had opened her arms to her husband's sister, who had no one in the world but her brother. These three were bound together by the strong bond of affection and faith.

"Oh, we'll hire help by and by," returned Caleb grandiloquently.

On the following day the door of the little laundry opened and shut quite frequently. People seemed to find it convenient. Caleb and "mother" and Martha spoke never a word, as they doggedly set to work. It was still early spring, and the heat of the laundry did not unduly try them. Caleb was in excellent spirits. It was true that he was working for longer hours than he had ever worked before, but every additional customer seemed to him to make more and more possible the realisation of the dream of his life. A little more of this hard work, and then—the laundry faded away in mist and he saw once again that peaceful country where the sun always shone and the trees gave shelter from the noonday heat. He drew a long breath as the mist dissolved and he could no longer see through it.

They were too exhilarated, too, excited over the novelty of the work that first week to realise how tired they were. It was only at the end of the second week that they confessed that they were "all in" and thanked God for the Sabbath. They were simple Bible Christians and nothing would have induced them to work on Sunday.

It was late on Saturday night that

Caleb Higgins went away by himself to "count the profits," as he told his wife and his sister, with a twinkle in his eye. He was shut up by himself for a long time. Ruth and Martha went to bed and were soon in the heavy sleep of utter weariness. Caleb was very pale when he came from his retreat. His fingers and lips kept moving.

"Not ten dollars clear," he murmured, "it can't be right, it can't be right with all them people!"

Perhaps it was because they were slow, he thought, being new at the work, and yet he remembered how hard they had worked, scarcely taking time to eat, curtailing their hours of sleep.

He said nothing to his wife and sister about the "profits," and they, looking at him, did not refer to them. They went to church and there the quiet words of the Gospel fell on their tired ears like David's music, soothing and curative.

It was in the middle of the week when more people continued to come that Martha said resolutely:

"Caleb, don't you think we ought to have some help."

Help on a profit of less than \$10 a week seemed farcical to Caleb, but they must have it, for he could not bear to see the tired faces of the women he loved.

"Go ahead," was all he said.

Martha put out a sign with "Girls Wanted," and it soon brought responses. Then more trouble began. The girls were either inexperienced or too experienced to want to work in a hand laundry. When the property of a few of their customers had been ruined and they had listened patiently to the "piece of mind" of a woman who called them "slow," "out-of-date," and "old-fashioned," they decided that they must fall back upon themselves.

"I think, Caleb, we ought to turn away some of the customers and limit



ourselves some," suggested Martha.

Caleb turned pale.

"Well, one thing I'm sure of," he said, "I ain't going to have you women folk do so much hard work. I'll do the extra."

"Oh, Caleb, you ain't strong," expostulated his wife.

"A man's stronger than any woman," declared Caleb, with the conviction born of an honest study of St. Paul's epistles.

His one object in these days seemed to resolve itself into the nightmare effort to make a weekly profit nearly equivalent, at least, to what he had earned as a packer. When he had insisted upon his wife and sister withdrawing, he himself would stay on in the laundry, with his hands deep in hot starch or ironing far into the night. Summer had come upon them suddenly, with its long, hot days. Caleb saw no more visions: it is true that the laundry sometimes dissolved before his tired eyes in mist, but he never saw through it.

In the meantime Martha, who had the business head of the three, had ascertained the real state of affairs, but with instinctive sympathy for Caleb's pride she had not divulged her knowledge to him. She did, however, gradually disclose the matter to Ruth. When Ruth grasped it she turned very pale.

"Oh, Martha," she said, "why can't we persuade him to give it up and go back to the packing? He was happy with the packing, although he didn't know it."

"Ruth, that's what I would do," said Martha earnestly. "A wife should counsel her husband—Paul says that. You say the work it too much for all of us—not especially for him—that you must have a rest or you'll break down. You know how to manage it, dear."

So that evening when it was growing late, and Caleb had looked up once or twice from his ironing to

say somewhat querulously, "Well, mother, why don't you quit?" his wife still lingered.

She was looking at him, and as she looked at him and observed his attenuated little figure, and the weary, vague look in his blue eyes, a sudden passion came upon her. She went up to him and put her arms round him.

"Oh, my man, my man!" she sobbed.

She lifted him in her arms.

"Why, mother, what is it?" he said, as he mopped the sweat from his brow and looked up at her with apathetic blue eyes, unconscious for the moment of his undignified position.

"Can't you see that I'm breaking down—that I can't stand all of this work?"

"Why, mother, you seem powerful strong for a woman," he said suddenly, realising his position and struggling from her arms to the floor.

"Well, I ain't," she said defiantly. "I must have a rest. Martha and me are both fair tired out. Let's give up the work, Caleb, it's too much of a strain on all of us. It's nothing but work, work, work from the moment we get up till bedtime. Caleb, can't you get back your old job—you was happy there, though you didn't know it."

"Yes, I was happy there, though I didn't know it," repeated Caleb mechanically. Then he considered a moment and added, "but I was too much given to dreaming—that's why they wouldn't have me back—leastways, that's what the boss says, and I guess he knows."

Martha and Ruth exchanged startled looks.

"Did you ask for your old job back, Caleb?" asked Martha breathlessly.

"Why, yes, going on three weeks ago now, and he laughed and says, 'Not on your life, he says—you lost

us a big job before you left through your—here he uses an awful swear-word—of dreaming.’ And then he says: ‘What are you doing now?’ and I says ‘hand laundry,’ and at that he laughs out hearty.”

There was a silence. It was broken by Ruth.

“The brute!” she said.

“No, mother,” said Caleb, “you mustn’t say that. It’s my own fault, I guess—my own fault. I used to be always thinking of the farm.”

“And why shouldn’t you?” said Martha. “A man’s a right to his thoughts.”

“And in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labour,” murmured Caleb. “I like them words.”

The women left him weeping.

The long, hot summer wore away. Once Caleb fainted at his work, and then Ruth called in a doctor.

The doctor ordered a complete rest and hinted at heart trouble. Caleb was obliged to go to bed. Then Ruth and Martha bravely took up the work and Caleb certainly never knew how

they denied themselves to give him the comforts that he needed. His mind wandered in those days. He seemed to live in a world of his own and to be oblivious of their real presence, although they often figured in some imaginary scene.

One day they found him sitting up in bed, gazing with wide blue eyes, which saw far, far beyond them, and his face was transfigured with a fearful joy.

“There’s Ruth milking the cows,” he cried. “Don’t she look cunning in that sunbonnet, and there’s Martha and little Willie, sitting by the duck pond—and little Willie has such red cheeks!”

He ceased—the light faded from his face, the radiance from his eyes. He put his hand to his heart, as he sank back on the pillow.

Ruth and Martha sprang forward, but it was too late. Death had at last claimed him. And so babbling of green pastures and still waters the plucky little laundryman passed away.



## THE LEGACY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

S AID One, must you weep alway?  
Tears are not for one so fair,  
Ringless hand and robe of gray  
Mock the charms which they declare—  
Hear the singing in the street!  
Youth and joy salute the day,  
Life and love caress your feet—  
Will you turn away?

Sad and sweetly answered she,  
"What are jeweled robes to me?  
Soon I'll wear a grass-green dress,  
Dew-pearls for my gems, no less,  
Now, can comfort me."

Nay, Love, let me lift your hair,  
Heavy with its weight of gold,  
With rough hand, but tender care,  
Let me plait it as of old.

Very sad and low said she,  
"What is hair of gold to me?  
When 'tis turned to daisy gold,  
Starring all the rain-wet mold,  
Sweet and sweet 'twill be!"

Ah, most Dear, speak not in sighs!  
Has my love no healing art?  
Every teardrop from your eyes  
Falls like fire upon my heart.

Sad and gently answered she  
"Tears and sighs to all are free.  
Tears are sweet and sighs are kind—  
Soon they'll drift along the wind,  
Blowing over me."

Love, O Love, your hand is cold,  
Let me take it—let it be  
Mine to keep and warmly hold  
Till your sad lips smile on me!

Very sad and sweet said she,  
"Warmth and smiles are lover's fee—  
Warmth I'll find and maybe mirth  
In the arms of kindly earth—  
Pray you let it be! . . .  
When Love left he whispered me  
One low word—'twas like a breath—  
And I think the word was 'Death,'  
Love's own legacy!"





# JOSEPH PENNELL: ETCHER AND ILLUSTRATOR

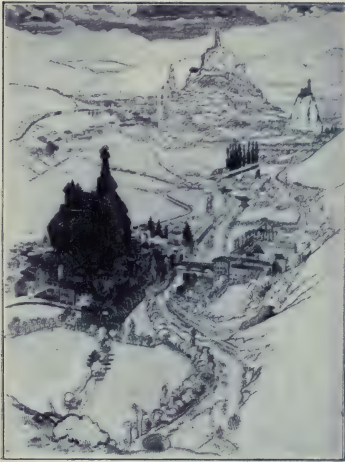
BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY MR. PENNELL

T has been said that the sum of a creator's work is the representation of himself: that in the end, the greatest thing a great composer, an inspired painter, a master sculptor or a literary genius leaves behind is the record of himself. Men have argued from this, that it would not matter how Carlyle had written, what sides he had taken, nor how he had expressed himself: provided he had found expression through one medium or another the treasure of his own personality would have been given to the world. Going even further, men have said that the mere creation of beautiful objects, however superb the conception and excellent the workmanship, does not make the man who created them a great man, even though separate items in his work may have measured up to items in the work of masters: for the artist is great, say the wise, only when each piece of work is con-

sistent with some underlying quality in the man and each a further revelation and record of that man's outstanding individuality.

This is a rigorous standard by which to measure the thousands of earnest men and women who spend their lives in the endeavour to express themselves in the creation of beautiful things. The poets who starve—or are said to starve—in garrets, the workers who thrive and grow vulgar in complacent mediocrity, the men who wax wealthy by gratifying some passing whim of the public for Gibson heads, or Billikens, or Fisher girls have contributed at least a little to the enjoyment of their times, even though history with her pen and tablet following in the footsteps of time, utterly ignores them and gives preference to Michael Angeloes, Rembrandts, Corots, Miltons, Brownings, Herbert Spencers, and Wagners. One man achieves wonderful



LE PUY

tones in his pictures, exquisite grace in his music, nobility in his sculptures, or power in his writings. He may serve to stimulate our sense of the beautiful, to touch some string of sentiment, to show us beauties in things in which we had not seen the beauty before, and yet he lacks those other qualities which go to make a truly great creator: his inspirations are sporadic, his fine conceptions are accidental, they do not spring from the underlying gift of great genius.

Among modern etchers there are few whose work so consistently shows the characteristic touch of a master etcher as does the work of Joseph Pennell. It has been said that he is the greatest of contemporary etchers. Hans Singer, writing in *The International Studio* has said that he, personally, places Pennell's architectural etchings even above Whistler's. In his sense of the beautiful, in his sense for "atmosphere," in the spontaneity of his work and what Whistler called the "gayety" of his plates Pennell manifests the remarkable gifts with which he is endowed,

and in his various works has unwittingly recorded the fact that he is a master in his art and one whom history will not ignore.

Everyone knows what Ruskin said when he declined to visit America—that he could not exist in a country which contained no ancient castles. Although Ruskin was himself a seer, a man who introduced the world to beauties which it would not have seen but for his eye and his pen, he had not, in some regards at least, the insight of a Pennell, for had he lived, and had he seen Pennell's etchings of the sky-scrapers of "The Unbelievable City," or of "Coal," "Oil," and "Steel," he would have had reason to alter his decision and say that, although there were no castles in America, there were other things indigenous to that country which would more than compensate for the absence of aristocratic land-marks.

And even those of us who have seen the sky-scrapers of New York, and breathed the fetid atmosphere of the great industries of which Pennell has made etchings, must feel indebted



AT LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

ed to the etcher for new light which he throws upon these subjects. The buildings which we may have thought were hideous, or at the mere dimensions of which we marvelled, have another side which one is apt to miss and which is brought out in the Pennell etchings. He discovers the romance and the beauty in the skyscraper of New York, or in a row of dirty houses in London, or in a view of a smoke-reeking steel manufactory, which people are apt to accord only to objects in which the element of romance is more obvious, such as the castles which meant so much to Ruskin and the beauty points of Venice as listed on the folder of a Cook's tour.

Pennell and his wife have produced a great amount of work: Pennell as an artist and writer, and Mrs. Pennell as writer. They have written charming little histories of their joint journeyings into new and old parts of the world. Pennell, with his etching materials and his sketch book, and Mrs. Pennell, with pencils and



ROSSETTI'S HOUSE

scribbling paper, have discovered and laid before the stay-at-home public in the form of magazine article and bound volume, new beauties in old places and old beauty—for all beauty is old—in the most recent works of the architect. Pennell contributes to the histories of their excursions the record of the things that his quick artistic eye beheld: a record done with life and sparkle and freshness so that you and I, looking at the work as produced in the periodical or the volume, are given the privilege of seeing, for the moment, as he saw—we possess his faculties of observation while we look at his work. On the other hand, Mrs. Pennell furnishes a story for the ear, a drawing done in vowels and consonants. The vivacity of her style, enriched as it is with well-placed moments of reserve, makes a perfect counter-part for her husband's work.

As pictures alone, however, Pennell's treatment of New York skyscrapers, of London scenes, and his portrayal of some of the great industries of the United States are outstanding from the rest of his work. He is not a mere topographer, he does not merely record elevations and angles; and yet he does what few men can do with real success: he paints "portraits of places."

To make a portrait of a man means



LAST OF THE SCAFFOLDING





WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SOMERSET HOUSE

one of two things—assuming a degree of skill on the part of the artist: he either makes a likeness, or a likeness with an interpretation. The “Portrait of a Place” is apt to be made either a mere likeness, a mere perspective like an architect’s drawing, or else the place is forgotten by the artist except in so far as it serves as a model, or as a groundwork for the real picture which the artist has in mind. Whistler made pictures

from what he saw, not of it. Pennell, studying a probable subject, finds the beauties it contains and records them as the paramount quality of the final likeness of the place as he produces it. Friendly critics have pointed out that he succeeds in representing not only the beauties of the scene before him, but also the atmosphere in which it lies: a London scene in a Pennell etching contains London atmosphere; a Spanish etching carries with it the



CHELSEA



SAINT MARTIN'S BRIDGE, SPAIN

air of that languid country, and the same is true of any etching by this artist.

Pennell was born in Philadelphia, of Quaker stock. He first studied at the Philadelphia Industrial School of Art and later at the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. The president of the academy was James L. Claghorn. Before Pennell was twenty years of age—he is now forty-five—Claghorn had observed unusual talent in the

student and encouraged him in every way. In a year or two he was showing Pennell's work to his friends and declaring he had discovered a prodigy. These early works were very good in their way: they were auguries of the better work which Pennell was to do.

One day, when first Pennell had conceived the idea of etching his New York series, the crowds that passed up and down Broadway were



IN THE TWILIGHT

amused to see a lanky-looking artist standing on the curb, an etching tool in one hand and copper-plate in the other, "sketching" one of the groups of great buildings in lower Broadway. As a matter of fact, Pennell was working on what was to be a finished etching. He did not, and does not now, do as do so many ar-



TOWERS OF SAN GIMIGNANO

tists: make a sketch of the subject and work it up afterward in a studio. Pennell has made his most beautiful etchings standing on street corners, with beggars and street urchins peering over his shoulders, policemen debating in their minds whether he was crazy enough to be "run in" or safe enough to be let alone; demi-monde casting eyes at him, business men scowling at this impractical artist, and wise young men speculating that he was the agent for a sign company spying out the land for some new electric marvel. They did not guess that a jar to the elbow of the worker, a tremour in his hand, one false stroke or misplaced dot in the wax-covered copper-plate, would ruin the whole work.

Probably this method of work has contributed to Pennell's success as an etcher. A Frenchman, touching upon the subject of art, once wrote that, while artists work daily on paintings, it is only on good days that they etch. Another French authority has said that no one can do a thing thoroughly well unless he can do it with ease. Sir Seymour Hayden, the great landscape etcher, once said to Frederick Keppel, the famous collector of etchings in New York city: "An etching that occupies an artist for three days is, in fact, the work of three different men; the artist's mood is one thing on Monday, another on Tuesday, and still another on Wednesday; but the freshness and unity of an etching cannot be maintained unless the artist knows exactly what to do and then does it at once." The same great etcher wrote at another time, "The painter, by overlaying his work, may modify and correct it as he goes on. Not so with the etcher. Every stroke he makes must tell strongly against him if it be bad or prove him a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than ten in the wrong it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the ten by which he would have arrived at his end."

This spontaneity of which Sir Seymour Hayden speaks is always present in Pennell's work. He does not pore over his plate in a studio ten blocks from the scene he has just etched, to perfect what he remembers of what he saw. He completes it at once.

Vigour is the key-note to Pennell and his work. This has been characteristic of him in all things. When he had been in London a certain length of time he fell into controversies on a great many questions with the art critics of that city. His



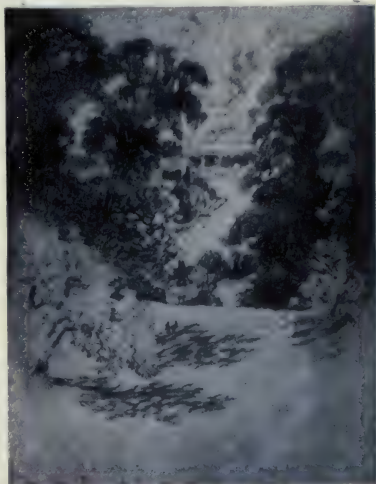
earlier years were stormy ones, for he could not resist the impulses of the insatiable controversialist. His audacity made not a few of the sleepy critical dignitaries of London gasp. They waxed indignant. They tried to snub him and found that they could not afford to do it. They thought to "squelch" him by sheer weight, and found that he was irrepressible. They attempted to answer his arguments, and in many cases failed lamentably, to the benefit of art and art criticism in the old country. One of them, as Mr. Frederick Keppel tells, came to the etching-collector in high dudgeon (he was an eminent critic) and demanded to know "How dare this rash young American upset our accepted theories, and attack men of established reputation!" There could be no answer but time, and as time passed these old Tories of Art found that the Radical, Pennell, was not infrequently borne out in his criticisms and condemnations. His activities as a controversialist were not, however, confined to destructive criticisms: it was he who discovered and proclaimed the extraordinary talent of Aubrey Beardsley, and it was he who recalled from partial neglect the merit of the illustrations of such great artists as Charles Keene and Daniel Viérge.

Whistler and Pennell were intimate friends. Whistler was a sort of Divinity to Pennell. But the great eccentricist lacked in his quarrellings an advantage which Pennell held. Whistler resented not only artistic sin, but the sinner. Pennell waged furious war against the sin, but was wont to vote the sinner "a very decent fellow."

New York has always been a source of delight to Pennell. While he has more often expressed his conceptions of New York with copper-plate and etching stool, at the same time he has recorded his love for that city in writing—an art in which he, like his

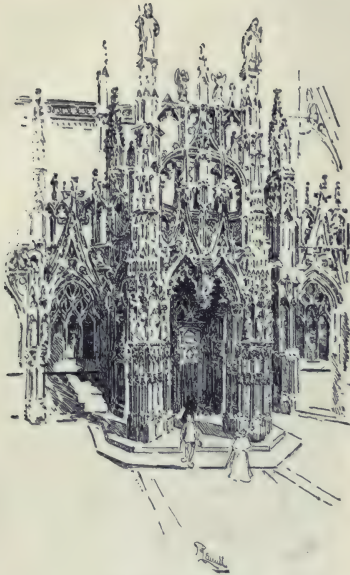
wife, has some skill. He has written:

"New York rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay . . . the colour by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves now to reveal themselves again in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their heights. In the evening—they are



AT RICHMOND

mighty cliffs glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night. As the steamer moves up the bay, on one side the great Goddess greets you, a composition in colour and in form, with the city beyond, finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Why did not Whistler see it? Piling up higher and higher right before you is the city; and of what does it suddenly remind you? San Ghimignano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green and with rose; and over them the wavering, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. To the right, filmy delicate and lace-like by day are the great bridges, by night, a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew. You



THE PORCH, LOUVIERS

land and are swallowed in the streets that are Florence glorified—to emerge in squares that are more noble than those of Seville. Golden statues are about you, triumphal arches make splendid frames for marvellous vistas, and it is all new and all untouched, all to be done. The Unbelievable City—the city that has been built since I grew up; the city beautiful, built by men I know; built for people I know. The city that inspires me—that I love.”

This is Pennell's account of New York. For prose it is perhaps a little overdone to please the practical ear. Other men would remind Pennell of the unbeautiful side of New York, forgetting that in the province of the artist beauty is first. But when Pennell comes to express his admiration of New York in an etching there is then no qualifying comment to be made. The thing is completely beautiful. Marion Crawford, for

whose books Pennell has done many illustrations, remarked to Pennell when first he saw the etchings of New York sky-scrapers: “Oh; I see, Pennell, that you have made architecture of the New York buildings!”

It is one of the privileges of sojourn in London to meet Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in their home there. The hospitality of these remarkable people is proverbial, and the quality of their conversation, whether it be upon art or olives, is charming. Pennell loves to “dump” himself into a deep chair in his library—a low-seated wicker chair—and there talk and be talked with. Whistler once made his portrait in this very pose. Knees and elbows were well in evidence.

Three hundred years ago Rembrandt became the printer of his own work. He would trust no one else, and when he worked with his presses, worked secretly, he allowed no one to witness the process. The fastidious Whistler did likewise, and now Mr. Pennell, carrying on the tradition, does the same. It requires skill for an artist to print his own plates. He must be something of a handicraftsman. Printers' proofs, as Mr. Keppel says, in writing on the subject of printing etchings, are never equal in originality to the proof issued by the original artist, provided he knows how to print. Mr. Keppel also adds that no modern paper yields so good a proof as does fine hand-made paper which has been mellowed in tone and texture by one or two centuries of age. Mr. Pennell, in his many travels through Europe, was careful to be on the look-out at all times for good paper. In this way he collected a considerable supply. The proofs of his etchings show the important part which such paper plays in the reproduction of good work.

# THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS

ADAPTED AND PUT INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY ARTHUR STRINGER  
FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO FONTANA

## PREFATORY NOTE TO "THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS."

THE plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, those supreme masterpieces of Greek civilisation, are little more than a tradition to our drama. They stand practically unknown to the modern playgoer. When, through some purely academic effort, "Œdipus King," or "Œdipus at Colonus," or "Antigone," is performed on the twentieth century stage, it is more as an exposition of a long-obsolete stage-craft than a presentation of an immensely moving and human story. So it has been the student of literature alone who has found delight in these greatest of all dramatic compositions. Many poets, among them Alfieri, Monti, Foscolo, Nicolini, Racine, Crebillon, Voltaire and Goethe, have made efforts to re-establish the great Greek tragedies. In many cases the effort was failure, although magnificent failure. These adaptations are to be found to-day only between the covers of library volumes. The reason for this over-polite interment is obvious: The modern poet attempted to revive the antique form, adhering to the complex five acts of the Athenian stage and the further exotic artificiality of the "Chorus" . . . The claim of "The House of Œdipus" is that, while its action faithfully embraces the movement and characters of the three greatest Greek tragedies ever written, it has touched these hallowed

masterpieces with a spirit of modernity, keeping them vivid and vital. In other words, everything has been made subservient to the human, the dramatic interest, without departing from the spirit of the "Œdipus" revealed to us by Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, and the other authorities. Every effort has been made, in marshalling the incident and translating the form into modern three-act drama, to preserve the beauty and vigour and pathos of those deathless tragedies before which the world has bowed for twenty-five hundred years.

## CHARACTERS

ŒDIPUS (King of Thebes).  
POLYNICES } (Sons of Œdipus).  
ETEOCLES }  
JOCASTA (Œdipus's wife).  
ANTIGONE  
ISMENE (Daughter of Œdipus).  
CREON (Brother of Jocasta).  
HAEMON (Son of Creon).  
THESEUS (King of Attica).  
TIRESIAS (Prophet).  
MANTO (His Daughter).  
OLD LYSIAS.  
YOUNG GORGAS.  
FORBAS (A Herdsman).  
A MESSENGER.  
MENECLAS.  
TIONICO. }  
MENIPPUS } (Shepherds).  
BATTŌ.  
SIMETA (A Young Girl).  
A WOMAN.  
AN OLD WOMAN.  
A VERY OLD MAN.



ANOTHER OLD MAN.

A CAPTAIN OF THE FOOT-SOLDIERS.

THE SPIRIT OF LAIUS.

TISIPHONE. { (Leaders of the Furies  
 ALECTO { or Eumenides).  
 MEGAERA }

The Furies—The People of Thebes—  
 Herdsmen of Colonus—Courtiers—  
 Matrons — Priests — Foot-soldiers  
 —Thebans — Athenians — Phoeni-  
 cian Virgins—Cithaerons.

# FIRST PERIOD.

## SCENE I.

THE SPIRIT OF LAIUS. (*Spirit of an aged man, white-haired, wrapped in a royal mantle of purple, and wearing a crown. There is lightning and thunder as he comes out from the mouth of the Cavern.*)

O sleeping Furies of black Hell and Earth,  
 Five years drag by since I was put to death,  
 And still I, Laius, King of Thebes, await  
 My vengeance!

(*The Furies mutter in their sleep.*)

Ædipus my son it was  
 Did slay me. He still with his mother shares  
 My throne, and with her knows incestuous sleep!

THE FURIES. (*Dozing.*)

Beware!

Seize—seize!

THE SPIRIT OF LAIUS.

Action I ask, not dreams.

(*He opens his mantle, and shows his white robe stained with blood.*)

This is the wound he dealt. Rise up and smite  
 This killer of his father, deep in lust!  
 Aye, stab him with your breath as with a sword;  
 Bruise him and make him suffer; let him stand  
 Bereft and naked of all earthly things,  
 Of crown, and home and country, light by day,  
 And rest by night, and mercy at all time!  
 Let him become a wanderer held up  
 To shame! Drag, drag him unforgiven down  
 To Hell, where he shall pant and writhe, the prey,  
 The everlasting prey, of your fierce claws!

(*More lightning and thunder. The Spirit disappears.*)

TISIPHONE. (*Awakes, and quickly rises up.*)

Hallo! Up! Up!

MEGAERA. (*Rising.*)

ALECTO.

The others let us wake!

Up! Up!

(*They go to waken their companions. Tisiphone remains near the mouth of the Cave.*)

Beware! Seize! Seize!

(*They seem strangely disturbed, and move about the stage questioning among themselves, and helping one another light their torches.*)

CERTAIN OF THE FURIES.

The Spirit dark

Of Laius also in our sleep appeared!

OTHER FURIES. On his son Ædipus he asked revenge—

ALECTO. Imploring that in life he might be lashed

Unmercifully——

MEGAERA. And dead, to Hell unpardoned go!

ALL TOGETHER. On this black sin then let us strike!

TISIPHONE.

Listen!

*(The Furies stop to listen, then all approach Tisiphone, who stands near the cavern-mouth. Through the glimmer of the torchlight and the lightning, they stand out in all their repulsiveness of aspect, half-nude, wearing only short tunics and girdles of red. Their faces are bitter and malignant, as though thirsting for blood. They wear serpents twisted in their hair. Their finger-nails are long and pointed and blood drips from their brows.)*

TISIPHONE. But Œdipus unknowingly did err!

MEGAERA.

'Tis true!

TISIPHONE. His hand was guilty, not his heart!

MEGAERA.

'Tis true!

TISIPHONE. But sinning even more than Œdipus

Is Creon, who pretends to bow before

The other's will, yet thirsting after power

And plotting for his death, all justice flaunts.

THE FURIES. The blackest sinner stands in Creon then!

*(After a pause.)*

Since we are just, we Laius must avenge,

Yet Œdipus may still find peace in death

If to our Temple he turns penitent!

Creon alone shall be our timeless prey!

*(They take a step forward, brandishing their daggers and flaunting the snakes twisted in their hair.)*

TISIPHONE. Like howling dogs the Furies rush on him!

MEGAERA. He hears the far-off voice! He quakes and turns

And flies in terror, reeling as he goes!

ALL TOGETHER. In vain!

MEGAERA.

Inexorably is he their prey——

E'en though the sacred breath of Jupiter

Came to his help!

TISIPHONE.

For where the Furies' claws

Reach not, their hissing asps still find him out!

*(Taking a serpent from her head.)*

Here from my head I tear this, flinging it

Upon the culprit, crying "Seize him! Seize!"

ALL TOGETHER. Seize! Seize!

TISIPHONE.

Its sharp hiss splits the air!

It strikes white-toothed into the victim's flesh,

Until he writhes in agony and screams,

And sinks upon the ground and faints away!

ALL TOGETHER. His blood, like crimson liquor, then we suck!

TISIPHONE. A thing of bones, he drops among the dead!

MEGAERA. Nor shall he solace find by altars white,

Nor hide away in templed silences!

ALECTO. For we, from these, shall tear him piece by piece

With our sharp nails!

TISIPHONE.

Some Gods indeed there are

Can be appeased, some sins unpunished go!

But never with the Furies! Here we nurse  
Eternally the vipers of remorse!

ALECTO, MEGAERA. Yea, nothing can our fury quite appease  
When once the madness takes us—past the grave  
Our anger reaches!

TISIPHONE, ALECTO, MEGAERA. Our nostrils even now  
Can sniff the pleasant odour of red blood  
From human veins!

ALL TOGETHER. Beware! Beware! And seize!  
*(They fling themselves into the cave. The lightning ceases. The gleam from the cave-mouth goes out. The stage remains in darkness while the scene changes.)*

#### SCENE II.

*(The court before the Palace of the King of Thebes, the back of the stage opening upon one of the principal squares of the city, with the view of a chain of mountains in the distance. To the left is the entrance to the Acropolis Cadmea. To the right is the royal palace itself. Near the entrance to this, on the right, are set the thrones of Œdipus and Jocasta, on a raised platform. The throne of Jocasta stands empty. On the other throne sits Œdipus, surrounded by noblemen and foot-soldiers. His face is sad and thoughtful.)*

*Towards the proscenium, near the throne, stands a pagan altar, surrounded by the priests. They are engaged in reviving the fire about the carcass of a sacrificial bull.)*

THE PEOPLE. *(Their hands outstretched to Œdipus.)*

O, save us, thou, who overcame the Sphinx!  
From this new terror that is come to Thebes,  
From this foul plague that poisons all the air,  
O save us!

OLD LYSIAS. Creeping through the limbs at first  
Comes weariness, then with unsightly sores  
The flesh is covered; then there comes a thirst,  
As fierce as Hell's own fires, and nothing then  
But Death's cool waters can the torture heal!

YOUNG GORGAS. Fear born of this contagion breaks old bonds,  
Once sacred . . . dead my wife now lies . . . in vain  
The mother at some last breath wails aloud!

A WOMAN. We saw the well of Dirce boiling black  
With poisonous smoke, with fumes so foul of smell  
They withered up the trees and herbs nearby!

YOUNG GORGAS. The sun is lost in livid clouds, and seems  
Forever setting in a sea of blood!

OLD LYSIAS. And night has not a glint of moon or star!

A WOMAN. And thro' the dusk pace ghosts that groan aloud,  
And we the baying of Apollo's hounds can hear!

THE PEOPLE. Save us, O Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. 'Twould be in vain!

I with this monster might in truth contend,  
But 'tis a Sphinx unseen. . . . That earlier Sphinx  
Nursed mysteries between its hands alone—  
This newer one is all a mystery!  
Only the Gods can save us! I have sent



To Delphi—as by Creon 'twas advised—  
To ask some word that might by all be read,  
Though first I summoned here Tiresias,  
The prophet, to explain the sacrifice.

*(Meanwhile Tiresias and Manto enter from the square; Tiresias, old and blind, and leaning on his cane; his daughter, Manto, a girl of twenty, playing a cithara or Greek lyre. Both declaim.)*

TIRESIAS, MANTO. As lightning-flashes through a clouded sky  
As birds, the falling souls to Ostium come  
Incessantly. O fate so like man's fate—  
Thebes flourished, yesterday, but even now  
Is withered by the blighting lip of Death!  
Pallades, help our people . . . help the ones  
Who knelt and honoured thee so long ago!

(ŒDIPUS. *(To Tiresias.)* Soothsayer, here, see, is the smoking flesh  
Of one white bull, that with due ritual  
Was slaughtered by the priests, that you might learn  
In your deep cunning, what this omen is.

TIRESIAS. *(To Manto, giving her a handful of incense.)*  
Then cast this incense!

MANTO. *(Goes to the altar, and casts the incense.)*  
I have cast it, see!

TIRESIAS. *(Surrounded by the anxious crowd.)*  
Rose then the flame?

MANTO. *(After a moment.)*

Now, now it rises slow!

THE PEOPLE. *(Joyfully.)*  
It rises, yes!

TIRESIAS. *(Anxiously.)* And tell me, is it bright?

MANTO. No; sometimes it is saffron, sometimes blue,

TIRESIAS. And rises like a tongue.

MANTO. 'Tis split in two—  
Alas . . . it dies!

THE PEOPLE. *(Terrified.)*

It dies . . . it dies away!

MANTO. A-crackle with low flashes . . . ah, 'tis dead!

*(Then frightened and surprised.)*

O Father, Father . . . from the ashes rise  
Smoke-coils that on the King's head seem to fall!

*(Trembling she approaches Tiresias, who stands pale and motionless, held by some terrible vision. Meanwhile the smoke rising from the altar in thick coils, hangs over the head of Œdipus.)*

OLD LYSIAS. *(To Tiresias.)*

What is the meaning of such signs as these?

TIRESIAS. *(Starting, but still absorbed in his vision.)*

Atrocious! In the thickened murk I see  
Mad spirits in a dance. Here brothers born  
Once of the Dragon's Teeth are howling "Death!"  
Here livid, swathed in slime and weeds, the Sphinx,  
With glassy eyes along the sea-floor prowls,  
Here are the Furies, with the hissing snakes  
Upon their heads, with mouths agape for filth!

*Cedipus. (Bluntly interrupting him.)*

But why, O aged one, this wrath from Heaven?

*Tiresias. Explain . . . I cannot . . . the Oracle must speak!*

*Cedipus. (Beholding Creon approach.)*

Lo, Creon, with a crown of fruit and flowers,  
Draws near, and goodly news then he must bring.

*Creon. (Advancing.)*

Clear comes the answer from the Oracle,  
O citizens—Save we obey the Gods  
We shall not live! For it has spoken thus:  
Purge thou from Theban soil this monstrous thing  
Still nourished there! Give thou due banishment,  
And render up still death for death!

*Cedipus. Whose death?*

*Creon. He who killed Laius, that a year did reign  
Before this triumph from the Sphinx was wrung.*

*Cedipus. (Rising proudly.)*

. . . And from the Fate that can not make me cringe,  
That hour most glorious of all my life,  
And yet most sweet, that day I tore from her  
The throne of Laius and Jocasta's hand,  
Who was his widow, as was promised me!  
But not the splendour of that throne had fired  
My soul to challenge death! 'Twas but the face  
Of her . . . Jocasta! 'Twas the face that bowed  
So sweet, so wrapt in mystery, that life  
Seemed given me alone that I might gaze  
Upon such loveliness, as when her eyes  
Into my soul seemed melting! Thus I fought,  
And overcame the monster, knowing well  
I could not fail . . . for no fear can undo  
Him who accepts his destiny, and views  
The sledge fall on the anvil, stern at times,  
And still again most gently, as it molds!

*Tiresias. (Bitterly—aside.)*

This is the wisdom of the world that still  
Has eyes, and yet has never learned to see!

*Cedipus. (More proudly.)*

The son of Polybus and Merope  
I am, and likewise heir to Corinth's throne.  
Yet once at Delphi did the oracle  
Foretell that I should take my father's life  
And mating with my mother, thus should bring  
Thrice-tainted sons and daughters to the world.  
Forsaking crown and home, I Corinth fled,  
Nor shall these feet return, while still I know  
My parents live. I crossed the Hellade;  
And so have worsted Fate, since happily  
Still reign there Merope and Polybus,  
And all my enemies are crushed!

*Tiresias. Be still!*

They who affront that law beyond all law,

To which earth, men, the gods themselves must kneel,  
Bring down but wrath on their most foolish heads!

ŒDIPUS. (*Proudly.*)

The Theban people put their faith in me,  
And still waits Delphi to avenge the death  
Of Laius, and to smite the unknown one  
Who struck him down, and dwells here in our midst.  
I . . . I that man will find, and if he proves  
A stranger he shall die. If one of Thebes,  
Or made a citizen by you, he goes  
Forth into exile. . . . Every man shall know  
His name, and who he is, so he may find  
No refuge and no comfort, so that sapped  
And stung to desperation he shall pray  
For that most ultimate of gifts . . . to die!  
Yea, if I knew he in this court abode  
And I should stoop to save him . . . then on me  
I ask each torment that I prayed for him!

(*Seating himself after a pause.*)

But where was Laius killed?

CREON.

'Twas on the road

To Phocis!

ŒDIPUS. (*Trying to control himself.*)

. . . Road to Phocis! Who said this?

CREON. A slave, the only one surviving of his band!

ŒDIPUS. What said he?

CREON.

That a band of murderers

There struck him down.

ŒDIPUS. (*After a pause.*)

So bold an act, I think  
Might be accomplished by some hand  
That hated Laius!

OLD LYSIAS.

Such was our belief

In earlier days, but since the Sphinx's plague  
Descended on us, we forgot the thing!

ŒDIPUS. (*Stepping from the throne, to Tiresias.*)

Then, you who know the very innermost  
Dark secrets of the earth and heaven tell  
Me with your mystic art what man it was  
Thus murdered Laius!

TIRESIAS. (*After a silence.*)

Better it would be

To know it not!

ŒDIPUS AND THE PEOPLE.

No . . . No!

TIRESIAS. (*About to go.*)

Let me depart!

ŒDIPUS. Speak—you could save this city, yet you stand  
Against us in your guilty silence!—speak!

TIRESIAS. On what I once have spoken I shall speak  
No more. . . . Yet each thing left untold by me  
Shall come to pass!

ŒDIPUS. (*Angrily.*)

The rage of Œdipus,  
Blind man, you would defy?





CEIPUS. (*Angrily.*)

No more of this! Go! Go!

TIRESIAS. I go; hear only this: This day you shall  
 Become stone blind . . . and blind, thus, you shall die!  
 Exiled from Thebes ere sunrise you shall go,  
 As I have gone; and no one unto you  
 Shall refuge give, for dread of your dark stain!  
 I go, but see, along with me there goes  
 This girl of mine own blood . . . but you shall fare  
 With no such guide! This staff I scarcely need  
 Upon my journey . . . so I give it you!

(*To Manto.*)

Aye, leave it on the throne, and let no hand  
 Disturb it! He himself shall ask for it,  
 And it shall be his sceptre till that day  
 A daughter, like to mine, shall lead him on!

(*He starts away, leaning on Manto. Then he suddenly stops, and turning back to Cedipus, says:*)

Weigh well each word I said! If but one lie  
 Fall from my tongue, you rightly call me mad!

(*Exit with Manto.*)

CEIPUS. Was he, Tiresias, a prophet known,  
 A seer accepted, ere the death of Laius?

OLD LYSIAS. Thebes even then did honour him as such!

CEIPUS. And yet he spoke not of this crime before?

THE PEOPLE. No; never.

CEIPUS. (*Suspiciously to Creon.*)

Why did he keep silent then?

CREON. I know not!

CEIPUS. (*Still looking at Creon.*)

Yet puzzling, is it not,  
 That after five long years he speaks to-day,  
 Accusing him who is the King of Thebes?

CREON. You know what he has spoken: Now let me  
 Defend my name. You with my sister reign,  
 And yet in Thebes and Greece 'tis whispered round  
 That I your equal and advisor stand.  
 Would I not be a fool, then, to prefer  
 A throne, with all the fears that 'compass it?  
 Would I not be a fool, to ask a throne  
 Where glory never sat? To Delphi go,  
 And if my answer has not been the truth,  
 The right to punish me indeed is yours!

CEIPUS. (*Aside.*)

If I am slow to crush this dangerous man  
 Some plot mysterious he yet may hatch!

(*Fiercely to Creon.*)

Exiled Tiresias was! You go to Death!

CREON. Defend me, citizens!

CEIPUS. Death!

THE PEOPLE. Cedipus!

(*Enter Jocasta, hastening from the Palace.*)

JOCASTA. What do you, Princes?

CREON. Sister, with your voice

Hold back and break the anger of the King!

Make him still think me loyal, as I am!

*(He enters into the Palace, followed by a cluster of the Courtiers, only a few of the people remaining at the back of the stage. Among them are Lysias and Gorgias, both seated under the arch of the peribolus, talking. The scene grows dark, as at sunset.)*

JOCASTA. *(To Œdipus.)*

What fault was his, then?

ŒDIPUS. Sins unspeakable,

He plotted, drunken with his fiery thirst,

To sit upon this throne long coveted,

Here at your side! For Delphi's answer came

That only when King Laius's murderer

Stands punished will our Thebes be safe again . . .

And with Tiresias's help he dares to charge

Me with this crime.

JOCASTA. He ne'er accused you . . . you!

And in your anger you may be unjust.

And who is there believes this prophet now?

Hear, Œdipus: When I with Laius wed,

From Delphi came some word, some prophecy,

Retold by Merope and Polybus,

That Laius by his son's hand should be slain—

Yet by a country robber he was killed!

ŒDIPUS. Of sons he had none, so the words were false!

JOCASTA. Stop! Laius had a son!

ŒDIPUS. *(Startled.)* He had a son?

JOCASTA. That is a secret I must tell at last!

By me he had a son, but so afraid

Of that son's death, and of the prophecy . . .

ŒDIPUS. Oh, misery!

JOCASTA. . . . He to a shepherd gave

The child, and he in turn tied up his feet

With willow cords, and on a mountain-side,

Most lonely, left him hanging from a tree!

ŒDIPUS. *(Sorrowfully.)*

In what an age of horrors still we live!

Ah, worse than beasts we are, and day by day,

In hundreds, human beings their offspring leave

To deaths most terrible, and in dark groves

And on the mountains and the lonely hills

How many little bones I stumbled on

In one brief journey! Then, as now, I felt

A slowly-waking horror. This shall be

No more! I shall blot out this hideous thing,

And those, aye, citizens or slaves, condemned

Of such a crime hereafter, shall in turn

Be held and tortured most relentlessly!

This Laius never in the Hellade

Was thought a man of mercy. But still you,



A mother, should ne'er once have let an act  
Like this be done by him!

JOCASTA. I could do naught!

For falsely it was told me that the child  
Of some swift sickness died, and I knew not  
The cruel truth! The Gods' own will it was!  
But still, behold, the prophecies are vain!

(A pause: Œdipus looks at Jocasta, alarmed. The sunset lights up the whole stage with ruddy light.)

ŒDIPUS. (Suddenly.)

How looked King Laius?

JOCASTA. Tall, and fearless-eyed!

Thick waved his hair, and white, for he was old  
E'en when he first approached my marriage-bed,  
And I was but a girl of fifteen years!

ŒDIPUS. A numerous escort marched with him?

JOCASTA. Five men,

One herald, and one chariot there was!

(Looking at Œdipus.)

But why are you so white? What makes so glazed  
Your eyes? And why do your lips quiver thus?

ŒDIPUS. He lives, that servant who survived the fight?

JOCASTA. He does!

ŒDIPUS. You know him?

JOCASTA. Yes!

ŒDIPUS. I must see him!

JOCASTA. He shall at once be here!

(She beckons to Gorgias, who at once approaches. The scene grows darker, minute by minute.)

JOCASTA. Hark unto me:

Old Forbas in a hovel makes his home  
A step or two outside the Electra Gate;  
Back unto Court bring him, with you—at once!

(Exit Gorgias.)

ŒDIPUS. (Strangely agitated, he paces up and down under the arch.  
Then, struggling to control his feeling, he goes back to Jocasta.)

I can no longer stem the raging fires  
Of anguish. . . . I could tear my heart in two!  
When I fled Corinth, I arrived at dusk  
Upon the road to Phocis. 'Twas the hour.  
When Light and Darkness wrestle intertwined,  
And Light reluctant is to fall away!  
Alone I hurried on, to leave behind  
The mountain gorge, when face to face I met  
A herald; close behind came following  
A chariot. 'Twas guided by a man,  
Tall, fearless-eyed, his white hair on the wind—  
He looked as you have said this Laius was!  
I wished to keep still on my way. But this  
The herald would not. So I drew my sword,  
In rage, and killed the man, and started on.  
But when I passed the waiting chariot,

The white-haired man upon it, with his staff  
 Belaboured me. I turned, in mad attack,  
 On him . . . and he fell dead beneath the wheels!  
 Then thick upon me came the other men,  
 And fierce and terrible that struggle was—  
 But I, at last, escaped!

(*Oedipus, deeply moved, seats himself. The scene is now quite dark.*)

If that old man  
 Was Laius, then I am the foulest beast  
 That blackens earth, though tricked I was to this  
 Incestuous love and murder of my sire!  
 Aye, Fate, blind Fate leaves me the murderer  
 Of Laius, the usurper of his bed!

(*Very agitated.*)

O High and Sacred Gods, keep from my soul  
 Such blighting infamy!

JOCASTA. What fears are these?  
 'Twas not by one, but many, Laius died!  
 So said the servant!

CEDIPUS. But if he spake not the truth?  
 JOCASTA. Soon, soon from his own lips it shall be heard!

(*The sound of voices outside. A messenger arrives. The crowd enters, carrying lighted torches, surrounding an old man, his clothes travel-stained. From the Palace enter servants, bringing lights, noblemen, matrons and foot-soldiers.*)

LYSIAS. (*To the messenger.*)  
 The King is here!

CEDIPUS. Who now?  
 MESSENGER.

O Oedipus,  
 I bring you news from Corinth, news both glad  
 And sorrowful. While Polybus the King  
 In soft sleep lay, his eyes for all time closed!

JOCASTA. And he it was a son's hand was to kill!—  
 Who now believes in Delphi's oracles?

MESSENGER. And Merope now waits to reign with you!

CEDIPUS. No, not while still among the living walks  
 My mother . . . that might still leave possible  
 This loathsome prophecy that Delphi spake!

MESSENGER. Fear not . . . she is no mother unto you!  
 For I to Polybus, who had no sons,  
 Once brought you in long swaddling clothes—myself!

CEDIPUS. Dare you pretend I am your offspring?

MESSENGER. No!

CEDIPUS. Ah, then you purchased me?

MESSENGER. Nay, it was on  
 Mount Cithaeron I found you!

CEDIPUS. (*Astonished.*) Cithaeron?

MESSENGER. I was a herdsman . . . strange the story is . . .  
 To me . . . a herdsman of the hills, you owe  
 Your life, O King! For you were dying when  
 I found you there, your feet inflamed, as though

They had been bound with thongs—so Œdipus  
I called you then!

ŒDIPUS. But who had tortured me?

MESSENGER. I cannot say . . . perchance he knows, who gave  
You to me!

ŒDIPUS. Someone else then found me there?

MESSENGER. I had you from another.

ŒDIPUS. Then from whom?

MESSENGER. A shepherd, 'twas of Laius!

ŒDIPUS. But his name?

MESSENGER. That he told not. But after many years

I came here to the Feast of Pallades,  
And all unnoticed in the crowd beheld  
Him on his way into the temple there!  
I asked then who he was, and I was told  
That he had served with Laius, and his name  
Was Forbas!

JOCASTA. (*Very pale, aside to Œdipus.*)

Why these old things dig up?

ŒDIPUS. I wish to know where I was born . . . For me  
Twice glorious 'twould seem, if once a slave,  
To climb unto a throne!

JOCASTA. (*Imploring.*) Stop, I implore you!

ŒDIPUS. And would you blush, had I been born a slave?

JOCASTA. O Œdipus, now listen unto one  
Who loves you . . . and ne'er loved you in the past  
As at this hour!

ŒDIPUS. (*With pride.*) True, I should peer not past  
The face of Destiny!

MESSENGER. (*To Œdipus, noticing Gorgias and Forbas enter.*)

Here is the man

That I have spoken of.

JOCASTA. (*In terrible anguish. She turns, staring at Œdipus.*)

Ah, who are you?

That you shall never know, O Wretched One—

Yes, Wretched One, now I must call you that!

(*Exit in the Palace.*)

(*Enter Forbas and Gorgias.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*To Forbas.*)

Is your name Forbas?

FORBAS. Yes.

ŒDIPUS. A herdsman once

And later still a servant unto Laius?

FORBAS. I was.

ŒDIPUS. Then hear me:

Still ordained it is,  
By Delphi, that this plague shall never lift  
Until the killer of the murdered King  
Has met his punishment! That King you served—  
So tell me, was he set upon by many?

FORBAS. (*Hesitatingly.*)

By many! That I have already told!



ŒDIPUS. But was it truth you spoke? To-day, on you,  
Deliverance of our stricken country hangs,  
And you shall go unharmed if you but speak  
The naked truth!

FORBAS. (*Still hesitatingly.*)

Well . . . it was one alone!

ŒDIPUS. But one?

THE PEOPLE.

But one alone?

FORBAS.

Yes, only one!

The fire of all the Furies burned in him,  
And I was sore ashamed to say one man  
Could overcome so many!

ŒDIPUS. (*Controlling himself.*)

Would you know

This man?

FORBAS.

No, thick the twilight grew, and I

Saw not his face!

ŒDIPUS. (*After a pause, still controlling himself.*)

Did you once drive the flocks

Of Laius up the slopes of Cithaeron?

FORBAS. (*He hesitates, trembling.*)

I think . . .

ŒDIPUS. (*Pointing to the messenger.*)

And did you meet this stranger there?

FORBAS. (*Attempting to evade the issue.*)

Meet whom?

ŒDIPUS.

This one before you? Answer me!

FORBAS. My mind, forgive me, is not what it was

In younger days!

MESSSENGER.

Then let me help it out.

One day, some twenty years ago, we two  
Together met. It was the autumn-end,  
And you were passing with your flocks toward Thebes,  
And I toward Megaera travelled. Mind you that?

FORBAS. It seems to me . . .

MESSSENGER.

But surely you recall

How you there left a little child with me  
And said: "I should have hung this little one  
High on some tree by these small feet of his,  
But twice my heart has failed me!"

FORBAS. (*Pretending not to comprehend.*)

I do not

Quite . . . understand all this!

MESSSENGER. (*As though about to reveal a secret, pointing to Œdipus.*)

That child stands there!

FORBAS. You foolish liar!

ŒDIPUS.

No such violent words!—

I want from you clear answers . . . that alone!

FORBAS. He talks so like a fool . . . and . . .

ŒDIPUS. (*Angrily.*)

You must speak!

FORBAS. I am a poor old man!

ŒDIPUS. (*To the foot-soldiers, pointing to the altar.*)

Have ready there

Some fire-brand. . . . Now, the truth!

FORBAS. (*Feverishly.*)

O Sacred Gods!

He speaks of torture for this hand that he

Should stoop and kiss!

ŒDIPUS. (*With a cry.*)

Ah!

FORBAS.

Yes, that child was YOU!

ŒDIPUS. Who gave him to your hands?

FORBAS. (*Trying to escape.*)

O leave me be!

ŒDIPUS. Speak out . . . the torture!

FORBAS.

Ah, you wish it, then . . .

In this Court he was born!

ŒDIPUS.

The son of whom?

FORBAS. My heart is breaking!

ŒDIPUS AND THE PEOPLE.

Speak!

FORBAS.

The son of Laius!

ŒDIPUS. Oh, on my foolish head then falls this fate

That I had scoffed upon as empty words,

That I had dreamed defeated and untoothed!

Cursed from the cradle . . . cursed upon the bed

Of marriage . . . parricide . . . adulterer . . .

These eyes must look not on the light of day!

(*Flinging himself on the altar, he catches up the burning coals, and applies them to his eyes. The crowd runs towards him, screaming.*)

THE PEOPLE. Oh!

ŒDIPUS. (*Falling between the two thrones.*)

Oh, this torment. . . . Leave me! Draw away,

And leave me, all of you! Quick, to the Queen!

She must not come upon me . . . I . . . the King

Have so commanded! Keep her back!

(*All draw back with horror. The courtyard remains perfectly dark.*)

Voices are heard from the Palace, then a terrible scream rings out.

It is the voice of Jocasta, who has been told of what has happened.

Then follows a second or two of unbroken silence.)

ŒDIPUS. (*Rising slowly, little by little, again approaching on the stage, groping and feeling his way.*)

Oh, gulf of midnight, blackness into which

I fling myself, until the end of life

I shall grope on through this, and at my heels

Shall crowd the thought of Spirits merciless!

(*He pauses.*)

Yet what gift from this world, or from the Gods

Would after this be pleasant to my eyes?

The soft child-faces, and the mother's brow

Would not be sweet, but horrible to me!

So cruel is this blow that Fate has struck,

My weeping eyes, instead of tears, shed blood!

(*Jocasta kneels, weeping. Enter the foot-soldiers, with lighted torches.*)

They are followed by Creon and the noblemen. Then come servants, carrying torches, and the crowd from different parts of the stage.)

OLD LYSIAS AND SOME OF CITIZENS O terrible this thing!







PRINCE RUPERT

FROM THE MOUNTAINSIDE BACK OF THE TOWN

## KEEPING UP WITH PRINCE RUPERT

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

IN March, 1908, there appeared in the pages of *The Canadian Magazine* a very interesting article on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and its Western terminal. When this was written, work on the site of the new city was just beginning, but even to-day, though much has been accomplished, it is almost impossible to speak of Prince Rupert without falling into the prophetic vein, for what it is is largely conditioned by what it is to be. The present state of things would be impossible were it not for the anticipated future. But its projectors and inhabitants, dreaming dreams and seeing visions of wonderful things to come, are spending money and labour to an amazing extent to prepare the city for her destiny as a great ocean port.

Of course, the little town can have but a cramped, undeveloped kind of existence until the new transeontinental railway crosses the mountains and connects with the hundred miles of line already laid beside the Skeena River, but even now it is an easy matter to reach Prince Rupert by water from the older ports of the Pacific coast. Several companies run regular boats to the new city, some of them also serving the little hamlets tucked away in the hollows between the mountains and in sheltered nooks on many an island in the archipelago which forms a vast breakwater along the five hundred miles of coastline between Vancouver and Prince Rupert.

Necessarily the boats that call at these little ports take some hours



TOWNSITE AND HARBOUR

PRINCE RUPERT

longer to make the trip than those that make no stops; but the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship Company gives an excellent express service to Prince Rupert by means of the large and luxuriously-planned steamships *Prince Rupert* and *Prince George*. They make the voyage in thirty-three hours, and are as well appointed for the comfort of their passengers as an excellent hotel. High up, on what is called the shade deck, there is a large "observation room," where those who do not prefer to get the benefit of the crisp fresh air on the outer deck may sit at their ease in softly-cushioned elbow chairs, to divide their attention between the changing, always delightful, views through the ample windows and the conversation of their fellow-passengers. This, indeed, may chance to be instructive as well as amusing, if the passengers are not mere transient visitors, but belong to the class called on the coast of Labrador "livyers." Then it is much better if the traveller does not hear to his sorrow, all too late, of many things he might have done and seen had he only known in time or been on the ground.

But the great ship throbs steadily on its way, without hurry, without

losing a moment, and as unregarding of the hopes and fears, the vain regrets, the little disquietudes of its human freight as the stars in Matthew Arnold's poem.

"Unafrighted by the silence round them,  
Undistracted by the sights they see."

At least so steadily, easily, seemingly without effort, sped the vessel on which the writer sailed northward on a calm, clear day of late September. Except for a few minutes, when clutched by the swirling eddies of Seymour Narrows, where the tide waters, parted by a small island, rush together with fierce turmoil in a contracted channel no more than a quarter of a mile wide, the vessel never lost her stately calm; and, even at the Narrows, which are not without their tragic stories of disaster to the foolhardy or inexperienced who have dared their turbulence, it was but for a moment that the *Prince George* showed that she felt the wild rush of the waters. On that brief voyage even the crossing of Queen Charlotte Sound, where for two or three hours the vessel is exposed to the full swell of the ocean, was accomplished pleasantly to the veriest landlubber on board. The Pacific, true to its alluring name, was in gentle mood, and

neither fog nor wind nor wave marred the beauty of that summerlike passage.

At first, on leaving the lovely mountain-watched harbour of Vancouver, the route northward lies up the wide Strait of Georgia, but draws gradually nearer to the great, mountainous, partly-unexplored island that guards the western coast of the Dominion. Then the way narrows till in places it is not so wide as many a river, but each curve and turn of this "inland passage" discloses new beauties to enchant the traveller. Mountains, clothed with noble trees, tower up on either hand thousands of feet above the narrow channels, or "canals," as they are often called. Sometimes they spring abruptly from the water's edge, sometimes they peep over the shoulders of lower hills, or draw back a little to give place for a small strip of level land, which in the years to come may be the site of some busy city. Often they rise up—up—till their heads soar above the line where vegetation vanishes and the mountains take on the hoary majesty of eternal snow.

On that soft, bright September day the colour of it all was wonderful—a strange ethereal harmony in blue

that seemed to link this workaday world of ours with the azure heavens. The woods of the nearer heights were deeply green, the floating mist-wreaths clinging to the mountain-sides were whiter even than the high peaks of silvery snow, but the still waters mirrored the unclouded sky, and woods and mountains of the middle distance and far-away were wrapped in transparent veils of soft blue-gray, here drawn lightly across the face of some gentle hill, there hanging, fold on fold, deepening to purple, about some mighty monarch of a distant range.

At first it was on Vancouver Island that the peaks rose highest, later it was on the mainland to the east, and for hours a great peak forty or fifty miles away seemed to travel with us, while the lesser mountains in the foreground changed position, with regard to it, looming up for a while and then sinking out of sight, to be forgotten in the delight of new wonders. Once, and for long, a vast range of snow-capped peaks shone, to the left, far inland, but not so far that they failed to reflect themselves in the glassy waters parted by our prow.

In all time, woods and waters, rocky isles and mighty mountains must bear much the same aspect, and



A CROWD ON SECOND AVENUE

PRINCE RUPERT



these scenes can have changed little since the first daring adventurers felt their way amongst the narrow straits and inlets, not always escaping disaster, if one may judge by the significant names—Tide-rip Islands, Grief

and one realises that even in these wildernesses man is beginning in a small way to subdue the earth and to claim his tribute of the lavish gifts of Mother Nature.

When one actually reaches Prince



LOOKING DOWN SECOND AVENUE

PRINCE RUPERT

Point, Calamity Bay, and so forth—strewn along the western coasts of the protecting islands. As one pushes northward, league after league, catching glimpses of uncounted peaks which no mountaineer has yet essayed to conquer, of vast solitudes, not only unpeopled but still unexplored, the loneliness of the land becomes awe-inspiring and one feels inclined, with the Psalmist, to ask of the Maker of it all, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

Then it may be that a busy little steam-tug, puffing cheerfully along, with a huge barge of lumber in tow, heaves into sight from behind a shadowy headland; or one catches sight, high on the mountain of a camp of lumbermen, who have made a great scar in the shaggy green covering of the giant's side; or perhaps the boat passes close to some little cluster of cottages, factory buildings and wharves, which mean a fish cannery.

Rupert, man and his works and ways seem very much in evidence, though at present the town looks somewhat insignificant beside the great harbour, which is fourteen miles long from its entrance to its upper end. This harbour is indeed most spacious and beautiful. It is sheltered by mountains several thousand feet high, some wooded to their summits, others tipped and streaked with snow; and it is shut in from the violence of the ocean storms by islands between which lie passages wide and deep enough for the entrance of the largest sea monsters afloat. Within, there is safe anchorage for a fleet of vessels even more numerous than that which, within a few years' time, is practically certain to be needed to do the business of the port.

That Prince Rupert must be a great shipping centre goes without saying, for it lies five hundred miles nearer the ports of Japan and the

East than any of its rivals on the Pacific coast, and, though it is hundreds of miles farther north than any other Canadian port, its climate

(no doubt for some good reason) what one lady described as a wholesale slaughter of the trees, and amongst the buildings of the present



LOOKING DOWN THIRD AVENUE

PRINCE RUPERT

is so tempered by the warm Japan current that there is good and easy access to it all the year round, with no possible danger from ice. On the other hand, it is very little farther north than Liverpool.

The harbour is of great depth to the very shore; at the Grand Trunk wharves, for instance, even at the lowest of ebbs, the water is never shallower than twenty-six feet. Huge vessels can therefore tie up close alongside the shore, a great advantage on the whole, though I was told that the sudden depth makes the construction of wharves difficult.

Prince Rupert is situated on Kaien Island, which is seven miles long and contains about twenty-eight square miles. The townsite was originally well-wooded, though not, I understand, with very valuable timber, and the first work undertaken was to clear a spot for the engineers' camp, in May, 1906. Since then there has been

town scarcely a tree remains standing, except one gnarled and weather-beaten old specimen on the summit of a little knoll overlooking the business section of the town.

An excellent water supply is derived from lakes on the mountains a few miles from the city, and it is said that there is no danger of a dearth in the supply even when Prince Rupert has attained to being the great hive of humanity which her promoters intend.

It is claimed that, like Rome, Prince Rupert is a city of seven hills and, though I did not verify the number, I should hardly think it can have been overstated for the place appears to be all hills, either in their natural condition or undergoing a severe process of levelling. From the wharf where the boats come in, a sloping plank road, Centre Street by name, leads the newcomer to the heart of the city, and before he has



CENTRE STREET

PRINCE RUPERT

made any lengthy exploration of the place, he will probably be glad to take advantage of one of the long flights of wooden steps leading, as in Quebec, to an "upper town." The future streets have been carefully planned both as to grading and direction, and the work of getting them into shape is going on apace. So much preliminary labour on the site is and has been necessary that one can but wonder at the courage that decreed that here the city should stand. The seven hills are composed of rock set in muskeg, and the older inhabitants tell of comic or doleful misadventures in the mud before the era of plank roads. It is, by the way, a treacherous mud, putting on an appearance of solidity that it does not possess and pitiful is the case of man or beast who loses his footing in it. But in one important respect it is not after all an unkindly soil, for the frequent rains keep it sweet and healthy and the people seem to suffer no ill effects, even when they plant their houses on posts in very marshy-looking spots. At the present

rate of improvement the muskeg will soon be drained and will give way to lots firm enough for the erection of solid, handsome buildings; also of skyscrapers, which, judging by the prices asked for real estate, must soon be plentiful in Prince Rupert. Even now, when the completion of the railway is still some distance in the future, no one wonders when a sum of many thousand dollars is paid for a lot buried under twenty or thirty feet of superfluous rock, which will cost a small fortune to clear away.

But in respect of extraordinary doings in the real estate market Prince Rupert does not differ greatly from many other Western cities. Her distinction lies in the fact that her beginnings have been different. She was born, like the proverbially lucky baby, with a silver spoon in her mouth, for mighty preparations antedated her appearance on the scene. Before a single lot was sold to those eager to exploit the new seaport or to begin business there the place was prepared for a great inrush of peo-



ple. The Government of British Columbia (which claims a fourth share of the site and a fourth share of the waterfront) appropriated a sum of \$200,000 to be expended towards making the town healthy and habitable for a population of ten thousand folk. This was used for the construction of sewers and water mains and plank roads and sidewalks, and very strange the appearance of the town must have been when at last it was thrown open to the waiting people. It had miles of plank roads and scarcely a house; and still to a stranger, Prince Rupert seems the oddest mixture of things, with its telephones and electric lights, its neatly-painted street names set on sign-posts in the muskeg, and its general appearance, due to much blasting, of having suffered from some vast explosion.

Of course, Prince Rupert is still young, and in itself, apart from its lovely surrounding scenery, it is no more beautiful than an unfledged

bird with its little naked head and grotesque yellow beak rising from a mossy nest of amazing daintiness. But under favourable conditions the ugly nestling soon develops into a creature of light and airy grace, and for Prince Rupert, too, this is the time of promise. The actual city, if lacking beauty, is full of interest. Were there nothing to be seen except its streets and the work going on in them, and the people, for the most part young and eager, who throng them, it would, I think, be worth a visit.

These plank streets which run over the low hills and intervening hollows with very gradual change of level have an extraordinary effect both to eye and ear. They are not corduroy roads of round logs laid on the earth. They more nearly resemble rude bridges mounted on posts, and where the traffic is heavy they are worn and frayed into shaggy splinters. There are twenty miles of these streets, but they are, of course, only a tempor-



A STREET CUT THROUGH ROCK

PRINCE RUPERT

ary expedient. Already they are being replaced by macadamised thoroughfares, and a troop of men is constantly employed blasting where the rocks crop up too high, building the

churches are at present housed in little temporary structures. It is the same with the Government offices; they are represented at present by one or two very modest frame buildings



OUT FROM PRINCE RUPERT

FIRST G. T. P. PASSENGER TRAIN

fragments into causeways where the roadbed is too low, levelling down the muskeg with pick and shovel, and carrying off the black conglomeration of roots and soil in little trucks running on miniature railways to fill in depressions. By the end of last September two blocks of roadway in the present business section of the town were finished, and other streets were under construction.

Blasting has been going on vigorously for months. It is managed as a rule with care, the rock to be removed being "blanketed" with a strong network of rope to prevent the fragments flying. There have been few serious accidents, though on one occasion a charge exploded in an unexpected direction and wrecked a shop-front.

Of the buildings of Prince Rupert not much can be said, for the time of handsome buildings is not yet. The

overlooking the harbour, but have a real claim to distinction in the smoothly-trimmed little green lawns which surround them. Lawns and flower gardens are not yet numerous in Prince Rupert, but there are enough gay flowerbeds to show what may be done in the future. No doubt many citizens find it impossible to improve their lots till the grading of the streets is further advanced. In fact, not a few householders have thought it expedient to erect their dwellings on high posts, often roughly boarded in, so that they will not need to change their position when the promised street is levelled up. In such cases the front doors are often approached by little wooden bridges suggestive of ancient drawbridges and the old adage that the Englishman's house is his castle. Generally the houses in Prince Rupert are real houses, not tents nor tarpaper shacks,

and some of them are of very pretty and pleasing design, though the square packing-box type of architecture is still too much in evidence. Prince Rupert has already a fine school, in addition to an older building, where a kindergarten class is held for the very little people. With the single exception of a bank, all the buildings hitherto erected are of wood, though there are some cement buildings under construction.

It is expected that Prince Rupert will become a great centre for the lumbering, mining and fishing industries, and for the benefit of the latter industry a huge refrigerator plant has been erected, at a cost of a million and a half dollars, about a mile and a half from the centre of the town. Enormous quantities of halibut, salmon and other fish are caught annually within a few miles of Prince Rupert. Hitherto much of the catch has been canned, but of late many cold storage plants have been installed, and a trade in fresh fish is being built up, which is likely to reach enormous proportions when the Grand Trunk Railway is actually in operation, as this railway with its shorter route and unusually low grades in crossing the mountains expects to reduce the time of transit across the continent by many hours. Indeed, it is promised that refrigerator cars will be rushed through from Prince Rupert to Chicago in four days.

Notwithstanding its lower grades, it is said that the new route will be a wholesome rival of our famous Canadian Pacific Railway for beauty of scenery; and it is anticipated that Prince Rupert will become in a few years a city worthy of its magnificent approaches by land and sea. In itself the picturesque site, rising more or less abruptly from the waterfront to the foot of the green mountains behind, is a most advantageous point of de-

parture for the planning of the city. It is, moreover, a joy to think that for once the advocates of "a city beautiful" will not have to begin their work with erasing and obliterating the errors of the past. In this case the plan is, as it ought to be, older than the town, and Prince Rupert is to be a city of ample parks and playgrounds, of green boulevards and pleasant little grassy squares. In place of the long unlovely streets and monotonous rectangles of the simply utilitarian townplanning of a few years ago, it is to have streets winding as well as streets straight, streets in circles, half-circles and loops, avenues diagonal and avenues of freely-flowing bends and curves; and, best of all, the Government is to hold a share of wharves and building sites and open spaces for the benefit of all. In short, it is intended that Prince Rupert shall be at once a busy port, a vast distributing centre, and a city healthful, beautiful and delightful to live in. If the plans can be carried out—and they have behind them the wealth and power not only of a great railway company, but of the Provincial Government, Prince Rupert stands fair to become a Mecca for those sociologists who have taken for their special task the solving of the difficult problem of making "the city" a clean and fair and healthful environment for the multitudes who must work and dwell within it, and not only for the privileged few, who, while they have the choice of all that a great centre of population can give, may escape at will to the healing quiet of the mountains, the invigorating changefulness of the sea.

From this point of view, happy is the city that has no history, that is unhampered by a dubious past in its efforts to attain a noble civic life. Such a city is Prince Rupert, and if she fails to realise the intentions of her founders, it will not be because she has lacked a fair chance.



# THE LEAGUE OF SEVEN

BY MORTON J. LEWIS

IT was during the second year after my marriage. My wife had gone away to spend a few days with some relations, while I stayed at Brown-ing's flat.

My old friend was the same, little changed by the success which his great ability had gained. In five years he had sprung from obscurity to the position of premier detective in Europe, yet he still remained the quiet, unsophisticated man I had first known, with his simple ways, and passion for music.

He was out when I arrived, but a note awaited me on the table saying he had been called to a case, and telling me to make myself comfortable.

A little after nine he appeared, dusty and tired.

"You have not waited dinner for me?" he said.

His hand was resting on the desk, where laid the trophies of his career—his museum. "I have been searching for a trophy, one I have been trying to obtain for months. I am glad you are here, I may want your help."

He rang the bell for dinner. "I will tell you when we have fed. You must be famished. I told the girl to bring you in something."

"She did, and I refused it," I replied.

When dinner was over, he drew a couple of chairs before the open window; the night was hot, and a sultry breeze blew in upon us.

"It is a most extraordinary case,"

he said. "You may have noticed that for the past six months there have been several murders which have never been solved. Sir Charles Antrim, for instance, and Mr. Digby Grant."

He paused to light a cigarette. "You have heard of Sir Anthony Tredegar?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I have been called in to investigate his death. It is an interesting case, inasmuch as it possesses all the essentials of a melodrama. Sir Anthony was a widower with an only son. This son became engaged a few months ago to a leading actress, much against his father's wish. Since then they have been estranged. On the day of the murder, yesterday, his son went to see him, and a quarrel ensued—a very bad one. Within an hour of the son's leaving, Sir Anthony was found—dead."

"The son has been arrested?"

"This afternoon. I am taking the case up on his behalf."

"You think he is innocent?"

"I know nothing, but I have my suspicions. To-morrow I am going to Sir Anthony's house, and I want you to come with me. It is at Dorking."

At one o'clock the next day we arrived at Dorking. At the station we were met by a dogcart which had been sent from Sir Anthony's house.

It was a typical Elizabethan mansion standing in its own grounds a couple of miles from the station.

In the hall, when we entered, stood

a Mr. Leverson, the family solicitor, who had undertaken the defence of Sir Anthony's son.

He drew us into the study. "It is a sad affair, Mr. Browning," he said, "and I want you to do all you can to get the boy off. I have known him ever since he was born. He's as innocent as you or I."

"You know of no one else?" asked my friend. "Anyone who would be likely to kill Sir Anthony?"

"No one."

"I suppose it was not a case of suicide? He had no worries?"

"No. He came to me a few days ago to make a fresh will. He was so angry at his son's engagement, you know. He has willed half his money to a cousin, his only other relation, and he told me at the time that his son's marriage would cost him £200,000—and I believe it. Sir Anthony was a wealthy man."

"He has left half to a cousin. What is his name?"

"Charles Tredegar. He lives somewhere in Kensington. I can let you have his address during the afternoon."

"I should be glad if you would," said Browning. Then he went upstairs to see the body. It lay stretched out on the bed. There was a look of peace on the old man's face. Though all vestige of colour had left his cheeks, the flesh had not sunk. On the lips was a slight blue tinge, which my friend examined closely. "This was not here yesterday," he said.

"No," replied the lawyer; "it first became apparent this morning."

"Twenty-four hours after Sir Anthony died," said Browning sharply. "I expected that."

Early in the afternoon we left Dorking and came straight to Browning's flat. There he spent some hours pouring over a book on Toxicology.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that Sir Anthony has been poisoned." He put the book back in the bookcase.

"What a blessing it is to have a retentive memory."

Going to the telephone, he called up a couple of his assistants, and gave them instructions regarding certain inquiries he wished made.

He hung up the receiver. "Now," he said, "I have done all I can for the present. There is an exceptionally fine concert at the Albert Hall. I have taken a couple of tickets. We may as well go."

Throughout the performance he was extremely quiet, and the frown on his brow told me his brain was busy, not with the concert, but with the case he had in hand.

"We will go down to Dorking again to-morrow," he said as we were driving home.

The next day the new Sir Anthony was brought before the magistrates. A superficially skilful case had been prepared by Scotland Yard, and there could only be one result—a verdict of guilty. The news was telegraphed to us while we were at Dorking.

"A disgraceful thing!" said Mr. Leverson.

"The best thing that could have happened," observed my friend. "For three weeks we can work without arousing suspicion, and long before that time is up I shall have laid hands on the real murderer."

"You will?" asked Mr. Leverson eagerly.

"I think so," replied my friend. He was looking through the murdered man's papers. "Did Sir Anthony's cousin know he benefited by the new will?" he asked suddenly.

"I believe Sir Anthony told him," replied Mr. Leverson.

"Ah!" said my friend.

The lawyer looked at him in astonishment. "Surely you do not suspect him?"

"I suspect no one until I have definite proof of guilt."

His gaze suddenly became fixed on a slip of paper. "Was Sir Anthony

in the habit of taking drugs?" he asked.

"He took quinine in small quantities," replied Mr. Leverson.

"In tabloids?"

"Yes."

My friend rose. "I should like to go to Sir Anthony's bedroom," he said. We followed the lawyer upstairs. Browning went straight to Sir Anthony's dressing-chest and examined the drawers. In one he found an empty phial marked "Quinine tabloids."

"Empty," he said. Then his face lighted up. In a corner of the drawer he had discovered one of the tabloids which had been dropped out of the phial. It was covered in dust, which he carefully wiped off with his handkerchief, then, wrapping it up in a piece of paper, he put it in his letter-case.

"To-morrow," he said, "we shall have the report of the analyst. I will get him to analyse this tabloid as well."

The next day the reports came in from the two assistants Browning had employed on the case. He read them through carefully. "The net is gradually closing round," he said.

"You know who the murderer is?" I said.

When he had finished he put on his hat. "I am going to the Great Western Bank, South Kensington," he said. "That is where Mr. Charles Tredegar banks. If a certain cheque has been paid through his bank I shall know who murdered Sir Anthony. In the meantime you can study this." He handed me the slip of paper I had seen him take from Anthony's desk on the previous day.

It was a bill dated from an address in Bayswater, headed G. Lamos, Chemist, and was for two gross of Quinine tabloids at 4s 9d a gross.

When he returned I was still puzzling over it. "What does it mean?" I asked.

"Mr. Lamos took a shop in Bayswater for three months and stayed a little over five weeks. Then he shut it up suddenly, and as far as I can discover he only had one customer—Sir Anthony."

"Then the shop was opened for the purpose of supplying those quinine tabloids?"

"Precisely."

"And the cheque you went about?"

"Six weeks ago Mr. Tredegar paid a Mr. Richard Irwin the sum of £10,000. The cheque has been traced, and I have a man watching this Irwin now."

"I am unable to make heads or tails of the whole affair," I said.

Browning smiled. "In a few hours now I shall be able to tell you everything, and I promise you it will be one of the biggest exposures of the century."

"Who is Mr. Irwin?" I asked.

"An exceedingly clever doctor, who lost his connection through a malpractice."

As he spoke the maid entered. "Inspector Lamorne wishes to speak to you, sir."

Browning rubbed his hands together with a smile. "You can show him in."

The inspector entered; he looked more like a north country farmer than a member of Scotland Yard. We had met before, and I noticed as on previous occasions that there was a nervousness about his manner as his eye rested on my friend.

Browning held out his hand. "How do you do, Inspector," he said. "Sit down—you got my letter?"

"I did, sir," replied the detective.

"Good. I want to have a chat with you about this murder case."

The detective became interested. "Yes," he said hesitatingly.

"You know, Lamorne, you've made a terrible mistake. Young Tredegar no more murdered his father than you did."



"Evidence looks very black against him."

My friend snapped his fingers. "On the face of it—you want to go deeper than that."

The detective flushed. Beneath his friendliness he was extremely jealous of my friend. "Perhaps you can tell me who murdered Sir Anthony then?"

"I can," responded my friend, with a quiet little smile. "Sir Anthony was killed by The League of Seven."

"The League of Seven? Who the devil are they?" asked Lamorne, dumbfounded.

"They are the greatest criminal society of the century," replied my friend. "And they have given Scotland Yard more trouble than all the other criminals of the last ten years combined. By the way, you never discovered who murdered Sir Charles Antrim?"

"No."

"Or Mr. Digby Grant, to mention another?"

The detective leapt to his feet. "What are you driving at, Mr. Browning?" he asked.

"I am asking you a couple of plain questions. You have not. To-morrow, if you place yourself unreservedly in my hands, I will show you the murderers of both those men."

Lamorne looked at my friend in speechless astonishment. "It beats me how you manage these things, Mr. Browning," he said, when he had found his voice.

My friend ignored the rough and ready compliment. "You'll come?"

"I will," said the detective, with emphasis.

"Then I must impose one condition. You must have your moustache shaved off."

The detective fingered it regretfully. "Well," he began.

"You can't come unless you do. Why, man, you're known all over London. You might as well have

some one walking in front of you with a red flag."

"You're as well known."

"Perhaps," replied my friend, "but I pursue my investigations in a disguise. Do you know, within the last forty-eight hours I have spoken to three out of The League of Seven?"

"You have?" said Lamorne.

He stayed for another quarter of an hour, and was completely mystified when he eventually left us.

Browning smiled when he had gone. "A clever man," he said, "but with one terrible fault—he lacks imagination."

"I am afraid I cannot follow this case," I said.

"You have not devoted your attention to it for over a week, as we have been doing."

Browning lit a cigarette. "You remember that tabloid I found in the drawer in Sir Anthony's room?"

"Yes," I said.

"I had it analysed. It was found to contain the same poison as that from which Sir Anthony died. One hitherto unknown."

At four o'clock next afternoon Lamorne called again. I was alone in the dining-room when he entered.

"Mr. Browning in?" he asked, after shaking hands.

"Yes," I said. "He won't keep you a minute."

The detective sat down. He was silent for awhile. Then he said suddenly, "Mr. Lewis, your friend's a marvel."

Before I could reply the door opened, and there entered a fair young man with a waxed moustache and immaculately attired. I was prepared for the transformation, but Lamorne leapt to his feet.

"You've got the detectives posted exactly where I told you, Lamorne?" said the young man.

"Heavens!" said the detective. "It's Mr. Browning. Yes, sir, I have."

"Good. There's a motor waiting outside, we'll just step into it. We shall have a busy afternoon."

The detective followed us down the steps in silence, listening attentively when he heard my friend instruct the man to drive to Renton-crescent, Kensington.

As we sped through the streets Browning lighted a cigarette. "I am glad to see you have dispensed with your moustache, Lamorne," he said. "Now I must put you up to your parts. I'm Reginald Vernon, with great expectations from a very rich uncle of mine, who, unfortunately, is alive. You are two cousins of mine, who will also benefit by his decease, you understand."

Renton-crescent, Kensington, is a wide, fairly prosperous thoroughfare, not five minutes from South Kensington Station. The houses stand back from the road and are hidden from view by bushes and trees. As we stopped before No. 75 Browning noticed with satisfaction where the three detectives had been placed.

He walked up the steps and rang the bell. The door was answered by a neat maid.

"Mr. Irwin?" asked Browning.

"What name, sir?" inquired the girl.

"Reginald Vernon."

Immediately we were shown into a room at the back of the house. It was luxuriously furnished. In three of the four corners stood a massive oak desk, and at each of them a man was seated.

The eldest, a handsome, tall man, with iron-gray hair, rose to greet my friend.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Vernon," he said.

Browning bowed. "These are my cousins, Mr. Irwin."

"Charmed to meet you," replied Mr. Irwin.

My friend was standing near the door. "Now, Mr. Irwin," he said,

"we have come to settle this business. I'm afraid I can't give you very long. I've one or two other important engagements this afternoon."

"You have explained everything to these gentlemen?" Mr. Irwin was sitting at his desk, his legs crossed. He indicated us with a wave of the hand.

"I have given them the details of the case"—Browning turned to us, "as I explained to you before, as we are all anxious to touch the money that is coming to us by old Guy Vernon's will, and the beggar seems inclined to last for ever, this gentleman has kindly engaged, for a remuneration, to get rid of him for us, in some nice, quiet way that will not arouse suspicion. As he has done several times before, eh! Mr. Irwin."

"Several," responded Mr. Irwin, callously.

"And the terms, Mr. Irwin?" asked my friend.

Mr. Irwin drummed on the desk with his fingers, and then referred to some notes. "£5,000 down, and another £10,000 when you come into your money."

"That's rather stiff," observed Browning. He was acting the part magnificently.

"£150,000 you come in for when Mr. Vernon dies—10 per cent. You can't call that exorbitant."

"You'll use poison, I suppose?"

Mr. Irwin shrugged his shoulders. "We shall use whatever means best fit the circumstances," he said.

"A nice little job of yours, Sir Anthony Tredegar?" observed Browning pleasantly.

Mr. Irwin started, and looked suspiciously at my friend.

"A mere guess," said Browning, "it was so nicely done I thought it must be the work of The League of Seven. Besides, I wanted to find out as a sort of reference."

"Well," responded Mr. Irwin, "I don't mind telling you in confidence.

we did have something to do with that."

"I thought so." Browning rose to his feet. "Mr. Irwin," he said and whipped out a revolver, "you can consider yourself under arrest. My name is Browning, and this is Inspector Lamorne of Scotland Yard."

For a moment Mr. Irwin stood clutching the desk and swaying. His face had gone white as death, a terrible look of fear had risen in his eyes.

Lamorne and Browning stood side by side, with drawn revolvers, covering the three men.

My friend turned to me. "You might go and bring in those detectives," he said.

Temporarily the three members of the League had been paralysed by the sudden turn of events. Suddenly one of them made a dash for the door.

Browning leapt forward, and putting out his foot tripped the man up. He fell with a crash on to the floor, overturning a table of ornaments.

"See that no one escapes this house," said Browning as I stepped into the passage.

I opened the front door and beckoned. Seeing me, the detectives left the gardens where they had lain concealed and followed me into the room.

Within ten minutes of our entering the house, the men were our prisoners.

"You will take them to the police station in the car outside," said my friend, "and then have it brought back here."

In the few minutes we had to wait, we made a cursory examination of the papers in the room.

Amongst them we found a couple of letters relating to the murder of Sir Anthony Tredegar, and implicating the dead baronet's cousin.

"We must have him," said Lamorne.

Browning drew out his watch. "He is arrested by now," he said, "as well as three other members of the League—the seventh, the genius of the whole concern; we are ourselves going to arrest as soon as the car comes back.

My friend drew from an inner drawer a sheet of note-paper, headed "The League of Seven." "I shall keep this," he said, "as an addition to my museum."

A little later we were speeding on our way to a well-known club in Piccadilly. Lamorne was reduced to silence.

Arrived there, Browning was obsequiously greeted by the porter in charge.

"Is Colonel Melbourne here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, in the smoking-room."

Browning nodded and led the way, while Lamorne and I followed. The detective had given a little gasp when he heard the name. It was that of one of the best-known members of society. A man who gave lavishly to every charity, who owned a score of racehorses, and was the intimate friend of princes.

We found Colonel Melbourne in an armchair before the window. Faintly there came to us the traffic from Piccadilly.

"Hullo, Vernon," he said, "I've been expecting you."

We crossed the room to his side.

"Seen Irwin?" said the Colonel.

My friend looked at him steadily. "Yes," he said. "I've got him safely under lock and key."

The Colonel leisurely put down the paper he had been reading on our entry. "Under lock and key—what the Dickens do you mean?"

Browning laid a hand on his shoulder. "Under arrest, Colonel Melbourne, for the murder by poison of Sir Anthony Tredegar. My name is Browning, and this is Inspector Lamorne of Scotland Yard."



Be it to his credit, the Colonel never lost his nerve for the fraction of a second. "You're Browning, the detective," he said, "well, you've made a terrible mistake this time—I know nothing about Sir Anthony Tredegar—never met him in my life."

Browning looked down upon him. "I suppose you know nothing about 'The League of Seven.' Seven men who have formed themselves into a business to kill people, provided they are offered sufficient inducement. Colonel Melbourne, for the past three years you have been living upon the money you have earned by killing people—I have evidence of eight murders against you."

Colonel Melbourne laughed. "You're a clever chap—I expected we should meet sooner or later, but I never thought you'd win. The game's up, I suppose; well, I've had a good innings."

He rose; his hand travelled to his pocket, but Browning was too quick for him. With a sharp blow he knocked the revolver out of his hand, and it fell clattering to the floor.

"Hang you," said the Colonel, "but you shan't get me. I'll save you that trouble by some other means."

The four of us walked out of the club together and entered the motor.

Ten minutes later the doors of the police station closed behind the most clever and unscrupulous criminal of the century. A man who might have succeeded in any sphere and chose crime. The next morning he was found dead in his cell—he had kept his word and cheated the hangman.

The same evening Browning and I were reading the evening paper, which in large headlines announced the release of Sir Anthony for the murder of his father and the arrest of Colonel Melbourne.

Browning took a sheet of note-paper, on which was embossed "The League of Seven," from his pocket and locked it away in his museum.

"One more relic," he said with a smile. "A small one, but one I value greatly—I look upon 'The League of Seven' as the triumph of my career so far."

## ALBERTA'S INDIAN SUMMER

By ELIZABETH BAILEY

WITH wide, expanding splendour on the wold,  
 'Neath lucent blue of calm October skies,  
 O'er virgin prairies fraught with high emprise  
 Alberta's Indian summer doth unfold.  
 She, haply, like King Midas, famed of old,  
 Hath magic touch, and with this sheen of gold  
 She paints a glorious world ere summer dies,  
 To thrill sad hearts and gladden all men's eyes.

For so this radiant bath of sunshine streams  
 On grass, on hill, on far-reached rolling plain,  
 Until it weaves itself into my dreams—  
 Revives life's hopes, relieves this weary strain,  
 And I, led by the luring light that gleams,  
 Forget, forgive, and love thee once again.

# ST. JOHN'S: THE IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE

BY W. LACEY AMY

THE man who planted the seeds of St. John's, Newfoundland, lost sight of the fact that a harbour scarcely meets the total requirements of a city. Perhaps he found it such a task to get out of the harbour once he had found his way in that a city in embryo sprang up while he waited for the pilot. He should go down in history as the original Thoughtless Man. He died without a worry at the struggle of his descendants to make the city possible. Until the visitor gets into training he usually wishes he had died sooner—or lived to climb the hill between his back door and the corner of the house.

St. John's is one of the most upright cities in the world, every other city to the contrary. Vertically it is a mile deep; horizontally it is about sixteen feet. On the map, if things were drawn to scale, the "oldest place in the oldest colony" would be so thin a line that no portable geography could notice it. Newfoundland will always fight for globes, with the physical features closely followed, to supplant maps on paper. Aviation will never be popular in St. John's. There is no bird's eye view of it. But then the air is so rare around this quaint, old city that an aviator would probably drop far enough to get a side view. Then he'd stop at the first station.

If the children of the original Thoughtless Man had their work cut

out for them, or rather had to cut out their own work, they have fallen into the humour with a facility that alters every custom known to commerce, transportation and physiology. There are no pavements, except on Water Street; cement would never lie long enough to harden. To utilise cement it would have to be taken down on the harbour where the water is comparatively level, hardened there, placed in position with extension ladders and glue; and then the city council would be forced to provide the people with air brakes, and parachutes in case of accident to the valves. On Water Street, so called because it is the only street in the city on which water would even hesitate, there is a sidewalk. You see it was necessary there because the stores ran down to that line from all parts of the original town site and stopped long enough to be fastened. Elsewhere the sidewalks are that literally and nothing else—distinguished from the roadway by a ditch, cobble-bottomed to prevent the trickling away of the foundations of the houses.

The roadways and sidewalks are made up of the finest gravel known to science; they are gravity-picked, which beats hand-picked roads by several series of the finest screens. They proceed downwards with an impetuosity that would satisfy a temperance audience, but even then they

do not meet conditions, having frequently to be terminated by stone walls to get to a lower level that affords fingerhold. Although many of the roads are so steep that they cannot be used, they are never grass-grown. The water rushes down so fast that it discourages into suicide any blade of grass that has discovered sufficient of the horizontal to lie still.

The carts are built like a ladder, and the freight is piled as closely as possible to the front space in going up hill, so that there will be several rungs to act as obstacles before the goods finally drop out at the back. This is true; I've seen it. Barrels, which form one of the foremost features of commerce in the city, are built to fit these spaces in the ladder, so that nothing short of a back flip on the part of the horse can dislodge them. Sometimes a lazy driver will turn his horse down hill for a moment, rather than replace the load at the front.

Foolishly I took a carriage from the station to the hotel. Most of the trip I lay across the two seats with my head braced into the suitcase on the seat in front to keep it out of the harbour below. Once we went down a small hill, and I stood on the side of the suitcase while I watched the back springs of the carriage over the back of the seat.

Automobiles are built especially for St. John's and King George. What the latter demands is not in the encyclopedia, but the other item in the list requires long, low cars, of sufficient power to carry four people up the side of a steeple and down the other without spilling the gasoline and children. If a green chauffeur chances to stop one without a post behind, the occupants either jump out or are fished out of the harbour with salmon nets. To climb a hill the chauffeur throws on the low gear and trusts to Providence. Perhaps

it is due to the uprightness of the city that several people have ridden in automobiles and live to tell of it.

The horses are built on a fore-and-aft plan, to speak untechnically. They develop a special set of muscles for pulling up hill and another for holding back while going down. Beyond that no strength is required, and a St. John's horse becomes "a creature of environment," as someone has said before about something. The people must develop the same lopsidedness, although it is skilfully covered by prevailing styles. It is reasonable to suppose this, since some of them are able to walk down street and back twice in one day. I couldn't.

One of the principal dangers of living in St. John's, if you are more interested in your own family than the one on the block above, is the temporary loss of small children. A little boy falls out of the front door on Bond Street and may be able to stop himself at Gower; if not his mother feels reasonably certain he will pull up at Water. When a mother wants her child she always looks down street instead of into the jam pantry or the cherry tree. It has been suggested that the children of the different streets be branded with a number so that the police will not need to climb any higher than is necessary to return them.

The favourite occupation of the stranger is finding himself. Streets that seem to start all right change their mind and end to the hopeless tangle of one who knows not the short cuts and points of the compass. It is well to have rooms near some landmark that can be seen from the hills. Then one can get one's bearings every now and then and arrive home in time for the next meal. There should be a bicycle or a trip to Europe for every stranger who finds himself.

Water Street is so crooked that a compass gets dizzy; and Water Street





A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

is the soberest thing in town. I tried cutting off the corners of this street to get to the station without covering the whole city. After I had crossed the street thirteen times I had to let myself go down hill to the water-front to see which side I was on. It pays to know St. John's well before getting too familiar with it.

These are the principal physical features of this fine, old city, in so far as they can be portrayed by one who has for many years considered necessary a certain amount of horizontalness to sustain life. Another characteristic which St. John's might do without more to its advantage than its steepness, is the accommodation the visitor is forced to endure. In asking for a place to stay at in that city it is sanest to inquire for the least worst, rather than for the best. "Good," or any of its parts, does not fit in. It is unfortunate that this interesting city can afford no inducement to the visitor in the way of fare, other than to get out as

quickly as he can. There are many hotels in St. John's, as there are many methods of reducing flesh, but they are all equally uncomfortable.

The Reid people, who, by the way, represent progress in Newfoundland in something of a monopolistic manner, attempted to remedy this condition so that St. John's might appear on the list for tourists other than the callous. The foundations of this attempt remain, the remainder having been put a stop to, it is said, by a government that has always feared the useful ambitions of the Reids. Now the visitor goes out of his way to look at the ruins, and to dream of what might have been. Coffee, in Newfoundland, as in most other places, is a miscalculation somewhere in the process of making; toast, as St. John's makes it, is indigenous—for which make us truly thankful! All the fruit, the poultry, the fresh vegetables, and most things worth eating come from New York once a week by boat. The day after that

boat arrives the newspaper advertisements announce nothing but the arrival of eatables, and for a day or two the visitor may exist. It is a constant struggle to subsist until the next boat arrives. St. John's people never speak in public of the winter, when the boats do not run.

Had St. John's a hotel such as any other city of its size is able to maintain, there is no place in America more worth visiting. Fortunately Newfoundland, outside of St. John's, is endurable in the way of fare, and the railway takes you from one point to another with the maximum of comfort in the way of meals. But St. John's, so far as genuine interest is concerned, is good for a fortnight of the most *blasé* traveller. As the accommodation stands, he usually cuts it down to three days and passes on, with the result that there are about five points of interest visited by everyone. And the spots really worth while pass unnoticed.

Signal Hill comes first in the formal list. That is reasonable. One cannot look out without seeing the tower on its peak. Everyone goes there. I went. Everyone sees the drydock. I did the same. Everyone must run out to Quidi Vidi, the show fishing village. I followed the crowd. The list is as peremptory as the payment of the Newfoundland fishing license of ten dollars, with an additional fifty cents tacked on at the last to ensure you a tiny bit of paper to show that you paid your ten dollars. But there are other points of interest which are seldom mentioned, such as the Battery, quaint, out-of-the-way streets with odd houses, the wharves with the fishermen, the sealing boats, the walks along the brink of the harbour on both sides, and so on through a list that should make St. John's proud.

The churches were near the top of the list, especially English and Catho-

lic. Any guide-book will describe them, but one thing I noticed on almost every pillar of the Catholic Church aroused my interest without any explanation yet obtainable. It read: "Notice: All persons intending to leave the country for America or Canada are advised, before going, to secure certificates of baptism and marriage, as without these papers they will find it difficult to obtain employment in those countries. Signed, M. F. Howley." Canada stands little chance of gaining population from Newfoundland.

It is well for the stranger to understand the ways of St. John's early in his visit. Like most Canadian villages it observes a Wednesday half-holiday throughout the city. Noon is dinner-time, and the St. John's woman does not believe in setting the table twice for one meal. Consequently everyone, from the merchant magnate to the sweeper, must be at the table from twelve to one, which means that most of the stores are closed during that hour, and possibly another afterwards. The club members lunch at the club, saunter down to the Board of Trade Building, and some time afterwards unlock their places of business for the afternoon. A commercial traveller unpacks for at least a fortnight's stay. There is no such thing as haste; perhaps the hills make it too strenuous for the heart. The traveller who intends to do business in St. John's leaves his church membership ticket at his last stop and takes it up again after he leaves the city. He simply has to let loose occasionally when he is calmly told by his best customers to come around next week some time.

Also I discovered another feature of some of the stores—prices go up to the tourist. Twice I was asked to pay a higher price for articles than those which were marked on them in plain figures.



THE NARROWS

LOOKING FROM ST. JOHN'S

"You see, we have to pay forty per cent. duty on these things," is the sentence that comes most convenient to the clerk. Considering the apparent resentment at this condition, it is surprising that it continues to exist. But then there is no taxation on Newfoundland fishermen, and they make up the majority of the population; and the money has to be obtained somehow.

St. John's is running over with history. The inhabitants can rave about every landmark in sight from a universal knowledge of historical associations, the equal of which I never before met—the cabby who cannot tell you all about the reason for Signal Hill, the names and fame of all the outlying points, the historical incidents that made St. John's possible, and a number of other bits of information that vary with his imagination and his estimate of your credulity, is only a substitute for the day. After one had regaled me with enough incident to make me wonder

if anything had ever happened elsewhere since the strata cooled, I disentangled myself long enough to ask him where it was Ninevah fell, which was an assumption of a familiarity with certain history I do not possess. He looked around a moment as we climbed Signal Hill, as if to see whether there was any evidence of the dent it made. Then he scratched his head doubtfully and closed his eyes to give his brain a chance to get out of its groove of historical facts.

"Ninny Vah! Ninny Vah!" he muttered reflectively. "Did he fall around here, are ye shure? I'll ask when I get back to the city." And thereafter he was gloomily silent as having revealed a lack of information about the city's important events.

When St. John's settles down to an understanding of the value of good accommodation for the traveler it will be a sorry day for many places that now have a waiting list.





THE ENTRANCE TO THE NARROWS

LOOKING OUT TO SEA

As it is the visitor to that city leaves after his shortened stay, with the belief that something has robbed him of a great pleasure; for all around him he sees in general what he longs to observe more intimately. Only a small part of what this old-fashion-

ed, absorbing city has to offer him has been possible during the limit of his endurance. And he holds before him the determination that some day he will return to revel in a world of which as yet he has only dreamed.

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## WINTER MORNING

By M. B. RANDALL

**H**AIL, Morn, all white enwreathed, and crowned with grace  
Of the soft fallen snow! Through windless night,  
Unhasting, and with ease, from its great height  
Each wingéd flake soft settled to its place;  
And each with each conspired to change the face  
Of things familiar. Now the morning light  
Reveals a world transforméd to our sight:  
Wherein of what we knew is not a trace.

The flush of dawn, through a bewildering haze,  
Its filmy draped transparencies doth bring;  
And trees so lately black in wintry dearth  
Of leaves, are blossoming as if 'twere spring:  
And all renewed seems life, in this new birth  
Of crystal purity, upon the earth.

# OPENING WEEK AT OTTAWA

BY A. LAMBERT WHEELING

OTTAWA requires no more than an opening week like that in November to make it the capital city in capitals. A combination of new faces in Government chairs and a brand new Governor-General of the Royal Purple variety has created the belief in the minds of those who passed through the affair that Ottawa is scarcely large enough to hold things. It would be a matter of considerable personal interest to me to know where thousands of the visitors slept. When I arrived on the morning of the day before the official opening I was assured that an hour later would have given me only a seat in the park; and Ottawa parks lose their attraction before the middle of November. I know that some hundreds registered after me. Their disposal is a matter for private inquiry only. There was no such thing as a "capacity house" among the Ottawa hotels that week. Rooms that at home would have to be thinly papered to be single bedrooms were devoted to the somnial antiphonies and madrigals of six or seven visitors, who considered themselves lucky. One hotel entertained its late friends in a convention hall. Yes, *Boniface* did very well, thank you.

There were three distinct functions in the week's ceremonies: the election of the Speaker of the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon, the formal opening on the following day and the Drawing-room on Saturday night. It was a week of colour before settling down to the dull drab

of routine debate. Through the House corridors members and their wives greeted other members and introduced their wives and grown daughters—and wondered what there was in things for them. Over at the Rideau Club, on the first day, luncheon was eaten in relays. Up in a corner the Honourable Robert Rogers presided at one table, with the Honourable Frank Cochrane at his left, while others with ambitions were in the remaining seats. Each table basked in the radiance of a Cabinet Minister, or a Senator, or one who was trying with a smiling face to become used to pockets empty of patronage gifts. There were the beaming countenances of those who had visions, and the glad hands of those who were afraid to dream, but had made every preparation by changing their politics politically. Everybody had the smile that is popularly spoken of as difficult to remove; and some of them had evidently been glued and nailed on where the light was poor.

Over at the Parliament Buildings a Conservative member ran me through things, from the corner-stone in the basement to the "boozeorium." Far below, where the massive stone walls and confined passages spoke of grim warders or grimy stokers, he pointed towards a door.

"That," he shuddered, "is where they used to herd a score of us in the old days."

A few days of power, and the shades of Opposition appeared mediæval.



OPENING DAY AT OTTAWA

THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL



"The Liberals will have it now," he went on gaily. "I'll show you where we are now."

On the way we met the new Premier, in his face the relief of long-delayed success, the happiness of the man who can see his friends rewarded, the joy of a plodder who feels himself at last understood. I had seen him but once three years before in a Western town, but he smilingly recalled the dingy bedroom where we had made arrangements for his meeting.

A few minutes later we crowded into the gallery of the House to hear those three portentous knocks of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, his command that the Commons attend the Governor-General in the Senate Chamber, and to see those elaborate bows that are the envy of fat men. In the scramble we got a seat in the gallery of the Senate Chamber and saw the House fooled. It wasn't the Governor-General who received them, but his deputy, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. It was a mean trick to play them, but they didn't appear a bit disappointed when they were told that the Governor-General did not see fit to summon Parliament until a Speaker was appointed. Accordingly the members of the House and myself rushed back to get that bit of formality over with to please his Royal Highness.

It was the first official meeting of the man who lost a forlorn hope and the other who had been given his chance and had taken it. And none were more aware of the altered positions than were the two men themselves. Laurier sat a little lower in the chair facing south, in spite of the more-than-formal applause that greeted him from his benches. The jaunty, debonair air was lacking, and there was no substitute handy. No mere man could calmly ignore the cold spot around his temples where the laurel wreath had worn a groove

for fifteen unchallenged years. And when he rose to the Premier's nomination of Speaker, Laurier, the affable, the sunny, had lost his smile—no, not lost it, merely lost control of it for the moment. It was there flickering around to show that it was in, but not at home to strangers. It had looked across at the other seats so long that it didn't want to come out in the open until it had become more accustomed to the south light. And its rebellion for the first time in all these years unnerved a tiny bit the man who had been its master. To that can be ascribed the unprecedented lapse of Laurier, the kindly, the courteous, the politic, when he revived disagreeable memories of long ago that might have been invaluable later on in the thick of the fight when this master of platform oratory was fully himself. Laurier forgot himself. His worst enemy can sympathise with him.

And when the Premier rose to reply it was the British bayonet against the French rapier. Borden, too, forgot himself. For a minute he slashed unmercifully, with the recklessness of the Opposition, not the finesse of the Government. But it was typical of him that he recovered himself before he sat down. One could not help feeling that had their positions been reversed neither man would have said what the other had said.

For the formal opening of the following day the ladies favoured with tickets to the Speaker's gallery were enjoined in print to wear evening dress. But those who knew selected such garments as might be given to charity afterwards. A bargain counter is a mild demonstration compared with the rush to that gallery. There were more tickets than seats by a margin that impelled the first arrivals to neglect luncheon. Unless a man had a red coat with a lot of gold braid he had to take his chances among the few thousands who had

the tickets for the remaining hundred seats. A chance turned out to be perfectly satisfactory, although mature reflection cannot see the reason for issuing something like twenty tickets to every seat. Perhaps it is necessary to present this opportunity to each member for displaying his control of the patronage.

But in spite of the scramble to get in, the Senate Chamber was a fit frame for the fine old men who appeared on the centre of the floor in every black costume from the business suit to evening dress. Anyone who can look at these fine old men without feeling that there is a place for the Senate—well, he lacks a love of the picturesque and the beautiful. He must be without sentiment. To look at them is enough to make one willing to leave them their Red Chamber in which to play legislation or anything else. Statelyness, well-groomedness, benevolence of countenance, the temporarily successful fight of healthy, strong-minded age against the years—these are qualities it should profit any country to encourage by a gift of "Honourable" and a nice red room and several smaller rooms to hob-nob in. Candidly, I'm a convert to the need of a Senate since I saw those neat, black suits and well-laundered shirts and upright carriages facing the Duke and Duchess beneath well-trimmed gray hair.

Behind them sat the wives and "unmarried daughters" of the Senators and members. The rules called for that, but many an "unmarried daughter" had "Mrs." before her name outside the walls. The defeated Cabinet Ministers were there, too, resplendent in that gold-braid uniform that would fulfil all the requirements of the law for modesty without the blue cloth beneath. And, to their discomfort, the new Ministers had to stand behind the brass bar that crosses the back of the Sen-

ate Chamber guiltless (with or without the "u" as yet) and inconspicuous. Lieutenant-Governor Gibson did due credit to the premier province in the matter of gold braid, and the colour scheme was rather ludicrously carried out by the six red-gowned and ermined judges of the Supreme Court who entered before the Governor-General and tried to look comfortable on a round cosy-seat in front of the throne.

Presently the subdued booming of a cannon announced the arrival of the Governor-General, and it was more than mere form that brought the crowd to its feet as the Duke entered, leading the Duchess. Some of the women spectators rather favoured the two pretty little pages in red coats, with black velvet and lace cuffs, and Miss Pelly, the lady-in-waiting, was really worth more than a second glance; but the Duke and Duchess, who walked slowly up the aisle with their right hands touching, were the emblems of the authority that reigns at Ottawa and farther away in England. The strain of silence remained until the Governor-General had taken his seat, and the accent of the French Speaker of the Senate was a welcome relief as he announced to the "Gentlemen of the Senate" that "his Royal Highness the Governor-General," etc. It was rather a pleasing little touch that the Duchess should show her superiority to the position of mere figurehead in the ceremony when she coolly removed the Duke's glasses from a small case she carried and handed them to him to read the Speech from the Throne. And after the man in the Field Marshall's uniform had read in quiet English and perfect Parisian French, raising his hat at each mention of the two Houses, she reached over and, taking his glasses from his hand, replaced them in the case. The Speaker of the House had mounted the tiny

platform behind that brass bar and had announced his appointment in the presence of the members behind him, but there were few eyes for that formality. From the time the Duke said "be seated" as he took the throne until he gracefully led the Duchess through the back door, there was only respect in the minds of the spectators and a great regret that photographers could not do justice to the Duchess.

For two days Ottawa rested in the memories of the opening and the prospect of the great display, the Drawing-room. The stores handed out dress suits and collars and ties to the men in preparation, and feathers and veils and slippers to the women; and the carriages of the city took orders they could never hope to fill, and the flower stores, with watery eyes, were forced to refuse orders. Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa profited enough in flowers for the event to make them the strongest supporters of knee-bending. Every conveyance in Ottawa was expected, according to agreement, to report at six different places at one time—some time between six and nine o'clock.

The Ottawa cabmen are the most agreeable cabmen I know. There's no request too impossible for them to promise to fill. We were fortunate in being attended to in the matter of conveyance to the House, and as everything was on runners the ride was a pleasure trip. Coming back—that was another story.

It was with much misgiving that we arrived at the House at seven-thirty for a performance that was not to commence until nine, and in which our part was an indefinite quantity in time. But when we were stopped at the first gate to the grounds by the quarter-mile row of cabs ahead of us we began to feel that our modesty had been too restraining. The ladies' dressing-

room was a football scrimmage and a push for the tickets to the game combined. As I stood outside waiting, after successfully fighting my way into the men's room and forcing a messenger to take my coat and hat, it was interesting to note the varieties of disarray that told of the struggle within. It is decreed that women wear skimpy tulle veils for the event, crowned by two ostrich tips, if the wearer is unmarried, and by three if she has been more successful. These veils came out of that room in every shape, most of them tangled up with someone's bouquet, or a trimming on someone's dress. Outside the wearers recklessly put themselves right in language unparliamentary. A couple of hundred of us were herded in a committee-room, where for two hours we tried to be interested in one another while wondering what was going on elsewhere. After a half-dozen committee-rooms had been systematically packed, the rest were allowed to step on one another in the halls. The provision of sitting-rooms with chairs for the waiting thousands is said to have been a thoughtful suggestion of the Duchess, whose experience in such things makes her sympathetic.

At ten someone let us out, and we behaved like it. Ladies in satin and gold net crowded into unfortunate men whose duties consisted largely in holding expansive, expensive bouquets, where their original form would be slightly retained. Ladies excused each other icily when they twisted their dress ornaments into veils and tore them into patterns. Men smothered natural expressions as they tried with their left hands to untangle a rose thorn from a hair net. In something like twenty minutes we had reached the entrance to the Senate Chamber, where little boys were engaged straightening out ruffled trains and mussed veils. And then suddenly the blaze broke on us.



The Drawing-room is managed as systematically as a time clock. For days ahead the Ottawa papers contain in advertisement form the rules and regulations that must be observed, such as the gate and doors of entrance, the order of presentation (Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Speaker of the House, Judges, Senate Officials, Honourable Aides-de-Camp, Members of Parliament, House officials, Executive Council, Members of Provincial Parliaments, Deputy Ministers, Railway Commission, etc., etc., are presented with their wives and unmarried daughters in the order named), the dress to be worn, consisting of full evening dress for both ladies and gentlemen. But there are other rules which are observed or neglected according to convenience and knowledge. For instance, it appeared in the printed rules that veils and feathers were optional and court trains were not expected. Only one girl, so far as I saw, omitted the veil and feathers; but while the unwritten law is that *mesdames* wear three plumes on the veil and *mesdemoiselles* but two, there was only a small proportion of the girls who appeared to have heard of it. Perhaps it is cruel to spoil the remembrances of so many now that it is too late. And those who did what was not expected—wore court trains—could be counted on the fingers.

Presentation at the Drawing-room is simple, but elaborate. You haven't much to do yourself, but there is much ceremony in connection with it. Outside the brass bar at the back of the room a red-coated man takes one of your cards and tosses it into a waste-paper basket that is already nearly full. Then to the strains of an orchestra in the lobby you march in single file up the chamber between two rows of red and blue-coated officers. Near the throne your other card is taken by an aide, who passes it to another, who does likewise, and

when it reaches the fourth man your name is shouted out in a tone that makes you wonder if that was what your parents intended. And then, although you have not been able to see how the one ahead of you made his bow on account of the crowding soldiers, you sidle across to the Duke, endeavouring to combine a front view with a side step. You bow, goodness knows how! You sidle along until you face the Duchess and bow again. By this time you are morally certain that you didn't do it right the first time and must make an alteration in this one, with the result that you don't wait to back off, but fling yourself among the soldiers on the other side like the prodigal son returning to his father. The next step is to go up into the gallery if you can get there, and laugh at the bows that follow.

For brilliance of colour and dress, for grandeur of scene, for number of people who are willing to stand half an ordinary day, for variety of forms, the Drawing-room of 1911 stands as a record in Canada. Under the prism lights through the ceiling of the Senate Chamber the event baffles me for description. Half the impression is from sight, a small portion from sound, and the rest from an inborn sentiment that is aroused by royalty, bright lights, well-dressed men and women and patriotism.

At the last we were fortunate enough to be one of the few who lined the hall as the Duke and Duchess passed in all the state of court dress, pages and lady-in-waiting. The Duke's eyes were flashing and bright, as if he were sustained by great excitement. The Duchess was weary (she had been the brighter on the throne), now that the ceremony was over. Her face was a trifle drawn and thin, but she smiled and bowed constantly as she had done at the presentation. I'm quite in love again;

even a cat can look at a king.

And after it was all over and we had succeeded in finding a part at least of our garb, we stood in the biting, cold wind of Parliament Hill and gave our carriage number to a policeman. I gave it to another and another, until all along that hill rang "one-eighty-four," while we stood hugging ourselves in the hope that one-eighty-four was somewhere among the waiting hundreds of carriages. But one-eighty-four was probably at that moment galloping home with someone who had got out just ahead of us. In the end we trudged home, and Ottawa walking during opening week was none too agreeable.

\*

My paint-daubed friend hadn't been able to go to Ottawa himself; the tendency of painters to miss a spot here and there or to apply the varnish a shade more thickly than called for in the contract made their proper oversight a matter of dollars and cents to him. But on my return he was willing to discuss the events of the opening week with all the authority of the man who stands off and looks on.

"Don't that kind o' thing kind o' make yuh sick?" he asked with the supreme contempt of curled lip, when he overheard me say that I had been "presented."

"Sick?" I asked back in surprise. "What at?"

"Oh, kow-towin' an' bobbin' an' kneelin'. I don't believe in that kind o' thing."

There were several "kinds o' things" that didn't meet with the approval of my socialistic friend.

And as I remembered it at that moment, I had done quite a bit of bowing and applauding; and what was worse, there had come over me at times something akin to reverence for the Royal representative. It would shock my friend still more if he were to know that I still hold the conviction that the feeling was good for me and for the country. Since that week of ceremony in Ottawa I incline to the belief that Parliament means more than twenty-five hundred a year, and the Governor-General is greater than his salary and reputation. The fact that my deductions might be drawn from incorrect premises does not encourage doubt for a moment.



# THE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM OF CANADA

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

ON the transportation system of any country depends to a great extent its development and its commercial prosperity. It may have immense natural resources, but unless the products of its mines, its forests and its prairies can be transported cheaply and expeditiously they will never find a market. It may have vast areas of land suitable for cultivation, but unless there are means for bringing in settlers easily and at reasonable cost they will lie fallow for all time. When the United States was young transportation facilities were much what they had been centuries earlier—boats on the rivers and cumbersome vehicles on the roads were all that could be depended on. The Republic had existed for half a century before the first railway was built, and it was with the building of the railways and the application of steam to transportation that the development of the Great West began. As the railways were extended, population spread, mineral, agricultural and aboreal resources were exploited, and changes took place which without the railways would have required centuries instead of years to come, or would never have come at all.

When the widely separated provinces were formed into the Dominion of Canada on July 1st, 1867, one of the Government undertakings was that a railway should be built connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic

provinces. This was a big enterprise for a young nation, but it was carried out and sooner than promised. In the summer of 1886 the first Canadian Pacific train ran through from Montreal to Vancouver and the East and West were effectually linked together.

Railway development had not been rapid in the older provinces—the first railway, sixteen miles long, between St. John's, Quebec, and La Prairie, was opened in 1836, and in 1847 the mileage had grown only to fifty-four. In 1850 there were sixty-six miles, in 1851, 159 miles. By 1856 this had grown into 1,414, and when Confederation took place in 1867 it had become 2,278. In 1877 the mileage was 5,783, and in 1886, when the Canadian Pacific Railway opened through, 11,793. Ten years later it increased to 16,270, and another ten years to 21,353. The last official figures given out by the Government, dated June 30, 1910, show the total railway mileage of Canada as 24,731, and it is still growing. To-day Canada has a much greater railway mileage in proportion to its population than any other country. Traffic statistics go back for thirty-six years, and they speak volumes. In 1875 the Canadian railways carried 5,190,416 passengers and 5,670,837 tons of freight; in 1910, 35,894,575 passengers and 74,482,866 tons of freight; in 1875 their earnings



were \$19,470,539, and in 1910, \$173,956,217. Operating expenses in the former year were \$15,775,532, and in the latter year \$120,405,440, or in the former 81.1 per cent. of the receipts, and in the latter 69.2 per cent. These figures are an indication of the general progress which Canada has made, progress which would have been impossible without railway facilities.

The four leading railway systems of Canada are the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Northern, and the Intercolonial. Of these, the Canadian Pacific, which stretches from Atlantic tidewater at St. John, New Brunswick, to the Pacific at Vancouver, British Columbia, with its network of branches and over 10,000 miles of railway, with its elaborate system of connections, its 4,000 controlled miles of railway in the United States, its steamship services, its hotels, telegraphs and other subsidiary interests, is to-day the largest transportation enterprise in the world and has done an enormous work, the value of which cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy in developing the great natural resources of the West and in opening up its vast territory to colonisation. When it was first talked about, the scheme was denounced as chimerical, but results have justified the undertaking beyond even the rosiest dreams of the promoters, and yet it is only in its infancy, with a future of boundless possibilities before it, and its strategic position is so strong that one can hardly conceive of any combination of circumstances arising to interfere seriously with its prosperity. Good dividends well-earned and paid regularly have placed Canadian Pacific Railway stock at a high figure, which some bull operators claim will soon reach the 300 mark.

The Grand Trunk was the pioneer among Canadian railways, and it did for the Province of Ontario what the

Canadian Pacific has done and is doing for the Western and Pacific Provinces—made settlement possible and development a paying proposition. Stretching from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, with branches reaching almost every place of importance in Quebec and Ontario, it has for many years succeeded in carrying a large proportion of traffic through Canada to and from the United States, thus supplementing its Canadian revenue and enabling it to provide its Canadian patrons with a better service than they could have expected had there been their business alone to depend on.

Desiring to participate in the trade of the Western Provinces, the Grand Trunk interests secured in 1903 the incorporation of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which is to extend from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert, on the British Columbia coast, and in connection with which the Canadian Government is building as a national enterprise a line between Winnipeg and Moncton, New Brunswick, which when completed is to be operated as part of the Grand Trunk Pacific and form a second Transcontinental route. At the time of writing (September, 1911), the Grand Trunk Pacific have in operation 978 miles of main line west from Winnipeg to Hinton, Alberta (186 miles west of Edmonton and close to the Rockies), and 126 miles of branches; also 101 miles eastward from Prince Rupert and 191½ miles westward from Fort William to Superior, where it connects with the Government portion, extending 259 miles to Winnipeg, the whole section Fort William to Winnipeg (450 miles) being in operation with a provisional service. The company expect to open through to Prince Rupert two years hence.

The Government portion of the line runs from Moncton entirely through Canadian territory, crossing the St. Lawrence River just above Quebec

(on a bridge which when completed will be in some respects the greatest engineering feat of its kind), then through the northern portions of Quebec and Ontario, following the height of land and passing to the north of Lakes Abitibi and Nipigon.

The Canadian Northern, which aims at being Canada's third transcontinental system, is being constructed in sections. It has nearly 5,000 miles of track in operation, made up of 435 miles in Nova Scotia, 648 in Quebec, and 342 in Ontario (exclusive of the line west of Port Arthur) and 3,415 in its main line and branches, Port Arthur to Edmonton. It is now commencing to link up the disconnected sections by building lines between Port Arthur and Sudbury and between Toronto and Ottawa, besides extending through from Edmonton *via* the Yellowhead Pass to Port Mann, British Columbia. Much of its mileage on the main and branch lines in the Prairie Provinces lies north of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific, and it therefore opens up and serves large sections of country which were not touched by the older company and will not be by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Intercolonial ("The People's Railway") is operated by the Canadian Government through its Department of Railways and Canals, and has 1,449 miles of track, the main line from Halifax to Quebec being 837 miles, and the principal branches from Moncton to St. John and Truro to Sydney, Cape Breton, respectively, 89 and 213 miles. The Prince Edward Island Railway (268 miles, narrow gauge, three feet, six inches), which supplies transportation to Canada's smallest Province (the "Garden of the Gulf"), is operated by the Federal Government also. There has been much talk of the future destiny of the Government railways—whether they will be extended fur-

ther westward or whether the Intercolonial at least will be turned over to one or other of the transcontinental lines, &c., &c. Possibly all three transcontinental lines may be given (for a fixed payment) running powers over such portions of the Intercolonial as will give them respectively desired connections from the end of their own rails to the Port of Halifax, and if this were done it would certainly save the building of unnecessary lines and at the same time help the Government to make the Intercolonial pay; or, as a writer has already suggested, the lines east of Moncton may be turned over for operation by a company composed of the three transcontinental railways, which would handle it jointly by arrangement amongst themselves.

Beside the four principal railway systems, there are a number of smaller independent companies, several of the United States railway corporations have branches into Canada, and the Ontario Government own and operate the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway (292 miles of track), which, thanks largely to the mineral wealth of the Cobalt and Porcupine districts, is producing satisfactory returns.

The Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern all have many branch lines in actual operation or under construction in the Prairie Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta—and portions of that country are now as well served as are the States of Indiana and Illinois. Glancing at the map of Manitoba, for example, and following the 101st parallel of longitude, one counts twelve lines of railway from the United States boundary north. As another example of how that country is being "grid-ironed," passengers by the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Edmonton (about 800 miles) will

soon have the option of no less than six different routes. What a marvellous contrast would present itself, if he could come back now to the French King who dismissed the loss of "those few arpents of snow" with a wave of his white hands and a shrug of his majestic shoulders as a matter of very little moment! The country which Sir W. F. Butler forty years ago wrote so entertainingly about as "The Great Lone Land" is rapidly being populated and is astir with activity. Both the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern are stretching eager hands north towards the Peace River district, which is now found to be very fertile, though a few years back it was looked on as no more likely to be settled for agricultural purposes than is Greenland or Spitzbergen to-day.

Nature has blessed Canada with magnificent transportation facilities in the waterways provided by the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, stretching more than half-way across her area. From the Straits of Belle Isle to the head of navigation at Fort William it is 2,233 miles by water, and from Fort William to Vancouver it is 1,902 miles by rail. Of the 2,233 miles only about seventy-four is by canal; the rest is open water, which needed only to be deepened for short stretches, and this is a very important feature in getting the grain of the Prairie Provinces to the Atlantic seaboard, as transportation by water necessarily is always cheaper than by rail, because the carriers by water have no expense for building or maintaining a roadway and the terminals, wharves, etc., being owned by the Government or by the municipalities, are available to all, either free or on payment of comparatively small charges, while the first cost of building a railway is enormous, besides the constant expenditure to keep it in shape for handling traffic.

During the season of open naviga-

tion the traffic passing through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie is three times that passing through the Suez Canal and a very large share of this enormous traffic is purely Canadian. The Canadian Pacific has a fleet of fine steamers running between Fort William and Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, a distance of 550 miles, and the grain carryings of these vessels are very large—the Georgian Bay port will soon be changed to Victoria Harbour, whence a short rail line of easy grades is being constructed to join the main line near Peterboro', with the object of saving mileage and to facilitate the handling of the crop for export. There are also steamers plying regularly between Sarnia and Fort William and when the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed between Fort William and Winnipeg there will no doubt be a regular line established in connection with it between Fort William and Parry Sound or Midland, both on the Georgian Bay, and from both of which the Grand Trunk has direct rail routes to Montreal.

The canals in the St. Lawrence route are eight in number, the longest being the Welland, extending from Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, to Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, a distance of  $26\frac{3}{4}$  miles. They have a minimum depth of fourteen feet and can accommodate vessels up to 225 feet long. Just now the Government contemplates making over the Welland Canal so as to increase its capacity very greatly.

A scheme much talked of from time to time and which the Canadian Parliament will probably take actively in hand before long is the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal by which the waters of the Great Lakes will be connected with the Ottawa River *via* the French River and a series of lakes and streams, actually following the route of the old fur-traders—the length of this waterway



from the Georgian Bay to Montreal will be 440 miles, and the work involves cutting twenty-eight miles of canal and improving the existing channels for sixty-six miles, the remaining 346 miles, or 80 per cent. of the whole, being as nature left them. The work will require forty-five dams and twenty-seven locks, with a minimum width of sixty-five feet and a low water depth of twenty-two, and the total cost is estimated at \$100,000,000.

The Trent Valley Canal system is intended to connect the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario; it is at present in operation for 160 miles eastward from Lake Simcoe *via* the Kawartha Lakes, Otonabee River and Rice Lake to Hastings, on the River Trent, and the work of completing it to Lake Ontario is being pushed forward, but the route between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay has not yet been determined, and when that part of the work will be done is problematical. A feature of the Trent Valley Canal is the hydraulic lift lock at Peterboro', which is the largest in the world, and cost half a million dollars.

In the matter of ocean transportation Canada's trade and travel have been well provided for and the effort of the carriers is, now at least, if possible to keep a little ahead of the requirements, realising that increased facilities are bound to bring business. Though it may not be generally known, it is nevertheless a fact that the first vessel to really cross the Atlantic Ocean under steam was a Canadian ship, the *Royal William*, which performed the journey with a light cargo and seven passengers in twenty-five days, starting from Quebec in August, 1833, and calling at Pictou, Nova Scotia, to receive coal and overhaul the machinery. Among her owners were the three brothers Cunard, of Halifax, one of whom (afterwards Sir Samuel) was the founder of the Cunard Line. The

*Savannah*, which had previously crossed under the flag of the United States, made the trip almost entirely under canvas and used steam power practically not at all for the ocean voyage. A brass tablet in the passage leading to the library of the Canadian Parliament Building at Ottawa very appropriately calls the *Royal William*:

The pioneer of those mighty fleets of ocean steamers by which passengers and merchandise of all nations are now conveyed on every sea throughout the world.

The first purely Canadian steamship company, the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, owning the *Canadian* and the *Indian*, was organised in 1852, with Mr. Hugh Allan (afterwards Sir Hugh) at its head. These vessels were of about 1,700 tons gross, with engines of 350 horsepower, and cost about \$250,000 each. Their maximum speed was eleven knots. In 1855 the company received a mail subsidy, built new ships and established a regular fortnightly service, which in a short time was increased to once a week. The Allan Line, as it was soon called, met with many difficulties, but persevered, and to-day occupies a proud position as one of the strongest members of the mercantile marine flying the British Flag. The Cunard Line was organised in 1838 to run a regular service between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston, for which the British Government gave a subsidy of £55,000 per annum—afterwards the service was extended to New York and in time the Canadian port of call was dropped—only within the last year the Cunard Company has re-entered the Canadian trade by purchasing the freight and passenger vessels formerly operated by the Thomson Line between Canadian and British ports, and they are now run as Cunard steamers. It is interesting to note that during all the years of its existence the Cunard Company claims

never to have lost the life of a passenger, while for forty-six years it never lost a letter.

In 1870 the Dominion Line established a regular service on the Canadian route, which has since been combined with and is now operated by the White Star Line.

The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Northern Railway both own and operate Atlantic lines and have good reason to be satisfied with the results.

At present there are seven regular lines carrying passengers and freight between Canadian ports (Montreal and Quebec in summer, St. John and Halifax in winter), Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, besides several lines that operate exclusively for freight. The St. Lawrence route possesses very considerable advantages over the routes from New York and Boston, and it is a fact that passengers have left Liverpool by one of the Canadian lines and have reached St. Paul and Minneapolis, possibly even Chicago, in quicker time than they could by the fastest steamships running to New York (this is due to shorter railway journey and closer connections being made between steamship and rail) and if once the Canadian lines are filled with ships possessing approximately the speed of those running to New York all comparison in time will practically cease, to say nothing of the lessened discomfort and danger by a route of which in summer time at least one-third is in almost land-locked waters—at present a Canadian liner requiring six days to make the voyage between Quebec and Liverpool is only about four days in the open sea.

Besides the European steamship lines, Canada has now regular services from her Atlantic ports to the West Indies, to Mexico, to South Africa and to Australia—all doing well and with good prospects of continually increasing business.

By way of the Pacific Ocean, too, Canada has established a very important traffic. Early in the development of the Canadian Pacific Railway, its promoters saw the possibilities of trade with the Orient and leased steamers to run between the new port of Vancouver and Japan and China. These were replaced in 1891 by the three *Empresses*, and when the mails were carried for the first time over the new line and reached the General Post-office, London, in twenty days, nine hours, from Yokohama, as against forty-three days *via* Suez, England was astonished and *The Times* significantly remarked: "This record is pregnant with untold issues for the future of our Empire."

To-day the route across Canada is the recognised highway between Great Britain and the port of Hong Kong, and in place of one steamship line on the Pacific there are now six running regularly between British Columbia and Oriental ports.

The Canadian-Australian Steamship Line was established between Sydney and Vancouver by Mr. James Huddart in 1893. It met with reverses, and the line changed hands, but at the present time it is operated by the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand (a powerful organisation), with three staunch and speedy vessels, which call at Auckland, Suva in Fiji and Honolulu, and do not only a large business between this continent and the Antipodes, but carry a good share of the European travel as well. Besides the Canadian-Australian Line there is also an exclusively freight line of steamers between Vancouver and Australia.

Hudson Bay has long been the subject of controversy as to whether or not it can be used for the transportation of wheat from the Canadian West to Europe so as to save the long journey to Montreal. It undoubtedly offers a much shorter route, but ex-

pert opinion differs widely as to its practicability even for a short period each year. However, the Canadian Government has decided to try the experiment and has promised to construct a railway to either Port Nelson or Port Churchill, on the west side of Hudson Bay. Of the two, Port Nelson is undoubtedly the better harbour—the railway line to Port Nelson would be sixty-seven miles shorter than that to Port Churchill, and the country through which it would run is better and offers more possibility of local business. Still, there are other considerations which weigh in favour of Port Churchill, and no decision has yet been announced. The estimated cost of building the line from Le Pas (a point on the Canadian Northern Railway about 450 miles north-west of Winnipeg) to Port Nelson is \$16,426,340, and to Port Churchill \$19,108,672. That the Government means business is evi-

denced by the fact that the contract has been let for a bridge over the Saskatchewan River at Le Pas, the present end of the Canadian Northern track, and also just recently for building the first section of the railway northward. The success of the Hudson Bay route is much more uncertain than any of the other transportation problems Canada has undertaken to solve.

Taking it altogether, Canada has been in no way backward in meeting her responsibilities and in providing transportation facilities for the exploitation of her resources. In some cases the men who put time, energy and wealth into the enterprises reaped no material gain. In other cases the reward has been quick and substantial. Whether substantially rewarded or not, they at least deserve the gratitude of their country and of the many millions who in the near future will make it their home.

## TO THE WOOD-THRUST

BY ROBERT CARY

LONG had I walked in vain the woodland wild,  
 A sacred Sabbath after Vesper-bell,  
 Ere 'mid the oaks it fluted, and searching well  
 I found the bird that hailed an evening mild;  
 Far from the smug world happily exiled  
 Often I hear him to the wood-nymphs tell  
 His pearliest beads at sundown, and of hell  
 No word since earth and heaven are reconciled.

O Wood-thrush, bard of all the answering Thrushes,  
 Is thine a vision of the Hebrides?  
 The Cranesbill, Robin's Plantain, and the rushes  
 Through which I trod, the sky, and every breeze  
 That, with the sun, robs scent from wild-rose bushes  
 Deliciously must hear thee in the trees!





CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

### A TOAST

(By E. Pauline Johnson, Vancouver Local Council of Women.)

There's wine in the cup, Vancouver,  
And there's warmth in my heart for  
you,

While I drink to your health, your youth  
and your wealth

And the things that you yet will do.

In a vintage rare and olden,

With a flavour fine and keen,

Fill the glass to the edge while I stand  
up to pledge

My faith to my Western queen.

And here's to the days that are coming,

And here's to the days that are gone,

And here's to your gold and your spirit  
bold,

And your luck that has held its own;

And here's to your hands so sturdy,

And here's to your heart so true,

And here's to the speed of the day decreed  
That brings me again to you.

Then here's a ho! Vancouver, in wine of  
the bonniest hue,

With a hand on my hip and the cup at  
my lip

And a love in my life for you;

For you are a jolly good fellow,

With a great big heart, I know,

So I drink this toast

To the queen of the coast—

Vancouver, here's to you.

\*

**S**HAKESPEARE says "All the  
world's a stage." Well, per-  
haps it is.

To the great multitude of humanity

it seems more like a shop window.  
We are here to-day, gone to-morrow,  
with about as brief an existence as  
the hobble-skirt.

While we are in the prime, in the  
full fruition of our life, we seldom  
think of the future with a serious  
turn of mind, the present with its  
pressing needs seems about all we are  
able for. Then, too, perhaps an over-  
dose of generosity to our less for-  
tunate fellow-beings leaves us in time  
of sickness and distress as it has  
our proud Indian-poetess.

When we read over her toast to  
Vancouver at a St. Valentine fête in  
her honour, it fairly teems with  
buoyancy, health, and life, and  
though to-day we might pledge our  
faith in water, it matters little, it's  
the faith in the heart that tells the  
tale after all.

And what a big heart our Indian  
poetess had for those in sorrow and  
sickness, but those of her friends are  
as large, and it is with pain we learn  
that, though so ill and in distress, the  
pride of her race asserts itself so  
strongly that, as she will not take  
gifts of money otherwise than is  
realised by the sale of her poems and  
writings, Brantford, the home of her  
youth, and Vancouver, her present  
home, have joined hands in pushing



LADY TAYLOR

the sale of her works that her last days may have the comforts she needs and which her friends throughout the Dominion would wish her to have.

May we, as sisters, not allow the case of Pauline Johnson to be another literary tragedy we so often find in the field of letters, of women, ah, and men, too, who have given to us so freely of their best in thought.

Especially do we owe the daughter of the great tribe of the Six Nation Indians some tribute for their loyalty to the Crown. Have we done our part in upholding the dignity of our poets? Have we added our tribute to the Pauline Johnson Fund of Vancouver?

\*

Lady Taylor, who has conservative ideas and strong characteristics, is one of the women best versed in all public questions of the day, yet she has a touch of that quaint old-fash-

ioned sweetness and gentleness which to-day in our hurried life we oftentimes lose, but which Lady Taylor has retained to a most refreshing degree, combining in her public and private life the good in the old regime and the best of everything in the new.

As the wife of one of Canada's greatest thinkers and judges, with a brilliant son following in his father's footsteps, the home life of Lady Taylor has always been filled with high thoughts and high ideals well lived up to.

Though not an extensive club-woman, her attention has been given to the National Council of Women since its inception, with its abundant field for progress and reform; also the Aberdeen Association of which she was the first president in the very early days of Winnipeg, when settlers were, and are to-day, through her association kept well supplied with newspapers and magazines. Lady Aberdeen, recognising the wonderful amount of good done, used her influence to procure free postage on all their output.

What this reading material means to our Northwest settlers we all realise fully and can not say too much in praise, for certainly our English and foreign immigrants feel the first winter in Canada a most tedious one.

Owing to the death of Lady Edgar the presidency of the National Council of Women fell to the lot of Lady Taylor last year. Under her guidance many knotty problems were solved. Great strides were made by the peace and arbitration department. Problems of childhood, citizenship, employment for women, ever present subjects, received wide attention.

\*

If you have never visited Halifax you would do well to promise yourself that treat before it loses all its

old-world touch and takes on the rushing spirit of the new.

It is one of the most interesting cities in Canada either in summer or winter. As the headquarters of the British North Atlantic Squadron in winter and garrisoned by Canadian regulars, one can readily understand the brilliant gatherings. Nor do they cease with the season, as we call it here in the interior.

Their summer season, perhaps, when the sea-side visitors arrive and the ships come in and our new Prime Minister and Mrs. Borden are at their former home, is by far the gayer.

One would suppose there was little time left by women of Halifax for the more serious phase of life, indeed, the most brilliant social leaders are the most enthusiastic in that line of thought; and in this age when everything tends towards concentration in commerce, as well as philanthropic works, we see the benefit the Local Council of Women has been to this city by the sea, enabling its women to keep in close touch with all public questions at home and abroad.

Halifax women are not ardent suffragists, yet this winter a series of lectures upon economic subjects have been so well attended that they may be ready, when the time comes, to use the franchise intelligently.

Their income derived from the fee of the affiliated societies, its tea-room and agricultural lectures at their provincial exhibition is not as large as Montreal's or Vancouver's, but they make a good showing in all they have accomplished. Some of the most progressive and helpful philanthropies have originated in the Council of Women: the supervised playgrounds and Children's Home gardens of Halifax are second to none in Canada. Under their care is the Children's Aid Society, Domestic Science School, and Women's Hostel.

This winter at Halifax they are

planning a settlement house for working boys and girls much on the same plan as Jane Addams inaugurated in Chicago. It certainly does away with much overlapping, and those of us who knew Chicago before 1889 certainly know how greatly that rough element has been wiped out around Chicago's immense meat-packing districts and made better citizens of the men and women—gave them wholesome recreation and amusement for their tired bodies and education for the mind.

\*

A very interesting letter comes to hand from Yamei Kin, one of the modern and progressive women of China, which gives a general idea of the Chinese women's endeavour for higher education. It reads in part as follows:

Princess Kalachin, wife of one of the hereditary Mongol princes, who has done so much to forward the cause of education, especially among the women of her territory, has founded a women's society in Peking, beginning with something like one hundred names, which aims to grow to something national in character, including wives of officials, teachers in schools, literary women.

In this new impetus we find the women's first response has been most gratifying to the call for a national spirit which is being welded out of the family communal spirit, by the necessity for self-preservation against the forces that are pressing from the outside.

Education is being carried on for them on the new methods planned on the same lines as for the men, whereby they may learn mathematics, also their own language as a tool for the expression of the needs of daily life, to acquire useful as well as classical information, by means of the new readers and graded text-books, so that a child of ordinary intelligence may obtain a fair working knowledge in eight years of school life.

To understand the position of the women in the Chinese family is somewhat difficult for the Westerner, perhaps, for he is so far removed at the present day from the patriarchal organisation, but if one will read the Old Testament of the Bible and imagine what it must have



been to be a member of Abraham's family, who could put three hundred and eighteen men at arms, servants born in his household, into the field at one time, one would get something of an idea.

It has not been the custom in the past for Chinese in general to work in large organisations, except for certain specified purposes, chiefly revolutionary plots, business guilds, religious movements and naturally we do not find that societies have played any large part in the life of the women, for, in addition to this national tendency, there was the drawback that there were not as a rule any great number of women in one place able to write with sufficient facility to keep notes and records of transactions, which is essential to the continuance of an association.

While this is true as a general statement, there have been many very interesting exceptions to the rule. In spite of the fact that reading and writing have not been considered necessary to the education of women, but looked upon as an accomplishment only, so that they could read the classics or compose poetry, history furnishes many examples of famous women writers, poets, essayists, historians. In every well-to-do household there were some women who could read and write to some extent and a man was always proud of his wife who was thus accomplished. In the main the influence of women has been exerted in the home circle, though with the exceeding respect paid to the mother it brings her into a wider sphere than might at first appear.

The woman of spirit or character would not infrequently hold the reins openly whether as ruler of the Empire or head of the household, and I must confess that in all my travels I have never seen more henpecked husbands than in China.

\*

How many Canadians realise that Canada has one of the best systems for making definite provision for old age, though it is not compulsory. The English system ranks second, and Germany third, while our neighbours to the south are watching with great interest our system, having as yet no definite Federal plan in this respect.

Under the National Insurance Act in England wives are classed as "wives employed by their husbands."

It is not so in Canada. Here the wife stands in the clear light of an individual, as far as our Government annuities are concerned, and the problem of comfort and happiness for old age is solved for her, even though women are charged a slightly larger fee. The National Council of Women of Canada inquired into the reason of this, and the officials at Ottawa explained that statistics proved that women live longer than men; hence the larger fee is necessary.

Our annuitants pay the fee (25c a. week or more) and take a choice of plan, "A" or "B." The business is transacted between the person and the Government through the nearby post-office.

Under plan "A," in the event of death before the first payment of the annuity falls due, the total amount which the annuitant has paid in, with three per cent. compound interest, will be refunded to his or her legal representatives. Under plan "B," where the same annuity is obtainable for smaller payments, there will be no return in the event of death before the annuity becomes due.

The Government is responsible for the cost of the working machinery. No deductions are made from payments, but all expenses of whatever kind are borne by the Government wholly without charge, and every cent paid, with compound interest thereon, at four per cent., is placed to the credit of the purchaser of an annuity. No medical examination is required, and there are no lapses or penalties. A parent may start an annuity for a child of five years, which gives the child the benefit of the annuity at greater earning value. The practice teaches the child in later years the habit of saving, induces thrift, checks improvidence, and promotes temperance; and it has been provided by statute that no person or law can deprive the man or woman of the annuity.



## The WAY of LETTERS

IN his foreword to "Songs of the Makers of Canada," by Dr. J. D. Logan, John Boyd, poet and essayist, pays a well-deserved tribute to the author:

Among Canadian writers of the present day, Dr. J. D. Logan, through his scholarly attainments and his literary genius, deservedly holds a high place; and the present series of historical poems in celebration of the makers of Canada will undoubtedly enhance his reputation. The deeds of those who have helped to make Canada what it is to-day should be a source of pride and inspiration to all Canadians, and by enshrining them in the "form divine" of poetry Dr. Logan has rendered a patriotic service that is worthy of the highest commendation and that entitles him to the cordial appreciation of the public.

The volume is designed to present in chronological sequence those virtues of the "makers of Canada" that have appealed to the people, and to give to those virtues the poet's impulse. The result is practically a sonnet sequence, of genuine merit as well as uncommon interest. We quote one of these sonnets:

### WOLFE: ILLUSTRIOUS VICTOR

Immortal Hero, Wolfe, too oft we laud  
Thy deeds to whet our British vanity,  
Though deeper ken shows through thy  
victory  
The all o'er-ruling providence of God.  
Not England conquered; but the Holy  
Pow'r—  
Whose purposes were wiser than we  
dream—

Had planned to generate a new regime  
And made thy victory its travail-hour.

A grateful people, Hero, still to course  
Adown the length'ning slopes of time  
shall praise

Thy prowess and thy death in lofty lays;  
And should they also sing a mightier  
Force

Than England's arms, illustrious Vic-  
tor! know

Thy fame is sure while aeons come  
and go!

This is sane patriotism, not the  
vapourings of the jingo.

The volume contains also an essay on the "Genius and Distinction in Canadian Literature." Dr. Logan is a keen critic of poetry, and he has a fine appreciation of the Keltic genius, as a result of which he has been enabled to give James MacGregor (Nova Scotia) his proper place as the first significant poet in Canada. He also finds that the distinctive note in Canadian poetry is "an inexpugnable Faith in ourselves." (Toronto: William Briggs).

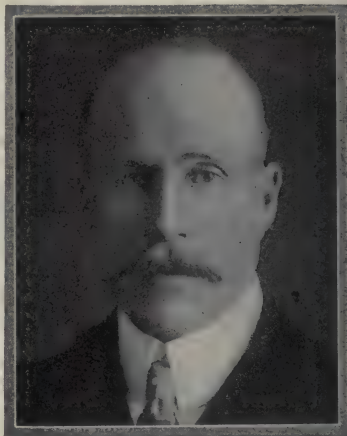
\*

THE setting of Baroness Orczy's new book, entitled "A True Woman," is such that already a copy-right performance of a play of the same name and founded on this novel is in force. Crime, mystery, duty, love are factors of importance in the story, which deals with a phase

of English life. Its most stirring incidents occur in London. The principal characters are English. Presumably one of the author's aims is to impress readers with the strength of character or personality that lives within a well-born, well-bred Englishman or Englishwoman. She makes this emphatic in her treatment of the two outstanding persons of her book, namely, *Luke de Mountford* and his fiancée, *Louisa Harris*, who have to pass through very trying circumstances. The book also has an eccentric old English lord, who, for the love he bears his nephew, *Luke*, perpetrates a crime to prevent an impostor from succeeding in filching *Luke's* inheritance, namely, his right to be heir to the Earldom of Radcliffe. Indeed, in an attempt to solve the mystery surrounding the deed, suspicion centres on *Luke*, who only for a confession made by his uncle, would have been guilty of murder in the eyes of the law. In touching on a phase of London society, the author claims that convention is a strong master that holds the strings which "make the puppets dance," as she puts it. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

\*

**PROFESSOR WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON**, Professor of English in Wesley College, University of Manitoba, in his remarkable study of Milton's "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," has greatly elucidated this most interesting, yet hitherto almost baffling, treatise, and throws a flood of light on seventeenth century history and literature. It was intended at the outset to be merely a thesis for obtaining from Yale University the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, but Professor Allison's researches led him to attempt a more pretentious publication, with the result that students of the period of English political development at the



DR. J. D. LOGAN, AUTHOR OF  
"SONGS OF THE MAKERS OF CANADA"

time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth and others interested in Milton and his time will find in the author's introduction to this volume a fine style of writing and a scholarly appreciation of the spirit of the subject, while the text of the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," which is reproduced in full, is supplemented by a careful and illuminative set of notes, without which to the ordinary reader the text would be unintelligible. Besides all this there is a bibliography of Milton's poetical and prose works which is said to be the only comprehensive one of this kind in existence. There is also in the form of an appendix a sixteen-page review of the history of tyrannicide. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

**MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT** is in her happiest mood when she writes a book with a juvenile hero or heroine. We have not forgotten "Little Lord Fauntleroy," although we have read a



library of "best sellers" since the days of that charming and manly little chap—who has had no successful rival, save "Peter Pan." Then there was "The One I Knew the Best of All"—and what woman did not recognise in the *Small Person* her own child nature in realistic fidelity?

Now we have a captivating tale in "The Secret Garden" of a lonely, crippled boy and the subtle strength which came into his life through the most tender and faithful of teachers. It is a book, illumined by a lifetime's wisdom, full of that comprehending comradeship with youth and its "long, long thoughts," which keeps the heart of the world from growing old. It leads us back to the woodland ways, where "the old brown mother" lulls her restless children to sleep. "The Secret Garden" has little of plot or narrative, but is a book whose "lesson" will be all the better remembered because it is suggested so gently. The little lad of the "Secret Garden" is as worth knowing as those delightful youngsters *Dan* and *Una* who fared so gayly with "Puck of Pook's Hill." (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company).

\*

IN his book entitled "Increasing Efficiency in Business," Walter Dill Scott observes that the modern business man, with new tools and new methods, is to-day wringing profits from the wastes and unconsidered trifles of yesterday, and that the only factor which has withstood his wizard touch is man himself. This is a book for ambitious men of business. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

\*

SINCE Kipling ceased to write about India, there has been little in fiction to interest us in that country. Yet, if we are to believe the newspapers things are happening in India and the eyes of the political

world are turned that way. Indeed the present is a most fortunate time for the introduction of an Anglo-Indian romance such as Miss Diver's "Lilamani." One calls the book a romance because it is romantic, although the situation with which the author deals is presented to us as a quite possible problem whose solution might very well come within the realms of the actual. What did Kipling say:

"The West is West and East is East  
"And never the two shall meet—"

In Miss Diver's book they not only meet but mingle and we are introduced to the spectacle of an English gentleman married to a high caste Hindu maiden. The reason, the excuse and the justification for this is Love. He is an artist and she is beautiful, nay more, she is unusual, and he loves her for her very differences. The courtship is a delicate and charming idyll in Miss Diver's best manner. Her flowery diction and wealth of metaphor lend themselves most agreeably to her subject. Then comes the honeymoon which is another gem of literary and romantic charm, and finally the real "trying-out" of the situation in England and under the normal conditions of an English home. It is easy to see here that the author's wishes and her facts do not agree. She would like so much to have her problem solve itself satisfactorily, but this it stubbornly refuses to do. *Lilamani* loves her husband; he loves her but the Hindu bride cannot live in England, and the English bridegroom does not want to live anywhere else. The outraged fitness of things demands a sacrifice and the sacrifice is only saved from being the life of *Lilamani* by the intervention of her father. One closes the book upon the departure of the husband and wife for India. Even Mrs. Diver does not tell us what happened after they get there nor what was the final aspect of a problem which appears as far from

a satisfactory solution as ever. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

\*

THE extensive discoveries in aviation have led to a new field (or should we say "sky?") for the novelist who desires his hero's exploits to be strictly up-to-date. Mark Lee Luther is always entertaining, and in his latest novel, "The Sovereign Power," his use of the new territory is skilful and effective. The reader is introduced to an aviation meet in the historic town of Rheims and follows the fortunes of the flying gentry with increasing interest. There is, of course, a wonderful heroine of United States birth. Her name is *Ann*, her eyes are cornflower blue and her hair is of chestnut tint, with copper glints in the sun. She is an incorrigible flirt, which, like a low, soft voice, is always an excellent thing in woman. There is a Servian prince who is naughty and nice, with a most romantic ancestry, and a temperament which is almost artistic. He is easily the most memorable character in the varying scenes of ambition and aviation. There is an amiable and industrious hero, from somewhere in the States, who meekly puts up with the capricious antics of *Ann* and who is no doubt as worthy as he is wearisome. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

\*

NOBODY but a man of distinctive culture and character could have written Mr. W. H. Hudson's book entitled "A Shepherd's Life." Here is a work that inspires one to an appreciation of the simple beauty of the pastoral calling, and yet when one attempts to explain its charm one gives up in despair. There is in these pages a delightful style and conceit, and one reads with sheer pleasure the quaint anecdotes and rich descriptions of the South Wiltshire downs. There is an abundance of rippling humour, and one drinks

*de Cressi*, the poor youngest son of it in as one does the sunlight of a spring morning. The author has a profound reverence for the sheep-bell, and a paragraph suggested by it will suffice to give an idea of the book:

"He thinks a great deal of his bells. He pipes not like the shepherd of fable or of pastoral poets, nor plays upon any musical instrument, and seldom sings, or even whistles—that sorry substitute for song; he loves music, nevertheless, and gets it in his sheep-bells; and he likes it in quantity. 'How many bells have you got on your sheep—it sounds as if you had a good many?' I asked of a shepherd the other day, feeding his flock near Old Sarum, and he replied, 'Just forty, and I wish there were eighty.' Twenty-five or thirty is a more usual number, but only because of their cost, for the shepherd has very little money for bells or anything else. Another told me that he had 'only thirty,' but he intended getting more. The sound cheers him; it is not exactly monotonous, owing to the bells being of various sizes and also greatly varying in thickness, so that they produce different tones, from the sharp tinkle-tinkle of the smallest to the sonorous klonk-klonk of the big, copper bell. Then, too, they are differently agitated, some quietly when the sheep are grazing with heads down, others rapidly as the animal walks or trots on; and there are little bursts or peals when the sheep shakes its head; all together producing a kind of rude harmony—a music which, like that of bagpipes or of chiming church-bells, heard from a distance, is akin to natural music, and accords with rural scenes."

These lines give one a new vision of nature, and indeed the whole book imparts a fondness for green hills and outdoor creatures. (London: Methuen and Company).

\*

IN "Red Eve," H. Rider Haggard has out-Haggarded Haggard. "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" are, for strange adventure, pretty hard to beat, but for a really exciting book, bristling with thrilling incidents and valorous deeds, get "Red Eve." The heroine of the story is called "Red Eve" on account of the cloak she wears; she is a beautiful girl who loves and is loved by *Hugh*

*de Cressi*, the poor youngest son of a merchant. But *Sir Edmund Acour*, a wealthy French knight, is also anxious to make her his wife, and the base way in which he brings about his desire, the dangers *Hugh de Cressi* faces in order to be revenged, and the crafty way in which *Sir Edmund* avoids meeting his enemy are matters of emotion and excitement that keep one wholly interested to the end. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

\*

THE effect of reading in "Joey the Dreamer," Henry Oyen's description of the slum life of a great city is shown in the question prompted towards the close: "What are we going to do about it?" The author depicts very vividly what the day's work means to many submerged men, women, and children, and he suggests the country as a remedy. Of course, everybody knows that the country is a remedy, but how to get these people to the country is the problem. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

HERETOFORE the novelist Leonard Merrick, who has an excellent reputation in England, has been almost unknown in America. Now, however, he has been taken up seriously by a New York publisher, so that we may expect to see his books in the best shops. But to many Western readers his style will not please, although he has style and flashes of genius. His latest novel, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," makes one think of Joseph Conrad's superb symbol, "Youth," merely because of the names. But the two books are vastly different in style as well as in theme. Mr. Merrick brings a young man of

thirty-seven back to England and creates in him a longing for the scenes and experiences of his youthful days. The first few chapters are delightful. They describe the return to Sweetbay and the unsuccessful attempts to restore the glamour that glorified the place when he was a lad. From Sweetbay this jaded man goes on from the scene of one *amour* to another, trying, as it were, in a new way, to find the fountain of youth. The narrative seems to descend in tone as he proceeds, and we feel that the author has drifted away from the fine, big universality of his theme. But it is bright, clever narrative, and the quest concludes with an impression that the man has recovered his youth in the realisation that he is young just as often as he falls in love. It is a splendid theme, and even if the author has not developed it so as to please individual critics, it is a novel well worth reading in order at least to keep in touch with the literary bent in England just now. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley).

\*

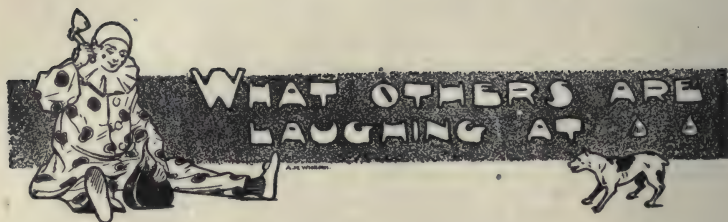
QUOTING George MacDonald: "If instead of giving a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels, I suppose, must give." The makers of the "Calendar for Saints and Sinners" have given excellent material for every day of 1912. (Chicago: Forbes and Company).

\*

CONSTANCE GARNETT'S translation of Count Leo Tolstoy's colossal novel, "War and Peace," has been issued in a popular edition and in one volume. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).







#### HOW IT HAPPENED

Condescending Chappie—"I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before."

Nervous Host—"O, yes, very likely. It's my house."—*Sketch.*

\*

#### BUSINESS

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the pockets of the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a traveling salesman from New York, who, when his turn came, fished out \$200, but rapidly took \$4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the robber, as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer: "Mine frent, you surely would not refuse me two per zent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?"—*Fun.*

\*

#### BREAKING THE I-C-E

When Alice Jones was eighteen she became Miss E. Alysse Jones. When she went to enter a college she was asked her name by the dean. She replied:

"Miss E. Alysse Jones—A-l-y-s-s-e."

"Yes," said the dean; "and how are you spelling 'Jones' now?"—*Tit Bits.*

#### PUZZLING

Mrs. A.—"They say your Ned's wanted by the police."

Mrs. B.—"Well, there's no accounting for tastes."—*Punch.*

\*

#### EXPLAINED

"Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—*Judge.*

\*

#### UP TO DATE

Showman—"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Aztec giants, descendants of a long-extinct race!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

\*

#### ACCURATE

A Brooklyn Sunday school teacher once had occasion to catechise a new pupil whose ignorance of his Testament would have been amusing had it not been so appalling. One Sunday she asked the little fellow how many commandments there were. To her surprise the lad answered, glibly enough, "Ten, ma'am." "And now, Sammy," asked the teacher, "what would be the result if you should break one of them?" "Then there'd be nine," triumphantly answered the youngster.—*Fun.*



PATIENT: "I've been awfully troubled lately, doctor, with my breathing."

DOCTOR: "Hum! I'll soon give you something to stop that."

—Punch

#### A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

Inquiring Visitor—"Yesterday you appeared as a fire-eater—to-day you are an Eskimo swallowing raw, frozen fish."

"Yes. My doctor ordered a change of diet."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

\*

#### GROSS FAVORITISM

"Talk 'bout railroads bein' a blessin'," said Brother Dickey, "des look at de loads an' loads er water-melons deys haulin' out de State, ter dem folks 'way up North what never done nuthin' ter deserve sich a dispensation!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

\*

#### ODD TASTE

Mother (to inquisitive child)—"Stand aside. Don't you see the gentleman wants to take the lady's picture?"

"Why does he want to?"—*Life*.

#### FORESIGHT

"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestryman, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'm going to preach on the subject of economy."—*Stray Stories*.

\*

#### A TONGUE TWISTER

Sir Robert (as sudden scurry is heard)—"What was that?"

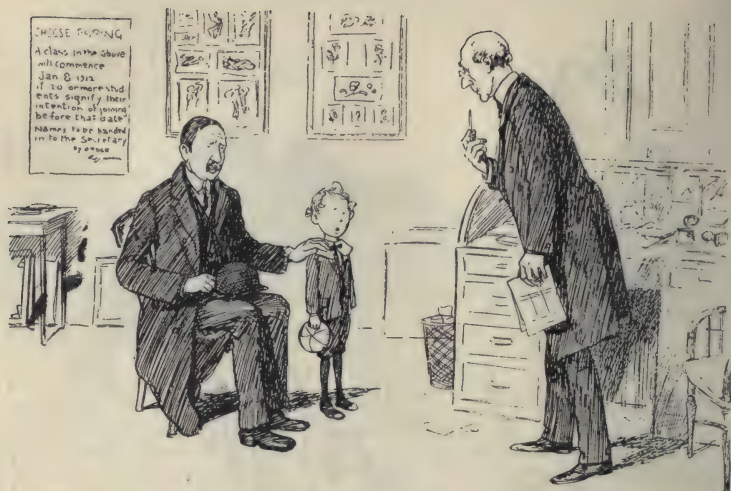
Nervous Loader—"O-only a robert, Sir Rabbit!"—*Punch*.

\*

#### THIS IS DREADFUL

Young Lady—"You say you were on a raft for six weeks, and had nothing to eat but mutton. Where did you get the mutton from?"

Old Salt—"Well, you see, Miss, the sea was very choppy."—*Sacred Heart Review*.



#### OUR POLYTECHNICS.

INQUIRING PARENT; "My boy wishes to become a lion-tamer. Have you any class in that subject?"

SECRETARY: "No, not at present; but if we could get together a sufficient number of pupils—say twenty—the Board might be induced to entertain the idea."

—Punch

#### NOT THE SAME

"Queen Mary," said the teacher to the class in the history lesson, "loved France so much that she declared the word Calais would be found written on her heart after she was dead."

Pausing a moment the teacher looked at a boy steadily.

"Jimmy Smith," she said, "you were not listening."

"Oh, yes, I was," Jimmy replied.

"Well, what did Queen Mary say would be found written across her heart?"

"Kelly," was Jimmy's triumphant reply.—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

#### A KNOCKOUT

Wife (complainingly) — "You're not like Mr. Knagg. They've been married twenty years, and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender."

Husband—"Tender! Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water that long."—*Zion's Herald*.

#### THE TRIAL COURSE

"I'm afraid you may think we are giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host, as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is, my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fish-bone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

#### A WINNER

"Boy, take these flowers to Miss Bertie Bohoo, Room 12."

"My, sir, you're the fourth gentleman wot's sent her flowers to-day."

"What's that? What the deuce? W-who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't send any names. They all said, 'She'll know where they come from.'"

"Well, here, take my card, and tell her these are from the same one who sent the other three boxes."—*Tit-Bits*.







SQUAW AND PAPOOSE  
FROM A PENCIL DRAWING BY  
FREDERICK S. CHALLENGER



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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## THE KING'S PREROGATIVE

BY EDWARD ST. JOHN-BRENON

ACCORDING to the statute law of England, as cited by Blackstone and others, so supreme is the prerogative of its King that it is more than human understanding can comprehend as appertaining to a mere man. It is absolutely divine. It seems to be without any limitations whatsoever. Besides, though being a constitutional monarchy, it is in theory a despotism, uncontrolled by law, giving the Sovereign such rights over the lives and properties of his subjects that in arbitrary power, if it were exercised, would surpass that of the most autocratic of the Cæsars or the most absolute of barbaric or Oriental rulers.

After due deliberation in Parliament, and with the full acquiescence of the three estates—the King, the Lords and the Commons—there have been placed on our statute books a record of the rights and prerogatives which the people of England have conferred upon their chief rulers, and such further extension of these, as has been delegated to them by prescription and by ancient custom. So copious and far-reaching are they

that if we take them, whether in their spirit, or literally, we must find it impossible to believe that those on whom these extraordinary and absurd prerogatives are bestowed are mortal like ourselves, or belong to the human race.

In the laws of England it is solemnly set down, and complacently accepted by the legal theorist, that the King can do no wrong—a statement which delighted the most pedantic and priggish of our rulers, James I., to repeat in its Latin form for the edification and guidance of his obsequious courtiers, and for the gratification of his own vanity, "*Rex peccare non potest!*" The King of England is invisible. He is present in every court of law in his kingdom at the same time, yet he will not appear in a court of law. Last year, however, King George V. took an action for criminal libel against one Edward F. Mylius for assisting in the publication of a statement that he was married to another wife, a daughter of Admiral Seymour, before he married the Princess Mary of Teck. He brought the action by his



Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs. Mylius was sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

The King's person is inviolable, though he may be condemned to death, and be executed, as were Richard II., Edward II., and Charles I., or driven from the throne like James II. He is, in his utterances and judgments through his judicial ministers, infallible, though their utterances are frequently inconsequent and their judgments reversed. He is perfect, and the personification of all that is perfection. He is possessed of immortality; for he never dies (our lawyers are so astute and precise that they never speak of the King's *death*, they speak of his *demise*. He is ubiquitous. He can think no wrong thing. He cannot intentionally commit an improper act. His will is arbitrary and irresistible. He can never be considered an infant, a lunatic, or a traitor.\* He is the Minister and Substitute of the Deity, or Divine Power.\*\* All his subjects are under him; he is only under God.

All crimes committed are committed against *him*, and any evil that accrues from their commission it is solemnly asserted affects him; hence it is that the prerogative of mercy and pardon belongs to him, seeing that he is the general conservator of the public peace. Further, by law he owns all the soil—is absolute feudal lord of every inch of land in the countries over which he reigns, and, if he choose, he can take his subjects' properties from them; but he does not dare to choose, or elect, to do so—it would inevitably cost him his throne and possibly his life.

Ridiculous as this may seem, it is the law, is still on the statute book,

and has never been expunged or abrogated. It has simply, in the lapse of centuries, passed into desuetude.

The King is the fountain of all honour and dignity. He has no soul; and at one and the same time is ideal and artificial; and being such, as well as soulless, cannot be subjected to spiritual censure. In this he is like a corporation and a parson. But the King has no limitations, as a parson has; for the parson is bound to preach, to pray, to bestow benediction and general absolution. He, however, is not credited with being omnipresent, as the King is, neither is he perfect in act, belief, or opinion, as is the King; but, like the King, the parson never dies. Like mystic attributes belong to corporations according to English law.

Notwithstanding the divine attributes which England's laws assert belong to its Sovereign, we are told that he exercises his regal functions in a three-fold capacity: (1) He is the representative of the whole State, (2) he represents the Constitution as a political whole, (3) he is a natural man—an ordinary human being. Yet he cannot, under any circumstances whatsoever perform the simplest political act without an adviser who is responsible to Parliament—to the nation—for its performance, and who in his turn is responsible to the nation and the Parliament for its consequences when it has been performed.

It is also a generally accepted belief, and one which is supported by statute law, that the King has at his disposal the armed forces of the nation, that all the military castles

\*Edward V. was, however, an infant; George III. a lunatic; and Charles I. a traitor, in fact, but not according to our laws!

\*\*Among the titles given to the English Kings and Queens were those which were meant to convey to the minds of their subjects their almost divine position. They were addressed as "Your Grace," "Your Majesty," and were spoken of as "the Lord's Anointed," "the Vicegerent of God upon earth."—Brougham's "Political Philosophy."

and fortresses and ships of war are his, that he can of his own will declare war, or conclude peace, and bind his subjects to any contract or treaty with another nation or nations.

Once Queen Victoria, at the instigation of her Prime Minister, Gladstone, exercised her royal prerogative—over-riding the expressed will of the majority of her Commons and Lords—and with the stroke of her pen abolished the purchase of commissions in the army.

And, further, the Sovereign possesses a power which, during the late reign, has given great satisfaction to the people, more because of the great personal popularity of King Edward than to the practical truth of the constitutional postulate. The King is the actual delegate and true representative of England to all foreign powers; his ambassadors and ministers only can speak to alien sovereigns by his permission and under his direction; and all his acts, whether for the good or ill of the Empire, are legally the acts of the nation.

So ingrained into the minds of the English people is this belief in the supreme ambassadorial prerogative of their King that they were persuaded that King Edward in his many visits, up to his death, to various rulers on the Continent accomplished by himself, and of his own initiative, without consulting his responsible minister or ministers, treaties and friendly political combinations which had in view the general happiness or welfare of the contracting nations.

That the amiability of King Edward, his geniality, and humanity helped to smooth over many difficulties which arose from national selfishness, or prejudice, cannot be denied, and must be graciously accorded to him. But when we come to examine the wide abyss there is between the Sovereign's prerogative and his power, we will see that the

English King really is not the ideal King of the Lawyers—above the law; but the real King of our Constitution, and as such, subject to the law and *the Servant of the Nation*.

With all these abnormal prerogatives which belong to the King as the sovereign ruler of the British Empire, he has after all actually no *sovereign* power. Pym, the man who was such a mighty constitutional influence in the Long Parliament, in speaking of the extraordinary acts of Charles I. and the real power appertaining to the King at that time, said: "I know how to add *Sovereign* to the King's *person*; but not to his power—sovereign power; for he never possessed it."

It was his endeavouring to maintain against his Parliament the supremacy of his prerogative which caused that revolution of the Commons and the Lords which brought about the undoing of Richard II., and obliged him on his return from Ireland to renounce the Crown, thereby anticipating his absolute deposition by Parliament. Yet, according to the law, as it exists in the statutes, the King of England cannot command himself to do anything. We, however, have another example to the contrary, in the self-deposition of Edward II., of the King commanding himself to resign the crown.

It will be a matter of interest for the casual student of England's Constitution, and to the ardent political aspirant who talks of the *latent* powers of the King and the Government, to know that they have no *latent* powers—their powers are conspicuously *patent*, a fact which is evidenced during the sittings of the British Parliament daily at question time. It may be said that certain ministers on occasion have delegated to themselves powers of a certain latent order, as, for example, when Lord Palmerston sent arms to the revolutionaries in Sicily during the

first revolt against Ferdinand I., commonly known as Bomba; but for which he was sharply brought to task in the House, and ultimately obliged to apologise to it for this act of sympathy with the insurgents, who rose against a King whom Palmerston and the British people both hated and despised.

In our day, with so constitutional a Monarch as George V., the question of prerogative, as vested in him by law, is never likely to arise. If it did the people, first by their representatives in Parliament, would answer it by citing ancient customs and chartered privileges which had grown up, or were granted, to assure the people's liberty, and created to check, or annul, the royal right of prerogative if an effort should be made to exercise it.

All Sovereign authority is vested in the commonwealth—not in the King individually and singly, but in the King, Lords and Commons conjointly, with, as a matter of fact, really very little of the King, the overwhelming authority having been till lately with the two lower estates—that of the Commons by custom and constitutional right preponderating, for according to our laws and time-honoured usages, the Commons not only can dethrone the King and abolish the House of Lords, but it can by vote, on having warned the country of their reformed policy to modify the legislative powers of the Upper House and curtail its powers of veto, and this it has done effectually within the last few months. Here, it may be added, that the sword which is carried at the Coronation is emblematic of the right of the bearer, or those whom he represents, to restrain the King should he fall into errors of Government. This restraining, or warning, symbol, like many other symbols which we hear of, and see, has little effect on the general public mind, because the gen-

eral public is ignorant of its meaning and warning signification.

Having stated those which are the legally ideal prerogatives of the King of England, it now behoves us to cite in like detail what are his powers in the fulfilment of his sovereign duties—powers which are recognised and accepted by Parliament and the people, or in other words by the people's supreme representatives, who for the time being are the King's Ministers, and the true administrators of the State.

Although by a legal fiction the King is the State, the Ministers are only responsible for the acts of the Sovereign—not to him, but to Parliament; and to it, and it alone, must they be accountable for all they do in the name, and with the consent, of the King. Aware of this, the witty retort of Charles II., when it was reported to him that a certain noble of his Court said of him that "he never said a foolish thing and never did a wise one"

("Here lies our Sovereign lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never says a foolish thing,  
And never does a wise one.")

—Rochester.)

will be appreciated, for he replied, "Well, that is possibly true; for all my words were my own, but my acts were my ministers'." One of those acts for which his ministers were responsible was one of the most absurd that ever was placed on the statute book, *viz.*, that it was unlawful "on any pretence whatever" to take arms against the King, even on his own authority, or on the authority of those to whom he delegated it. The absurdity of this act was accentuated by the fact that by a subsequent revolution his brother James II., as well as the Stuart dynasty, was driven from the throne and into perpetual exile.

As the King is the Fountain of Honour, it is the general belief that



it is he who confers all titles and dignities on his subjects—in fact, that he makes this one a peer and that one a baronet or knight, and of his own will confers on whomsoever he wishes the various decorations belonging to the numerous orders which have from time to time been created by the Sovereign, or his responsible advisers, in the British Empire. Of these decorative distinctions, and orders of Knighthood, there are more in England than in any other country in the world, which is doubtless due to the enormous extent of our Empire, and the almost abnormal desire which the people of Great Britain and her Dominions beyond the Seas have for titles and stars, chains and parti-coloured ribbons of the many orders which are supposed to endow with honour and social precedence—and, as a matter of fact, do so endow them—the recipients of these baubles.\*

It is true that the King, following the advice of his principal Minister of State, that is to say, the Prime Minister, who is responsible for all the King's acts, confers these high honours, and summons from time to time, as occasion serves, or gratitude for political services rendered obliges, certain favoured Commoners to the House of Peers, who, according to their patent, are either hereditary or life—life peerages being only a creation of Parliament in the latter portion of Victoria's reign—as well as choosing others, for principally financial services rendered, or from ministerial caprice, on whom to bestow those and the minor dig-

nities which are so coveted by a certain order of men—for the most part by wealthy upstarts, who generally are men of mean intellect and who purchase their honours by prodigally contributing to their political party's funds. It is, however, not really the King who confers even the highest honours; it is the Prime Minister. He suggests their conference to the King, and the King, as a constitutional monarch and the faithful "Servant of the Nation," obeys. The rest then is done by the Home Secretary who, though it is little known, is the King's principal Secretary of State. All peerage patents are passed by him to be impressed with the Great Seal, having, however, been first presented to the King for his signature (called Sign manual) and subsequently countersigned by the Home Secretary. As soon as the Great Seal is attached, the patent of nobility is returned to the Home Office and by the Secretary sent to the person for whom it is intended.

It will be in remembrance of many that there appeared accounts in the newspapers of July 28th, 1889—the day following the marriage of the Princess Louisa of Wales with the Duke of Fife—of how the Earl of Fife—an Irish peer—rose from the Royal wedding-breakfast-table a Duke of the United Kingdom, as if he were so created on the impulse of the moment by Queen Victoria then and there—or, in other words, that she did something which came as a surprise on all immediately concerned and interested, as well as on the public.

This dramatic situation was foisted

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\*There are sixteen orders of knighthood and distinction, which are not hereditary and for men only. They are the Garter, Thistle, St. Patrick, Bath, Star of India, St. Michael and St. George, Indian Empire, Victorian Order, Distinguished Service Order, Imperial Service Order, The Victoria Cross, Order of Merit, Albert Medal, St. John of Jerusalem, New Zealand Cross, and Knight Bachelor. The first eight and the last give the holder the right to the title of "Sir" and his wife that of "Lady"—as with Baronet—the lowest hereditary title. Besides these there are three exclusively for women:—The Victoria and Albert, the Royal Red Cross, and the Crown of India.

on the public and fostered by an affectedly ingenious press as a fact. It, however, was not so. The elevation of the Queen's grandson-in-law to the dignity of a duke, was a thing arranged a long time beforehand, having first been consented to by the Prime Minister, and then carried through, with all due secrecy, by the Crown Office in Chancery under the supervision of the Home Secretary, so that the announcement of it in the theatrically effective way it was done by Queen Victoria came as a pleasing surprise to her Majesty's faithful and ever-admiring subjects, and in such fashion was it intended by her that it should reach them; for it is because of a people's ignorance that rulers rule so easily and that one strong mind dominates thousands and governs a nation. After all, the elevation of the Earl of Fife to a dukedom was a social necessity, and, as a matter of course, was a foregone and fitting conclusion to the ceremonial legalising such an union; the more especially as he was a cousin through a daughter of William IV. and Mrs. Jordan—the actress—only a few degrees removed from his royal consort, the present Princess Royal of England.

According to law, as I have already stated, the King owns and directs the army and navy, and can make war or conclude peace as he wills. Happily, however, it is only "according to law." But the fact which is known to every, and the most casual, student of the British Constitution, is that he cannot constitutionally control in any way whatsoever the military services of the nation, nor declare war, nor conclude peace. This power is delegated to the ministers directing these departments, who in their turn are responsible to the Prime Minister, as the delegate of Parliament, and to whom belongs the real power of controlling everything that appertains

to the administration of the State.

It is a matter of general, or common, knowledge that until the Army and Navy Estimates pass the House, the huge machinery which urges our State affairs cannot be said to be in working order, and even the prerogatives of the King are then stricken with legal paralysis, and his powers checked by the politically deleterious palsy of fiscal impotency.

Although by law the King possesses the supreme prerogative of pardon for crime, or the commutation of death sentences, he cannot exercise this without the consent of the Home Secretary, on whom solely depends the recommendation that a free pardon, or a commutation of the highest penalty of the law, or that a reprieve shall be granted to the condemned individual. When a death sentence is commuted, or a reprieve granted, the Home Secretary is the sole arbiter; and the statement which we see published when such takes place "that the King has on the recommendation of the Home Secretary been pleased to commute the sentence of so and so," is not in harmony with facts; for the King is never consulted in the matter. It is only in the case of a free pardon that the sign manual to the warrant is necessary, which always, however, must be countersigned by the Home Secretary. Here the royal power is shown to be effectively concomitant with kingly prerogative, inasmuch as a Pardon removes all civil disabilities and disqualifications, which are not always removed, even when a criminal has expiated his crime. This has often been seen in the cases of Irish political prisoners who have been elected members of Parliament.

The King has powers to bestow on whom he will the honour of knighthood. But this, save in the Knighthood Bachelor and the Victorian order, he never does on his own initiative, and even in the

bestowal of these he exercises his power only at rare intervals and under exceptional circumstances, and where spontaneous action by the Sovereign accentuates the honour conferred.

Offices which are in the immediate gift of the King he even hesitates to fill without first consulting with his responsible Ministers. The late Queen, after her early experiences and differences with her ministers on such-like appointments, ultimately came to recognise that to fill such offices according to her own selection, and without advice sought in the proper quarter, was an improper use of her powers and exceeded her customary Constitutional rights. One incident within my own knowledge, which I will here mention, will show how cautious the Queen became, lest in so small a matter she might be thought to have been exercising her high influence unduly. The assistant librarianship of Windsor Castle became vacant and a French gentleman who had been tutor to the daughters of the Duke of Hesse and of Princess Alice, wrote to one of the young princesses (the Grand Duchess Sergius) to ask her to try to induce the Queen to give him this minor appointment. As Monsieur Henri Conti was a great favourite with the princesses, the Grand Duchess requested, as a personal favour, that the Queen would give the position to the gentleman named, who, by the bye, was well fitted for it. The Queen at once replied to her grand-daughter's letter, regretting that she did not under the circumstances (which were that a certain autocratic Prime Minister—Mr. Gladstone was the minister alluded to—was at the head of the Government) like to suggest Monsieur Conti for the office, as she was sure he would not get it, being certain the minister she named in her letter would not consent to give it to a foreigner.

It was not, however, without a hard fight for what she considered her royal prerogative and rights—her first being with Sir Robert Peel, who, on his accession to power as Prime Minister, demanded that the young Queen should dismiss all her ladies of the bedchamber—that Queen Victoria ultimately came to a full sense of her constitutional authority and its limitations, a belief in the omnipotence and divine supremacy of which she inherited from her by no means highly intellectual or immaculate Hanovarian ancestors; and which belief was fostered in the earlier years of her reign by her mother, her uncles, and the usual crowd of court sycophants who are always the worst enemies of young and undisciplined rulers.

It is often with truth asserted that King Edward was England's best ambassador, and that by his frequent visits to other sovereigns he succeeded in extending and cementing alliances in a way his own ambassadors and ministers could never have done, and thus, as has already been stated, was assured a good understanding between Great Britain and other nations which could never have been accomplished by its diplomatic representatives.

That the glamour of the King's presence abroad and his genial intercourse with the sovereigns and ministers of other countries had a good effect on the general mind and foreign public opinion, cannot be denied; but it was an effect more sentimental than practical or real, although it not infrequently helped to smooth the way for active and serious negotiation by the Foreign Secretary.

But the King never allows his prerogative to encroach on his recognisable constitutional powers, and under no circumstances would he assume the delicate, and at times dangerous, responsibilities of his Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, seeing



that if, even with the best intentions, a false step were taken it would be the minister, and not the King, who would have to explain the political error to Parliament and suffer its censure and the consequent punishment. There are numbers—not to say the greater part of the English people—who imagine that during the late King's visits abroad, when he spoke with his brother rulers and their great officers of State, he discussed international policies and fiscal reforms, and went sometimes as far as the laying down of a plan or plans of commercial treaties and alliances that would reciprocally benefit England and the country of the sovereign he was visiting. Though this was a harmless belief, or rather a harmless hallucination, and took possession of unreflective minds, solely because of the King's extreme popularity, it was nonetheless a foolish one, and was inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Constitution, as understood and accepted to-day by the greatest parliamentarians and constitutional lawyers.

Under no circumstances can the King treat with foreign Sovereigns without the acquiescence, and it may be broadly said, by the consent and on the advice of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Another thing little known is that all private letters received by the King from other Sovereigns discussing policy must be given to his Foreign Secretary or Prime Minister for perusal. This obviates the possibility of the King treating with foreign powers politically of his own initiative or independently of his ministry. The historical student will remember that all letters written to and received from foreign potentates

by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were given to the Queen's ministers to read, a fact which is mentioned by Sir Theodore Martin in his "Life of the Prince Consort."

In former times the King of England governed through his ministers—now it is reversed; *for it is the ministers who govern through the King*, and this is the very essence of England's system of Parliamentary control of the affairs of State—a method which insures peace of mind in ruling to the Sovereign and happiness and contentment to the various peoples who are subject to the government of England's King.\*

In the exercise of the powers vested in him the King never seeks the support of his prerogative, as laid down in the statute books of the realm (although in the early part of her reign Queen Victoria did, erring in this direction through ignorance of her true position), knowing, as he does, that they are obsolescent, or have fallen completely into desuetude, owing to the liberties acquired by the people, and the more general diffusion of education amongst the masses, who, with the most intellectual of the upper classes, deride and condemn the moral absurdity of most of these quaint and untenable legal prerogatives appertaining to the Sovereign. It is for this reason that the ruler of the British Empire is so well-beloved by his subjects, is the object of admiration and respect of all the contemporary sovereigns and the envied of many, a few of whom still with unreasoning tenacity, notwithstanding the revolutionary trend of public thought as to monarchical rule, affect to believe in the divine right of Kings and hold, with Solomon, that a divine sentence is, in their lips.

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\*It will not be out of place now for me to state that King Edward strongly sympathised with Mr. Parnell's struggle for Home Rule for Ireland, and that he was at heart a Home Ruler. This was well known by his intimate friends, but never was advertised beyond whispers and hints palpable in their meaning.



NEW YORK, FROM THE CORTLANDT STREET FERRY

## THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ETCHINGS BY JOSEPH PENNELL

**I**T does not matter from which angle you approach New York, whether from the sea, from Jersey, from the East River, or from the two great terminals in the heart of Manhattan, you cannot get behind its guard. It is impossible to come upon it unawares, to find it asleep, to discover it acting without self-consciousness. It faces you from every angle. Its pretences are never down.

This is not to say that it is a mere pretender, that it gains credit under false practices or that it seeks to mislead you. But New York, unlike London, overdoes the old admonition of putting the best foot forward; it puts everything to the fore on which it thinks you will give

it the slightest credit. If New York died New Yorkers—its children—would preserve the memory of its inner weaknesses sacredly. All the world knows, and all it will ever know, is the superlatives which the great city chooses to show. When New York cannot point to the tallest, the richest, the poorest, the dirtiest, the most notorious, and the most beautiful as being within its own borders it will pass out.

One of New York's superlatives is Light. This implies also the reverse, Shadow. The peculiar formation of the buildings gives infinite variety in the display of the natural lighting effects. Sunlight, dusk, moonlight, the stars, and the dawn play upon

New York as upon no other city. But lest this should not be enough, New York hastens to employ artificial light, some of it good, some bad. Whether you find the city under natural or manufactured light, it is still the same city, posing for the stranger, anxious to make an impression upon any and all comers.



UNION SQUARE AND THE BANK OF THE METROPOLIS

For instance, London accepts the coming of night as a matter of course. The shadows creep into the streets from the country lanes, climb up and out of the Adelphi arches, slide down the east sides of buildings, march out from under the arch in Ludgate Hill, and enmesh the whole city without an effort. At twelve o'clock you cannot order anything more to eat in the ordinary London café. At one the streets are almost still. At two the city sleeps, having gone to bed like an old man, realising the goodness of sleep, welcoming it,

drawing the blinds and snuffing candles in order to bring it on. But New York, perhaps on account of its youth, wards sleep away, sets flaming ares to keep off the night, and strings itself with necklaces of incandescent lamps as charms against the darkness. New York has never learned to rest. It does not know the beauty of sleep. Having attracted to itself the eyes of the New World it fears to relax lest in its sleep it might snore, or let its mouth open, or do some other thing, perfectly natural, but undignified. One might be led to imagine that a guilty conscience underlay this fear of darkness or that the great city had some enemy to fear. It is not so, however. New York is merely young: it has the qualities of a young woman maturing too quickly and marked with misguided tastes, and who is, nevertheless, beautiful.

When writers fail to find any other word to apply to down-town New York they speak of "the Canyon," of Broadway or of Wall Street. This is because canyon is an exceedingly good word. There is no other word which will express what is required to be expressed quite so accurately. It is only in a canyon that the sun could give such effects of light and shadow; only in a canyon that such sounds would come, concentrated, from the river of souls, as it washes down Broadway, swirling against cheap shop windows, pausing in eddies by the theatre door, or plunging swiftly across the intersections. From the top of the Singer Building you may look down into the chasm and out over the roofs, over the North River, where the Cortlandt Street ferries struggle with the tide, and up, across the backs of the herd of buildings browsing on Manhattan to where the rich make merry and fools bury their heads in gayety lest they should see the coming of Death. From such a



height the pit is very black. Men are very small—so small that a thimble would hold enough Comedy, Tragedy, and, what is worse, plain Mediocrity, to sicken the bravest. The tower of the building seems somehow endued with something more than a material quality. It has the nature of a strong man among weaklings, of a philosopher among children. And in describing the lights of New York it seems natural to begin first where it stands.

From the street one sees New York as all pygmies see it. I crossed by the Hudson tube the other night, and after emerging from the terminal in order to find the Subway up-town, I found myself at the foot of the Singer Building. Underneath lay new snow turning to slush. Between snowflakes and sticky raindrops the air had an added quality of refraction, so much so that there was a red halo about distant lights, and the sky was tinged pink against the clouds. But up, up and up still higher, overhead, the tower of the Singer Building hung bathed in light. The base was in comparative darkness; high buildings reaching a third of the way up to the tower were black; so that the top of the tower dwelt in a glory of its own. The concert of lines and angles stands out in glowing detail. The whole floated above the shadowy side of the canyon as though it were some resplendent galleon of the air anchored by the beams of the search-light projectors concealed below.

This is a very pretty light; other lights there are less exalted. The lights on the great buildings are removed, or seem to be removed, from the touch of human affairs. These are proud lights, aristocrats of light, used purely for ornamentation. Up there, in the upper airs, they converse upon the affairs of men, look wisely down into the Pit and sigh in commiseration of the people there

below. The lights on the flagstaff of the Metropolitan signal across to the Singer Tower, and both hold converse across the North River with the Colgate clock in Hoboken. They pick up the lights of incoming craft, gathering news before the reporters get aboard the liners or the Customs



LOWER BROADWAY

have inspected the tramp from Ecuador. There are strata of lights just as there are strata in our social arrangements and our intellectual affairs. There are cliques and varied groups among them. Those that are high enough may venture to discuss world affairs with the Singer Tower and the Metropolitan flagstaff. Those in the next rank, such as are perched on the eaves of lesser buildings have their own spheres of observation, thought and conversation. The advertising signs in Broadway have their circle. The shop lights have theirs. The ferry lights intercept lofty communication going across the

North River and try in a vague way to keep posted on the things of the upper air. In the underground rail-ways the signal lights hold solemn discussions above the flash and glare of the passing trams. In the pit where the new Grand Central is being erected forge fires gibber in a



PARK ROW

gypsy tongue to the astonishment of the meek lights in the cheap apartments round about. And so, down the scale the society of lights falls, down to the Friday candles burning in the East side and the evil gas jet whistling a hideous air in the fetid room of garment-makers. These are not all. I have missed the theatre lights, the glaring lamps in cellar cafés, and the pink-tipped joss-stick burning (for the edification of tourists) before the gods in Mott Street.

I have forgotten the depraved, but good-natured, lights in the gambling clubs, where the fat wives of brokers engage in poker; the doss-house flickers; and the long, white procession going up both sides of Fifth Avenue. I have forgotten even the sun, which is the god of them all, before whom all other lights blink and fade in awe, except the heathen little lights who live in dark places under cellars and behind walls, and who know no god—no sun.

If you pursue Houston Street, in the east of Manhattan, you come to the place where countless barrow merchants have lined their carts along the curb to catch the business of the East side shopper. Each barrow has its gasoline flare, swearing and cursing to itself as the wind banters it. The light, fading into smoky blackness at the end of the flame, falls upon the faces of the shoppers peering out of the comparative blackness of the sidewalk into the circle of light on the barrow. They can over the wares in the barrow, socks or shirts, laces or gaudy ornaments. They buy, they disappear. Along the inner side of the sidewalk labourers sit warming themselves—of a spring night this is—about pots of glowing coals, which glare angrily down at the flag-stones in the sidewalk as though between their hot selves and the cold stones the same hate existed as between the half-naked Hebrew agitator burning out his soul in the wind of his own passions, and the dull bourgeoisie, the flag-stones of society.

Against the curb, on some side street where the barrows have not found trade to be good, the children of the East side light bonfires of orange-wrappers. Attracted by the brightness, mothers and brothers descend from the upper stories of that black interior and cluster, like evil excrement, about the narrow doorway. Orange-wrappers, wherever they come from I do not know, make

an excellent fire. They provide fun for the children and a little warmth.

In the shadow cast by one of these fires I found a policeman leaning with his back to the wall of a tenement building. His stick was behind him, his hat tilted, his body bent back, indolently.

"See that woman and that man!" he snarled, pointing.

I saw.

"Humph!" with a chuckle, "she's tryin' t' get into that tenement with that feller. She lives there. She's only got one way of livin' and it's against the law. Law says some things ain't allowed in tenements. That's why I've got my eye on her. She can't get in. See! I've kept her from gettin' in—with anyone—f'r ten days. She's got kids. I guess she needs the money. But my duty is my duty. Humph!"

The woman was standing at a little distance from the fires. Skulking



THE TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK



THE STOCK EXCHANGE

near her was a man. The man was impatient, asking questions, wanting to know why she wanted to wait by the fire. The woman, hiding a certain ire and exasperation, gave him answers as best she could. Presently I saw her whisper to the man. He moved stealthily toward the door of the tenement, alone. The woman passed him as though she had not seen him and stepped boldly in, unheeded by the little crowd about the doorway. After it had swallowed her the man edged nearer, and nearer, till with a grunt the policeman emerged from the shadow.

"Get out of it," he said.

"Out of what?" growled the man.

"Out of that woman's house, you hear! You don't live here. You got no right there. Now beat it!"

The man disappeared.

Presently the woman emerged, looked cautiously around, looked twice, looked a third time, asked a question from the lounging group





THE FOUR-STOREY HOUSE

and sprang out, crossing close by the fire, across to the policeman, who had resumed his post. He smiled as he saw her coming.

"You!" she cried.

"Hello, Liz!"

"You——"

The rest I did not stop to hear, except for a broken word or two.

"I gotta," she pleaded.

The officer laughed.

"I'm starvin'!"

"Then square it," retorted the man.

After that, I learned, this unhappy woman "squared it." There was no more trouble about the people she brought home with her, caught by her looks in the light of the barrow lamps.

There is a certain restaurant in that quarter which was once almost famous for its dollar-fifty dinner—with wine in patent bottles. At this place visitors once washed away the

taste which Houston Street, at night, leaves. That is no longer fashionable nor even remarkable. Without it the lights of Houston Street are almost unpalatable.

Daylight is the last phase of New York. It is the most prosaic: in the morning New York is dull, at noon mediocre, at dusk changing into dinner dress. Daylight in New York is like a mother estranged from her children. The dawn comes up tenderly, full of hope, with dimples and soft places in its arms where a tired little city might rest. Noon is the mother's realisation of defeat, and the sunsets—which nobody sees, except for the glow on the west walls of the taller structures—are her departures. Other cities welcome daylight. Men write poems to it, and fools in the East have worshipped its source. New York is as yet too fond of artificial things to know better. Some day she may mature, and the rising sun shall not be disappointed.



FORTY-SECOND STREET

## THE BLIND SAILOR

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

"Strike me blind!" we swore.  
God! And I was stricken!  
I have seen the morning fade  
And noonday thicken.

\* \* \* \*

Be merciful, O God, that I have named in vain.  
I am blind in the eyes; but spare the gleam in my brain.  
Though my footsteps falter, let my soul still sight  
The things that were my life before you hid the light.

Little things were they, Lord, too small to be denied:  
The green of roadstead waters where the tired ships ride,  
Bark and brig and barkentine, blown from near and far,  
Safe inside the spouting reef and the sobbing bar.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, leave my memories bright:  
The twisted palms are clashing, and the sand is white.  
The shore-boats crowd around us, the skipper's gig is manned,  
And nutmegs spice the little wind that baffles off the land.

The negro girls are singing in the fields of cane,  
The lizards dart on that white path I'll not walk again,  
The opal blinds melt up at dawn, the crimson blinds flare down,  
And white against the mountains flash the street-lamps of the town.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord, spare my mind to see  
The shimmer of the water and the shadow of the tree,  
The cables roaring down, the gray sails swiftly furled,  
A riding-light ablink in some far corner of the world.

Leave to me my pictures, Lord: the islands and the main,  
The little things a sailorman must out to see again;  
The beggars in the market-place, the oxen in the streets,  
The bitter, black tobacco and the women selling sweets.

I have fed my vision, Lord; now I pray to hold  
The blue and gray and silver, the green and brown and gold.  
I have filled my heart, Lord; now I pray to keep  
The laughter and the colour through this unlifting sleep.

\* \* \* \*

"Strike me blind!" we swore.  
God! And I am blind!  
But leave me still, O Lord,  
The pictures in the mind!



## A MINOR POET

By GEORGIA DAVIES

WITH all his wistful heart he prayed  
To find the one he longed to serve;  
Although his quest seemed all in vain  
His pure allegiance did not swerve.

To be her humblest servitor,  
If she would grant the lowest place;  
And then—reward for toiling years—  
One night he saw her long-sought  
face!

Not clearly, but as golden moon,  
Her glory veils in cloudy skies,  
He dimly felt a presence, saw  
The brooding splendour of her eyes.

Mysterious eyes, in which he read  
All joy and sorrow felt by man;  
Each aspiration, glory, shame,  
Each heart-throb known since time  
began.

With reverence he drew him near  
And worshipped at his lady's feet;  
Her mantle's hem he touched, and  
thought  
The long years' recompense complete.

Since then, a slave to service sworn,  
Men scoff, he listens not to them.  
Her happy thrall! For once he saw  
Her face and touched her garment's  
hem.



# THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS

ADAPTED AND PUT INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY ARTHUR STRINGER  
FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO FONTANA

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## SECOND PERIOD

### ŒDIPUS AT COLONUS

*On the left is a cypress grove, leading to a hill, on the summit of which stands the Temple of the Furies. At the foot of the hill is a mysterious crevice, holding the iron door termed by Homer "The Ramea Threshold," leading down to the Underworld, the Hell or Erebus of the Greeks. The sacred stone, to warn passers-by of the presence of a temple, stands at the entrance to the cypress grove.*

*On the right there is a figure of Hermes, the guardian deity of Attica, cut roughly out of wood. The action takes place in the month of April, the people being gathered to celebrate the anniversary of their goddess. In front of the figure of Hermes young girls are dancing. Towards the centre stands a huge peach tree, in full bloom, and underneath it a rustic bench, where Menecles sits. Everything is bright with flowers and blossoms and garlands, and from the distance can be seen the towers of Athens and blue stretches of the sea. It is early afternoon.*

MENECLÉS. (*Singing or chanting to low music.*)

Spring, Spring has come again! The golden Spring  
Has brought earth's music back, and we must sing,  
The tender grass and buds, the softening bowers  
Where flute the birds, the waving seas of flowers,  
The fluttering petal and the murmuring stream,  
The radiance, and the gladness, and the dream!  
And hearts that never loved to-day shall wake  
And cry for love. . . . And hearts that knew the ache  
Of other loves shall love against their will.

SIMETA. How sweet beyond the blossom-smothered hill  
The nightingale is singing!

AN OLD WOMAN. (*Smiling.*)

Sweet its strain

Since back it comes to its old love again!

MENECLÉS. (*Musingly.*)

And hearts that never loved to-day shall wake  
And cry for love! . . . And hearts that know the ache  
Of other loves, shall burn again with love!

BATTO. Behind my little cottage, high above  
 Its eaves, there towers a sullen walnut tree  
 That watches for the Spring right cautiously,  
 And shows no bud till certain of the sun.  
 My tree has blossomed. . . . Winter must be done!

MENECLAS. It must be over . . . when the sun is high  
 The herds, unshorn since Winter, gladly lie  
 Where cool the shadows fall!

AN OLD WOMAN. Two days ago  
 The bees began their buzzing to and fro!

SIMETA. (*Prostrating herself before the image of Hermes, first placing  
 a sacrificial fowl at its foot. She sings mournfully to the sound of  
 music.*)

Athena, listen how my love was born:  
 I kissed young Daphnis and he came to me,  
 When no one knew. . . . And I was left to mourn!

Athena, listen how my love once came:  
 'Tis many a month since he has asked for me—  
 If I were dead, to him 'twould be the same!

Athena, listen how my heart is torn:  
 They tell me he has other loves to see—  
 O Goddess, help a maid thus left forlorn,  
 That I with drugs may charm him back to me!

(*Simeta returns to her other companions.*)

THE SHEPHERD BATTO. (*Prostrating himself in front of the figure of  
 Hermes, and offering a young lamb.*)

Bacchide ne'er will love me, though I strove  
 With sighs and tears and gifts to win her heart!  
 Well, love I ask not for . . . if but her lips  
 And her young body, white and beautiful,  
 Be once surrendered, Goddess, to these arms  
 That ache for her! Then I could rest content  
 With empty words, and kisses that were cold!

(*He returns to the neighborhood of the other shepherds. Simeta  
 and the other maidens bring a basket of fresh strawberries to  
 Meneclases.*)

SIMETA. This crown we offer to the King of Song!

BATTO. (*And the others, bringing with them to Meneclases a sheepskin.*)  
 And this we offer to the selfsame king!

MENIPPUS. (*Advancing, with a pretence at drunkenness, chants the fol-  
 lowing, accompanied by a reed-pipe.*)

Since Truth, they say, lies deep in wine,  
 —And I am drunk—each word of mine  
 Pray listen to sincerely!

I met you, maid, a year ago;  
 —And if I never told you so—  
 I loved you, deep, and dearly!

But now my love comes burning through  
The lips that I bend down to you—  
I tell the secret gladly!

And since my lips are warm with wine,  
—And since your mouth is close to mine—  
I love you, love you madly!

THE PEOPLE. (*Gaily, as Menippus goes back to his place.*)

Well done, Menippus! That's a song for Spring!

TIONICO. (*Advancing, followed by two shepherds, who play his accompaniment on bag-pipes.*)

A bee, most sadly stung with love,  
Flew frantic home, and sighed thereof:  
"How can a touch that barely prick'd  
So deep an ache as this inflict!"

And Phryne answered laughingly:  
" 'Tis strangely like you, little bee,  
This puny Love that you have met,  
Whose sting can leave such deep regret!"

THE PEOPLE. You, Shepherd, you shall have the prize!

(*They all cluster about Tionico, and push him in front of Menecles, who hands the prize out to him. As he does so, Antigone and Œdipus have entered from the forest, on the left, but no one catches sight of them. Antigone helps her father to a seat on the Sacred Stone.*)

ANTIGONE. Ah, father, you are tired! Here, in my arms  
Lean back and rest a little!

ŒDIPUS. Where are we?  
One whom we met said this was Attica,  
So Athens must be near.

ANTIGONE. (*Gazing about.*) It is a land  
All full of flowers. . . . Yes, yes; 'tis true! I see  
A long way off, some city's walls and towers!

ŒDIPUS. I hear, above, the murmuring of leaves!

ANTIGONE. Yes, we are close beside a cypress grove.

ŒDIPUS. (*Starting.*)  
A cypress grove, you say?

ANTIGONE. (*Still gazing about.*) Yes, by a hill  
That falls away, as though into a pit.

ŒDIPUS. (*Meditatively.*)  
And on the hill-top, what?

ANTIGONE. There stands a temple.

ŒDIPUS. (*Strangely perturbed.*)  
There stands a temple? Then we first should ask  
If we dare rest here! See you anyone?

ANTIGONE. I see some shepherds. (*Perceiving Menecles, who, having caught sight of them, advances to meet them.*)  
One is coming here.



MENECLÉS. Out, strangers, from this grove! The very stone  
 You rest on, vagrant, should have told you this  
 Was sacred ground, kept clean and holy for  
 The watching Goddesses of Earth and Air!

BATTO. (*Approaching them, as Œdipus starts up.*)  
 You are, sir, in Colonus, and there stands  
 Its temple!

SIMETA. And the mystic door that leads  
 Below the earth, to Hell, is near you there!

ANTIGONE. (*Seeing Œdipus grow pale.*)

What is it, father?

ŒDIPUS. (*Aside.*) 'Tis the prophecy!  
 The prophecy that once the Gods sent down,  
 And to the bitter end must be fulfilled!

(*To Antigone.*)

Come, let us leave this grove . . . guide me away!  
 (*Antigone guides the steps of Œdipus, and they both cross the  
 meadow. Œdipus seats himself under the great peach tree, all in  
 bloom.*)

SIMETA. (*To the others.*)

You see . . . the man is blind!

THE OLD WOMAN.

They bring ill-luck

Who were unlucky!

MENECLÉS.

Yet for all his rags

He is no common man!

TIONICO. (*Aside to another shepherd who has come nearer Œdipus.*)

Go not so near!

SIMETA. See what a tender and imploring eye

The young girl has!

BATTO. (*To Œdipus.*)

Were you born blind like this?

ŒDIPUS. No . . . once I saw.

MENECLÉS.

Just when, sir, were you born?

And in what city?

(*Œdipus starts, but does not answer.*)

MENECLÉS.

Why, too, do you go

Thus like a beggar?

ŒDIPUS. (*Hesitating.*)

I am an exile. . . . Nay,

Ask nothing more of me, I beg you, sirs!

MENECLÉS. All people here in Attica are kind

Of heart, so tell us more.

BATTO.

Yes, tell us more.

ŒDIPUS. Both cursed and sad my cradle was!

BATTO.

And then?

ŒDIPUS. (*Sadly.*)

What shall I tell them, daughter?

MENECLÉS.

Let us know

Your father's name.

ŒDIPUS.

O daughter, daughter, what?

MENECLÉS. (*Bluntly.*)

Some answer, quick, or on your way you go!

ŒDIPUS. (*Trembling.*)

Have you not heard of him, the son of Laius!

SOME OF THE PEOPLE. (*Horried.*)

Of him, the son who killed his father?

OTHERS.

Him,

The wicked beast. . . .

ŒDIPUS.

The wretched Œdipus!

THE PEOPLE. Are you that man?

ŒDIPUS.

I am!

THE PEOPLE.

Away from here!

ŒDIPUS. (*Imploringly.*)

But see, I still am innocent!

THE CROWD. (*Threatening.*)

Go! Go!

ANTIGONE. (*Falling on her knees before them.*)

Oh, mercy have for him . . . some pity show

To this poor blind old man, so worn with tears,

And toil and wandering, he cannot stand! . . .

So weighed with sorrows, that, before his time,

He totters, old and broken, to the grave! . . .

See, on my knees, I beg that you will hear

These words before you turn away from him! . . .

A poor old man. . . . I plead for him alone!

My eyes look into yours as though we all

Were of one family, and knew our own. . . .

Have mercy on my father, hold him dear

As all your riches, as your kin, your Gods,

For it was truth he spake when he declared

That he stood innocent!

(*She rises and goes to Œdipus, and clasps him in her arms. The people are much moved.*)

ŒDIPUS.

Antigone!

The only light of my poor darkened eyes!

MENECLÉS. We pity you, indeed, and yet we feel

That unto Athens you may bring ill-luck.

ŒDIPUS. Nay, not ill-luck! But news, good news, I have,

If only your great King will harbour me!

MENECLÉS. (*To Batto.*)

Quick! Go to Theseus, and but beg of him

To come and settle this!

(*Batto goes out. All the others approach Œdipus, who is still sitting under the peach tree, caressing his daughter Antigone.*)

MENECLÉS. (*To Œdipus.*)

And if our King

Receives you as a guest, we bow to him.

SIMETA. And you shall rest in peace amid these hills

And happy meadows, till your final day.

TIONICO. And you shall hear the herds across the fields,

And then the nightingales across the dusk.

MENIPPUS. And Bacchus, ivy-crowned, through vineyards dance!

SIMETA. And see the ivy cling most tenderly  
About the silvery olives.

TIONICO. Sweet the air,  
And earth is overburdened here with flowers,  
And careless fruit, and wine keeps young the heart!

MENECLAS. And he who was the plaything once of Fate  
Shall here find peace.

BATTO. (*Entering.*) I met the King himself  
Advancing unto us. He comes to hold  
The Feast of Athens here!

MENECLAS. (*To Œdipus.*) So now, if truth  
You spake, you soon shall cry your news aloud!  
(*Enter Theseus and Ismene, followed by foot-soldiers.*)

ISMENE. (*Beholding and embracing Œdipus and Antigone.*)  
O Father! Sister!

ŒDIPUS. Child!

ANTIGONE. Ismene, you!

THESEUS. (*Pointing to Ismene.*)  
She to the Palace came, and I set forth  
To seek some news of Œdipus.  
(*While Ismene is talking with Œdipus and Antigone, Menecles speaks aside to Theseus.*)

ISMENE. When last  
From you I heard, a secret message said  
Your steps would soon turn here towards Attica.

THESEUS. So to the herdsmen here I bade her come,  
For long before we in the Palace learn  
What pilgrims are approaching, **shepherds know**  
Just who has passed along each country road,  
And you, sir, by your woeful figure touched,  
I ask, what help of Athens you desire?  
I, too, have been a stranger in a land  
That loved me not, and all my life has been  
A thing of bitter struggle and unrest,  
So when it comes within my power help  
And offer shelter to an exile here,  
I am most happy. . . . And I know your trials,  
O noble Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. Good King, indeed,  
'Tis they who suffered once can understand  
The man who has not walked with Happiness!  
One question I must ask Ismene here,  
Before the little I desire is said.

(*Turning to Ismene.*)

What new misfortune brought you out to us?

ISMENE. My mother sent me.

ŒDIPUS. Oh, unhappy one,  
Yet innocent! When I remember all  
Her greater sorrows, I forget my own!



ISMENE. And now her heart is wrung by this mad fight  
Between her sons!

ŒDIPUS. Two ingrates, both of them!

When I, worn out by years of wandering,  
Went back to Thebes, that I at least might die  
In some dark corner of my own old Court,  
They drove me from my kennel like a dog!  
. . . O kind and gentle daughters, without you  
I should be in my grave this many a day! . . .  
May evil hours wait on those sons o' mine!

ISMENE. As you ordained that last black day in Thebes,  
First Polynices into exile went—  
For one long year in Argos. Then he asked  
(A year of kingship for Eteocles  
Had come and gone), the sceptre as his right,  
And straightaway was refused. So now they rage,  
And ery for blood. . . . But Thebes still hates a war!  
The city has decreed that to the son  
Who brings to Thebes his father Œdipus,  
Alive or dead, the sceptre shall be given.  
So high and low they seek you, road by road,  
And land by land! And even Creon left  
Our city, on this frenzied search for you!

ŒDIPUS. The villain I was fool enough to leave  
Unerushed! Alive or dead they take me not!  
For, daughter, mark these words: Atonement here  
I unto Fate and Furies still must make.  
So in clean water lave your hands, then go  
To their white temple, and three goblets take  
Of water mixed with honey, pouring it  
About the altar draped with olive boughs;  
And there repeat my name in voices low  
And come to me without a backward glance!

(*To the shepherds.*)

And one of you, sirs, kindly go with them.

THESEUS. You go, good Menecles.

(*Antigone and Ismene, with Menecles, go out into the forest.*)

THESEUS. (*To Œdipus.*) How can it be

You hunger not for your own land again?

ŒDIPUS. I went back once, and they would have me not!

THESEUS. He is not wise who shakes at Fate his fist

And hugs some ancient wrong!

ŒDIPUS. Stop! Judge me not

Until you know what I have known of grief!

THESEUS. Yet of your own free will a throne you left!

Œdipus. Ah, mad I was! With shame and anguish mad

That bitter day, when Creon struck the blow

That crazed my mind. But I have come to know

His black and traitorous heart. And if I went

To Thebes at his soft bidding, mad, more mad,

I still would be! Yes, better far it is

That I should die here . . . leaving you good news!

RATTO. Already of his promise he has told,  
To give this news to you.

ÆDIPUS. And I shall keep  
That promise. . . . Once to me Apollo spake  
In prophecy, and said that should I chance  
To reach this Temple of the Furies here,  
My life and all its misery would cease!  
The sign would be a thunder-bolt from Heaven,  
The Earth would open, and, as through a door,  
I should pass down unto the World of Ghosts!  
But if Athenian hearts had welcomed me  
Before I passed away, 'twas prophesied  
That Thebes, until her earth my body holds,  
Shall never conquer Athens!

THESEUS. But at peace  
Are Thebes and Athens!

ÆDIPUS. True! To-day they stand  
Close friends. But Fate forever brings its change  
To all things mortal, and, alas, no man  
Knows that so poignantly as Ædipus!

THESEUS. (*To the shepherds.*)  
You heard him speak?

THE SHEPHERDS. Our guest you here shall stay.  
THESEUS. That also is my counsel. (*To Ædipus.*)

From this day

All Athens shall protect you.  
(*Enter Creon, accompanied by a party of Theban noblemen.*)

CREON. Do the Gods  
Here at Colonus shelter earthly souls?

ÆDIPUS. (*Starting.*)  
His voice! (*He trembles, and gropes towards Theseus and a  
group of the shepherds.*)

Good friend, this hour the Gods will know  
If truthfully you promised!

THESEUS. (*To Creon.*)

Who are you?

What seek you here? The King of Attica  
Addresses you!

CREON. (*Proudly.*) Creon, the King of Thebes,  
Ambassador for young Eteocles,  
I stand before you. We are here as friends,  
For Thebes is friend to Athens, and we know  
Your valour and your might. I come alone  
To carry back to his own native land  
One Ædipus.  
(*To Ædipus.*)

See, I would take you back. . . .  
Come home, unhappy soul, that knows no rest,  
A wistful country looks and waits for you;  
And I, your friend and kin, who ache with pity  
Far more than others could, I ask it, too!  
You wander homelessly with but this girl

To guide your steps . . . and what a dreary life  
 It is for her, the daughter of a King,  
 A brother on a throne, and yet to spend  
 The best of all her life along the road,  
 A beggar, open to the shame and taunt  
 Of any passer-by—yes, bitter shame  
 For more than her, than you—for all your house!

ŒDIPUS. You, you, to whom no thing shall sacred stand!  
 How craftily with these soft words of yours  
 You gull, and hoax, and dupe, and bait me on,  
 That I may be your prey! But now I know  
 Your guile, you liar and deceiver! Oh!  
 Oh! I shall strip you naked to the world!  
 When Laius met his death you hoped to reign,  
 But I it was that overcame the Sphinx  
 And won the throne. And cunningly you kept  
 Your smiling way, and patiently did wait!  
 My blood is quick, and quick I was to see  
 Your tainted soul corrupting Delphi's law!  
 You probed into the past, unknown of me,  
 And strove to terrify with omens ill  
 The people of my Thebes and cause my fall,  
 And though not King of Thebes, its master grew,  
 Because still young my children. When they came  
 To manhood, you contrived to make them hate  
 My name, and hate their own! And now you ask  
 That I go back to Thebes, close at your side,  
 Without defence, and blind—TO MEET MY DEATH!  
 So that when brother fights with brother there  
 The throne of Thebes shall fall to you! All vain  
 This trickery! 'Tis here, here, I remain!

CRÉON. You shall not stay!

ŒDIPUS. Here I remain!

CRÉON. You shall

Go back to Thebes with me!

THE VOICE OF MENECLÉS. (*From the forest.*)

Help, friends! Help! Help!

THE PEOPLE. Whose voice is that?

(*Meneclés enters, white-faced and frightened, running from the forest. The crowd surrounds him.*)

THE PEOPLE. What now? Quick, quick! What now?

MENECLÉS. Oh, terrible it is!

(*He is so weak and horrified he cannot go on. Some of the shepherds force him into a seat.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*To Batto.*) Who then came here?

BATTO. 'Twas Meneclés.

ŒDIPUS. (*With a cry, trembling, groping towards Meneclés.*)  
 Alas! My daughters? Speak!

MENECLÉS. Unhappy father!

ŒDIPUS. Speak, speak! Tell us all!



MENECELES. We had no sooner pierced beyond the hills  
 Than on us fell a band of ruffians.  
 They seized the girls, thus, smothering with their hands  
 Each cry of terror. Then they carried them  
 Across the wooded hills—I know not where.

ÆDIPUS. My children! Oh, my children! . . . Save them, sirs!  
*(Menecles and the People retire up the stage, muttering.)*  
 An insult this to Athens!

CREON. No, to Thebes  
 It may mean safety!

ÆDIPUS. Ah, you ! 'Twas you did this!

CREON. It was my deed. I had them borne away!

THE PEOPLE. An outrage, this!

CREON. You, Theseus, are a King,  
 And you can understand how little things  
 Must bow before the welfare of the throne!  
 Thebes now is over-run with hate and ruin,  
 And only the return of Ædipus  
 Can still deliver us. I journeyed here  
 To beg for that return, and he refused!  
 I feared this thing—and back to Thebes this day  
 His daughters shall be borne, at my command.  
 If he still loves those daughters, he will go  
 Where they are gone . . . and so against his will  
 Must save our stricken city!

ÆDIPUS. Oh, to-day  
 I know what anguish is!

THESEUS. *(To Creon.)* 'Tis savages  
 Endure such violence, such robbery!  
 Athenians, never! We defend the weak  
 And innocent, and every scoundrel crush!

CREON. But stands he not a scoundrel, Ædipus?  
 The whole world knows that he his father killed  
 And lived in incest!

ÆDIPUS. *(Tumultuously.)* No . . . you are the black  
 And crawling, snake-like scoundrel, thro' and thro'!  
 Breathe not one word against me, perjurer!  
 Was't by my wish, or through blind accident  
 I killed this father that I knew not of?  
 Why charge to me, to my own will, this act  
 That more than odious to me has seemed?  
 What fault of mine was it, that ere I breathed  
 The breath of life, some Delphic oracle  
 Should tell my father that a son of his  
 Must slay him?

And what fault of mine was it,  
 That when the womb delivered me, I grew  
 To manhood, knowing not my father's name,  
 And on the road one night I met a man,  
 White-bearded, all unknown to me, who struck

Me on the head, and I in rage struck back  
 And killed him, dreaming not the man I faced  
 Was my own father? Was that fault of mine?  
 Would you, who prate of virtue, when you felt  
 A blow across your head, first turn and say  
 "Is this, by any chance, my father strikes?"  
 No . . . never! . . . This the cruel story is,  
 And tho' my father stepped from out his tomb  
 He could deny no word of it. No more  
 Am I consumed with shame, remembering  
 My mother, who your sister is as well.  
 She dreamed not of the mockery that I  
 Should be her son. . . . And you, if you that day  
 Knew all the bitter truth, and held your tongue,  
 Then on your head fall every foulest name  
 You fling at me!

THE VOICE OF ANTIGONE. (*Without.*)

Where is he? Father! Where?

ŒDIPUS. (*Uttering a cry of joy*)

I hear the voice of my Antigone!

(*Enter Antigone, running from the forest. She flings herself into the arms of Œdipus.*)

THESEUS. (*To Creon.*)

Well can you thank the Gods your evil plot  
 Has failed, and failing, saved you from our wrath!

CREON. Say out your say, and we in Thebes shall know  
 Just how to act!

(*Exit angrily, with his noblemen.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*To Antigone.*)  
*silent.*) Oh, speak!

Ismene, where is she? (*Antigone is*

ANTIGON.

Dead! She is dead!

THE PEOPLE.

Dead?

ŒDIPUS.

Say not dead!

My daughter dead!

(*Œdipus falls to the ground. Antigone and the others lift him to the seat under the peach tree. He comes slowly back to consciousness.*)

ANTIGONE.

They carried us away

By force. A youthful Theban saw us pass  
 And, with an angry cry, rushed out at them,  
 With "Cowards only outrage women thus!"  
 They laughed back in his face. But he drew forth  
 His sword, and slew the man who carried me!  
 Then quick he turned to where Ismene stood;  
 But all at once, the man flung out his axe,  
 His cruel axe. From off the Theban's breast  
 All sheathed in steel, it glanced and struck and killed  
 Ismene!

ŒDIPUS. (*Rising and crying.*)

Once! But once, her father still

Must touch her brow!

(*Enter Haemon, with shepherds, carrying the body of Ismene.*)

ANTIGONE.

They bring her body here.

ŒDIPUS. (*Assisted by Antigone and Theseus, gropes his way to where Ismene lies, and kisses her dead face. Then he holds his arms on high, in impassioned imprecation.*)

O Zeus, if it is true that thou art just,  
As I believe, with some vast punishment  
More cruel far than mine, strike down the one  
Who caused this death. . . . Blight him, and all his race!  
(*Haemon, at this imprecation, covers his face with his hands.*)

ANTIGONE. (*Observing Haemon.*)

O, father, say no more! . . . Have pity here  
On Haemon!

ŒDIPUS. (*Starting.*)

Haemon, son of such a sire!

ANTIGONE. He stands close by you. . . . 'Twas my life he saved!

ŒDIPUS. (*Struggling to control himself.*)

Come near, young man, and let me touch your brow!  
(*Haemon approaches Œdipus, and the latter is about to embrace him, when he suddenly draws back.*)

No, no . . . a touch from one long luckless brings  
Ill-luck! Vile would I be if I should wish  
More evil days on one of such a house. . . .  
No; no . . . you saved my child Antigone!

HAEMON. I ask no day more golden than this day,  
When I have seen once more the brooding eyes,  
The fair and mournful face of her who walks  
So wrapped in beauty. (*His eyes are on Antigone.*)

Sweet Antigone,

From that first hour you left the silenced Court,  
Where we, as children, played so happy once,  
From that first day you shared such sufferings,  
My heart has followed, mile by weary mile,  
Along your journeys!

(*A sudden roll of thunder is heard above the Temple.*)

ŒDIPUS. Hark! A thunder-bolt!

The sign! This is the sign that I must die!  
To-day I pass the door mysterious,  
And go down to the world of ghostly things  
And make my peace with Fate!

THE VOICES OF THE FURIES. (*Calling out of the distance.*)

O Œdipus!

O Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. Hark! 'Tis the merciful

And waiting Goddesses that call for me!

ANTIGONE. But I must go with you!

ŒDIPUS. (*Embracing her.*) That cannot be!

No, sacred light to my poor blinded eyes,  
The hour has come when we must say farewell!  
You loved me greatly, and to ease my pain  
You bade good-bye to all your girlish joys,  
To every wish that women hold most dear,  
And with an humbled father humbly walked,



To help and shield him, beg his daily bread,  
 And pillow on your shoulder, young and soft,  
 This aching head, turned white before its time!  
 My sorrows have been great, but greater far  
 Has been your goodness and your gentleness!

THE VOICES OF THE FURIES. (*Seeming nearer.*)

Come, Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. (*Freeing himself from Antigone.*)

King Theseus, citizens

Of Attica, and you, who saved my child,  
 Still guard her, and my daughter that is dead  
 Commit to earth!

THE VOICES OF THE FURIES. (*Still nearer.*)

We still are waiting thee.

ŒDIPUS. You, Theseus, you alone companion me

Out to Ramea's Door mysterious,  
 The Door that, like a pit, leads down to worlds  
 That shadowy ghosts inhabit. You alone,  
 I ask, shall know where this worn body rests.  
 Antigone, and you, good people, peer  
 Not after me, on this last pilgrimage!

(*Antigone and the crowd fall to their knees at a second roll of thunder, turning their backs, as Theseus offers his hand to Œdipus. The two kings walk slowly towards the higher ground, at the back of the stage, Œdipus stopping now and then, with his rapt face towards heaven, in wonder. Then they kneel.*)

HAEMON. (*To Antigone.*)

Antigone, before some voice of death  
 Falls like a shadow 'twixt your face and mine  
 Still hear me!

ANTIGONE. (*Absently, in anguish.*)

I shall see him nevermore!

HAEMON. Nay, rise, and listen to me!

ANTIGONE.

I shall hear

His voice no more!

HAEMON.

Mine, mine would comfort you!

ANTIGONE. I shall no longer slowly guide his steps,

Nor break his bread for him, nor watch his sleep!

(*She starts half to her feet, crying aloud.*)

O Father! Father! (*There is no answer.*)

Nay, he hears me not!

I am alone . . . in all the world alone!

HAEMON. No; Thebes awaits you, still your mother waits;

The brother that you love still looks for you—

Poor Polynices, who would shed the blood

Of his own people . . . and you still can save

His honour and his name from such a blot.

ANTIGONE. (*Reprovingly, bitterly.*)

Those woes are far-off things, of other worlds!

But here I dare not turn my eyes to look

Upon a dying father. . . . Sacrilege

Or not, I still shall look!

HAEMON. (*Gently restraining her.*)

Flaunt not the wish

Of one who faces death. . . . But, hark! he speaks.

ÆDIPUS. (*Turning back from the higher ground.*)

Be happy in your world of light and song,

Yet in the midst of all your merriment,

A little think, at times, of Ædipus!

(*The scene slowly becomes darker.*)

I need no longer now an earthly guide . . . .

For through my very blood there creeps and burns

Some god-like calm, some knowledge infinite!

(*He turns again, with arms upraised, his voice low at first, but slowly growing stronger and stronger, until his last words. He stands erect, sure of himself, flinging away his staff. Theseus waits some distance behind him, reverently, in awe.*)

I come, a Shadow, to the shadowy door.

Deny me not this death, this crown of peace;

Shut me not out from this dark Court, where Death

Will never drive me from a second throne!

For I, a blind and beggared King, with tears

Have washed away my guilt. And now I come,

By Fate quite humbled, broken . . . blind . . . no, no . . .

Not blind! (*With a great cry.*)

The light! The light! I see again!

(*A third roll of thunder sounds, and in the cloud that follows a second great burst of light, the body of Ædipus disappears from sight. For one moment, before passing, the upturned face of the blind King is transfigured. The people kneel, awe-struck, terrified.*)

#### CURTAIN.

(*To be concluded in the April Number.*)



# A CHAT ABOUT OUR RURAL HOTELS

BY FRANCIS A. CARMAN

THE country inns of which Dickens has made us so fond, with their blazing open fires, the jollity of Mine Host, and their homelikeness, are gone even from Merrie England. We have never had them in the bustle of the new world, and we would not care in this climate to go back to the open wood fires. But I had the pleasure early last autumn of a tour through our five eastern provinces, which gave me a wide experience of the hostels in our smaller centres, and I am happy to report that, though the jollity of Mine Host may be a rarity—one finds and appreciates it occasionally—the homelikeness, the best of the characteristics of the English inns, is not at all wanting from our rural Canadian hotels.

Just by the way, I hope no offence will be taken at the use of the term "rural." I mean to include the caravanserais of our towns and smaller cities, as well as those to which the word might more strictly apply. I know of no other word that comes so near to my meaning, and besides the country inns of which Dickens wrote were often situated in centres more populous than all but our largest centres.

I was talking about the homelikeness of our Canadian hostels. I met the quality in every one of the five provinces we visited, but nowhere was it more in evidence than in the quiet

town of Harriston, where we spent a Sunday in August. We were travelling with the present Premier on his tour. Coming from the larger cities of the Dominion, we were inclined to look upon a Sabbath in Harriston as a dull affair. However, we "seen our dooty and we done it noble" and the reward was quite up to what the story books tell us.

Our dwelling-place was unpretentious enough. It lacked running water and the other conveniences of city life, though they were about to be installed. Its furnishings were not elegant. But from the moment we entered the door we were made at home. Everybody connected with the house seemed to be at our disposal all through our stay, and the rules were turned topsy-turvy for our accommodation. To begin with, we arrived late for dinner. I think we were on time at supper, but that was the only meal we took within regulation hours while there. Nevertheless, not a hint was there that we were causing inconvenience. Sunday morning we slept in late. In fact, some of us intended to miss our breakfast. But would Mine Host consent to that! Not he. Dinner would be late, he said, and so upstairs he went and personally explained to the delinquents. Meanwhile, he kept the dining-room open, and breakfast was served till close upon noon. In the afternoon we were taken by the Mayor and the



local member for a drive to a pretty lake in the woods ten miles away, and returned late for supper. It was served as if it were nothing out of the regular, although our trim waitress, who appeared to be a relative of Mine Host, had to stay home from church in order to accommodate us.

Our sojourn in Simcoe—down near the shores of Lake Erie—stays with me because of the friendliness and the chattiness of Mine Host. He was one of the jolliest of his race that we met throughout our tour. He stood behind his desk and swapped stories by the hour. He hugely enjoyed a part he played in a good-natured practical joke on one of our party. The customary dispute as to the size of the audience at the political meeting had waxed high that night, and it was continued on the way to the hotel afterwards. One Liberal had put the attendance down to fifteen hundred. His Conservative opponent averred stoutly that it was five thousand. Finally they agreed to leave it to our host, who had not been at the meeting, but who would know the capacity of the rink. So to the hotel hied the two disputants. They put the question.

"Ten thousand," was the prompt reply of Mine Host. And he firmly continued to maintain, amid shouts of laughter, that ten thousand tickets had been taken in for a hockey match at that rink last winter.

I remember Simcoe also, because I had there called to my attention a phenomenon, which is not rare, but which is much less prominent, I think, in Ontario than in the Maritime Provinces. This is the classification of hotels on political lines. In Simcoe the Conservative leader made one hotel his headquarters; the Liberal chieftain patronised the rival hostel. I have run into a striking instance of this down at the end of the Dominion. Baddeck, besides its attractions as a summer resort, has two

hotels. They frown at each other across the main street. One is the Conservative house and the other the Liberal. Of course, summer visitors rudely violate tradition. But a native of Cape Breton would no more think of staying at the hotel of the opposite political stripe than a fish from the Big Bras d'Or would think of taking a journey on the Intercolonial. The County Council of Victoria meets in Baddeck, and the staid Gaelic councillors invariably split on political lines in selecting their hostelry.

My native province is leading me into ways of garrulity, but before I desert her I want to tell an incident which throws a bright light upon the peacefulness and good order of the county seat of Oxford. In Woodstock there is a time for everything, as saith the preacher, and especially is there a time for sleep. In fact, this custom is so well established there that sharp upon midnight the hotels close not only their bars, but their doors, and woe be to the belated guest who is so "Unwoodstockian" as to be out after that hour. The railways are so well aware of this rule that they do not stop any of their trains at this burgh during the night. Now, it so happens that political meetings are sometimes late, and it also sometimes happens that scribes have to work after the meeting has closed. No, I will not listen to any other explanation, for the scribe in question was one of the most orderly and exemplary. One would almost have thought that he must have been born in Oxford. Be that as it may, he wandered along to our hotel some time after the witching hour, and found it all locked up. Curiously enough, there happened to be out at that hour, "mirabile dictu," a citizen. He promptly came to the rescue.

"If you cross the square and go down the main street," he said, "you will probably meet the night watch-

man somewhere there. He can let you into the hotel."

The scribe thanked the citizen, but the hour was late for a promenade, and by some strange accident another hotel in the neighborhood happened to be open. He went in there and slept peacefully.

Of the inns of Quebec I had but three days' brief experience, and that was limited to the Eastern Townships. That is a narrow basis for judgment, but I regret to report that my eight-years-adopted province did not hold up its end very successfully in competition with Ontario or with the Maritime Provinces. In nearly every instance, however, Mine Host was trying to entertain wholly abnormal crowds, and much was to be excused. Besides, almost everywhere there was no doubt about the good-will of the host. He went out of his way to accommodate us. Just one instance of this: From Shefford we had a long drive in the early morning to catch a train into Sherbrooke. Three of our party had left their overcoats at home, and Mine Host promptly provided substitutes out of his wardrobe. I am glad to say that we sent back the borrowed garments with thanks by the driver who took us across.

In a couple of cases I noticed a tendency—which was surprisingly rare in the tour—to raise prices during the temporary influx of visitors. In one town where this was done, the effort to give the minimum and get the maximum was so exhausting that it attenuated the supply of eatables, and it was difficult to say which was the wider the pie or the fork with which one ate it.

In another instance, there was failure to agree on rates among the various operators behind the desk, and the upshot was an agile effort to find reasons, which was fully worth the money. There were three in our party. Two of us took rooms and made up some sleep we had lost the

night before. We all three had dinner. Our bills were respectively forty cents, seventy-five cents and a dollar. The bills were paid at divers times, but the last happened to be paid in the presence of all. Explanations were sought.

"Why was my bill seventy-five and his only forty?" was the first question.

The difference was the price of the room, thirty-five cents. That seemed easy.

Then the other man who had a room wanted to know why he had had to pay a dollar.

"Your room was on the first floor and was fifty cents," was the reply.

"But then," objected he, "I paid fifty cents for my dinner and the others paid only forty."

It seemed a sticker. But not for that clerk.

"The guests on the first floor are supposed to have better service," he said.

We couldn't ask more. Our "mid-riff's deep distress," as Kipling has it, was too deep.

We left Quebec with a kindly feeling for Mine Host of Megantic, who gave us as friendly and kindly a welcome as his brother boniface of Shefford. In New Brunswick we found the same kindly welcome awaiting us. Sussex—where we spent the night on our way to The Island—gave the climax. Our hostel there was more like a big homelike boarding-house than a hotel. All the rooms were taken, too, chiefly by permanent lodgers. But Mine Host found a way out. One of the lodgers was away for the night, and the good wife quickly fixed up his room for my accommodation. While I waited, the private parlour of the family was at my disposal, and, though I had only two meals in the house, I was allotted my own place at the table. The food was plain, but attractive and wholesome, and the guests sat around

large tables, which would have given us an excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted.

Our first stopping place on The Island—that is how the natives refer to the Province of Prince Edward—carried the impression of homelikeness a step further. Here we went upstairs to the hotel office, which was presided over by a lady. One of our party here was an Islander, and his footing there did not seem to be at all commercial. Mine Hostess greeted the strangers, too, in very friendly fashion. I imagine there was a "closing hour" at this hostelry, as there was in Woodstock, but at least it was not so early as the Ontario burgh's.

In Souris we had dinner in a home-like, but up-to-date hotel, where the cooking was of the "home-made" order. The capital city of Charlottetown provided a good city hotel, and then we crossed Northumberland Strait to the mainland of Nova Scotia.

Again experience of the "rural" hotel was sparse in Nova Scotia. Outside of Halifax, we sojourned over night only at Sydney and Liverpool. Sydney boasts a good hotel of the

small city class, with one peculiarity which I have met nowhere else. You have your choice of waiters or waitresses. For my part, I freely confess that I prefer the white caps and aprons. The boiled front is too often a little less cleanly than one would desire. In another city during our tour I had this choice between hotels; and as soon as I had found out the lay of the land I did not hesitate long. Once I stayed in a hotel—in a German settlement—where the waitress looked so clean that it seemed she would make food cleaner by touching it. I admit that is a rarity; but I have never had that experience with the boiled shirt.

Liverpool introduces a topic, with which I shall close these meandering notes. I have said nothing so far of "tipping," not because we did not meet it. But I must own that it has not made great inroads outside of the larger cities. It is much more general in Ontario than anywhere else, and it is rare in the Maritime Provinces. At Liverpool I had a "tip" refused by the most obliging and the prettiest waitress we met in all our travels.





# BRUCE'S FOLLY

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN

AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER OF THE RIVER," "THE BOSS OF THE BAR U," ETC.

## THE PIONEER

To love to live—I choose this as my life.  
The world is full of clatter, cheap and  
vain,

And painted sights and foolish paven  
lanes where people moil at pleasure,  
Getting none, returning yet again for  
naught, and less than naught—

And o'er-plussed emptiness of heart and  
soul,  
Which makes a mock of life and turns it  
sour.

All this I pass; not prudishly, as one who  
fears to mix with men,

Nor scorning human things,  
Nor in a cloister mood, seeking aloof-  
ness and some mystic spell—

But rather in a thirst for redder wine,  
A crave for passions that are ne'er out-  
worn,

A lust for one good hack at old Con-  
vention,

Statued in the Square!

To those who love the groove, the pat-  
terned task, the vested rights,

I say, adieu!

Give me the thing to do that's not been  
done,

That helps my kind, and yields my spirit-  
wide egress,

The axe upon the beech to mark my way,  
A golden sunset from behind the rugged  
hills,

And then, should the gods allow,  
A white arm round my neck entwined  
And on my lips the kiss of her who un-  
derstood and shared!

—Richard Wightman.

"AND so," said the financial agent of the mining company inquiringly, "you say you don't think the mine'll pan out?"

"I'm quite sure it won't," replied the young engineer emphatically, "and since you ask my opinion I ad-

vise that you cease operations at once; to go on further is only to throw good money after bad—a useless waste of time and effort." He stopped abruptly, and applied a match to a carefully-filled pipe.

"But," expostulated the financial agent quickly, "are you speaking seriously? Do you really mean it? Do you not realise that if I act upon your advice—with which, by the way, I am quite in accord—you will yourself be out of a job? Does that fact bear no weight with you?" He was watching the young man closely.

The engineer laughed heartily. "I'm afraid not. I'm quite used to being out of a job—so accustomed to it in fact it has no terrors for me whatever. When a man has nothing much to lose he doesn't worry about losing it, does he? That's only the penalty of the rich and the near rich. Don't you worry about me, Mr. Hammond, but shut the mine down at once; don't run it another day, and anyhow," and he smiled good-humoredly, "whether you close down or not will have no effect on my financial standing in life, as I must ask you to accept my resignation right now."

It was springtime of the year '97, in the early pioneer days of the West. The late H. C. Hammond, of Toronto, financial agent for an English mining syndicate, had come to the West to inspect the workings of his company, a lode gold mine known as

"Treasure Shop," located in the Kootenay Valley, British Columbia. It had not been "panning out" very well, and as a good deal of money had already been sunk in it, he had thought it in the best interests of his clients to close it up. Since he had talked with Bruce, the young assistant engineer, he no longer hesitated; he was resolved that the mine would close that day.

banks, ambled peacefully a zig-zag course to the sea. The perfect stillness of the "Far Off Places" abounded; nature alone held absolute sway. A robin sang to his mate from a tree nearby, and a brown squirrel, seeking its accustomed breakfast of camp crumbs, peered forth timidly from a swaying branch.

After a while the older man spoke, and his voice had a softer ring to it.



MR. R. E. BRUCE

IN HIS ORCHARD AT WILMER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

It was after supper, and the engineer and the agent sat in the cool of the tent flap and talked and smoked. The glory of the Western summer twilight died slowly around them. Step-like, bench upon bench, clothed in varying shades of green and bronze, the picturesque Selkirks rose before them, snow-capped and magnificent, crowned with purple and gold of the setting sun. Behind frowned the mighty Rockies, barren, boulder-broken and abrupt, while beside them, the gently flowing Columbia, swollen with the melting snows from a thousand peaks, and caressed by luxuriant foliage overhanging her

"What do you propose to do, Bruce? I've listened carefully to what you have told me about the undeveloped riches of this valley, and agree with you that in one of the many creeks that line the river there must be valuable ore waiting the pick of the prospector. I like the valley also, and I'd like to get some of it. Tell you what," and he paused to make his words more effective, "suppose I grub-stake you for twelve months on a roving commission. You have said you have nothing in view, and intend to stay here. Now here's your chance. You'll be pleasing yourself and at the same time doing me

a favour. Accept my offer. It's made in good faith, and from a business point of view. Stay in the valley for both our interests?"

The young man pondered for a few minutes, scrutinising his companion keenly as if to see whether any philanthropic motive lay behind the words. He came of stern, God-fearing Scottish ancestors, who fought

fable of his famous namesake. In Scotland he had been one of a number of employees in a large engineering establishment in Glasgow. In the morning they were rung to work by the tolling of a big bell, and at lunch time and days-end rung out again. Advancement slept heavily. Promotion came only with dead men's shoes. Opportunity was drugged. Monotony



LAKE WINDERMERE. BRITISH COLUMBIA

ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN BACKGROUND

their own way unaided through the world. He was little inclined to emotion, but when he leaned over and shook the elder man's hand heartily he was as near it as ever in his previous existence. And he stayed in the valley.

\*

In 1887 Robert Randolph Bruce came to America from Scotland. He had never before left home. When he landed at New York and walked up Broadway bits of purple heather still stuck to his clothes. He had forty dollars in his jeans, and under his vest, on the left-hand side, a heart beating with a stern determination to emulate the spider in the

held the boards. Ambition, however, burned fiercely in the young man's breast. For a time he smothered it; then it burst forth again stronger than ever, and he "lit out" for the new world.

So he landed at New York, but found that the streets were not lined with gold, as the fable said. Then he crossed the line into Canada. There they were not even lined with silver or copper. However, he got a job, and went to work.

Seven years later, in company with H. D. Lumsden, he was running survey lines for the Canadian Pacific Railway Construction Department in the Crow's Nest Pass. Things were



not then booming in Western Canada as now. It was a far-off undetermined quantity, with the accent on the "X." Van Horne was struggling valiantly for money to push the road through the mountains, but it came hard and slowly.

In '97 Bruce severed his connection with the railroad and packed north towards the Columbia Valley. For some months stories of fabulous finds of ore had floated down daily to the railroad camps from the Kootenay district, tales of marvellous pockets, extraordinary yields, El Dorados without number—all to be had simply for the taking. A mining

beautiful plateau that stretched from mountain base to mountain base. And the Wild Horse and Kootenay Rivers, which join forces at that point, supplied water and irrigation for the million.

When Bruce and his companion reached the heights that dominate the lower end of Upper Columbia Lake and gazed across the valley, the panorama that opened before them was beyond description. An azure mirror of crystal water simmered beneath the noonday sun, reflecting the perfect blue of heaven. Wooded hills of verdant pine and spruce melted gradually into grassy slope,



KICKING HORSE RIVER

AT GOLDEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

boom swept the valley like a tornado. Hardy prospectors from the four corners of the earth rolled in to Fort Steele by the hundred. They packed ore samples; talked assays; carried little bits of rock. Supplies, carried by sweating mules, came from north and south, down the Columbia, through the Windermere Valley from Golden, and up from Walla Walla and points in Washington and Montana. Transportation on the Columbia became congested. Adventurers and miners joined the gold-hungry throng, and the "lode" mining boom became more intense. Down at Fort Steele the effect was apparent. Hundreds of settlers' camps whitened the

and from glassy slope to border fringe of brown, pebbly beach. The jagged Rockies and snow-crowned Selkirks to right and left frowned and smiled respectively. The air was sharp and clear.

They pushed on across Canal Flats and Upper Columbia Lake to Lake Windermere, and as darkness fell swam the Columbia River at the latter's outlet, and camped where there is now the little town of Athalmer. The next day Bruce fell in with the engineer of the English syndicate on Horse Thief Creek, and was offered and accepted the position of "assistant" on that work.

The following year the town of

Wilmer was established. It grew over night on a tiny cup-like depression at the confluence of the trails from Toby and Horse Thief Creeks, eighty miles south of Golden. Bruce, who had bonded the "Parradice" Mine, established the town, as it was too far to bring supplies all the way from Windermere. And there was no bridge over the Columbia. That came later. Prospectors' pack trains flowed up and down these creeks like pilgrims to the shrine of Ste. Anne. The town was first called Peterborough, but later changed to Wilmer, after the Honourable Wilmer Cleveland Wells. Here were stores, min-

miles west of the river in the Selkirks, and old miners saw clearly that all they needed to make them rich was the coming of navigation. Bruce saw that, too, and after gathering in several mining properties, looked round for a further source of revenue.

He noted that the soil was fertile, and would produce most anything. With a prophet's vision, he foresaw the day when the river banks and benches surrounding the lakes would be dotted over with profitable farms and pleasant summer homes, and he dreamed that if irrigation was extended to these benches the land would be the most desirable tract



COLUMBIA RIVER

AT GOLDEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

ers' tools, hotel accommodation for all classes—and booze galore.

Bruce had staked his claims and mined a bit, and things looked brighter. He had "made good" on the grub-stake, and was able to get along without it after the first year. He was busy getting ore down from the "Parradice." During the winter months, when the river was frozen over, it was loaded on hides and hauled down the mountain side and stacked at the river's edge preparatory to the coming of Armstrong's steamer. At times there were 25,000 bags awaiting transportation. But it was an unsatisfactory process and didn't pay. The mine was twenty

in any part of British Columbia. Mental myopia did not affect him.

To think was to act, and to act was to buy up, from time to time, such tracts as he could secure at reasonable prices. Of course, soon his operations were noticed. "What folly, 'Bruce's Folly,'" they called it, and laughed, but they were sorry for him, too, for they liked him. "It's too bad to see a good man who has worked so hard go under," they said.

But a good man never goes under. He may seem to, but, like the song, he always "Bobs up again serenely." Three years later, a daily steamer ploughed up and down the river, and Bruce and Hammond owned land



REFLECTIONS

LAKE WINDERMERE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

stretching for forty miles up the west side of the lake. Then they formed a strong company to undertake its irrigation. Land jumped in value from one dollar an acre to twenty, and fruit farmers and retired British Army and Navy officers began to set up pretty homes. Like California—history repeating itself—miners and mining gave place to farmers and farming; mining journals to agricultural publications; assays to alfalfa; ore to oats, and tonnages to timothy. Everybody talked agriculture. The Government built roads, and pack trains gave place to trotting horses and automobiles. The long-deferred railroad construction took on new life, and smoke from the Kootenay Central Railroad construction camps hung thick in the valley. The Provincial Government sent a representative to report on the advisability of establishing an experimental farm, and the Western Agencies and Development Company decided to locate and build a new town on the lake edge. A Vancouver syndicate purchased a block of a thousand acres,

paying for it at the rate of seventy-five dollars an acre. The Columbia Valley Irrigated Fruit Lands, Limited, are offering 15,000 acres to the public, while their project embraces 45,000 acres in all, or nearly 100 square miles. The Columbia Valley Orchards Company have commenced to irrigate a further 12,000 acres.

“Bruce’s Folly,” backed with determination along the lines of a well-conceived plan, has turned out to be Bruce’s and others’ gain. His partner and backer, the late Mr. H. C. Hammond, did not live to reap material benefits, passing to the great majority a few years ago. But, as a result of his judgment of character and foresight in grub-staking the young engineer, members of his family in Toronto to-day are gratefully enjoying the fruits of his labour and careful provision.

As for Bruce—well, he runs a bachelor, free-for-all, welcome bungalow caravanserai overhanging pretty Lake Windermere, and is known to every man, woman and child in the Columbia Valley.



# THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

BY LESLIE THOMAS

"FRIENDS?" Stephen Grale echoed. He shook his head slowly. "I haven't any," he said.

His wife had heard his weary step on the stairs, and in their room on the second floor she had banished her depression with an effort and forced a smile of welcome.

"Any good news, dear?"

"They'd chosen a man already. There were fifty others disappointed."

"And—and the second firm?"

"They told me to write. Said they weren't interviewing anyone. Rather amused at my clothes, I fancy."

The girl on the couch bit her lip at his short laugh and hopeless voice.

"Why don't you find one of your old friends? Why don't you see if they can't——"

It was then that Stephen Grale had made his bitter comment.

"They don't know where you're living, remember. You mustn't think they've deserted you, just because they don't write or call. There were several at our wedding—some had been to school with you, you told me. Mr. Chalfont——"

"He cut me dead a month ago."

"He may not have seen you, really." She waited for him to speak, but he only dropped heavily into a chair. "Mr. Sutton, Mr. Heatherley——"

"They knew our old address. Any letters sent there would have been forwarded. Then there's Bex—Charlie Bex. I don't even know whether he's in London now. Once I called

at his office, but he'd left for the day. I went on to his house. The servant said, 'Not at home,' after she'd taken in my name."

"The rather stout one, called Wilding. He—he looked kind."

"John Wilding? Oh, he lives in a big sort of mansion, up West. His father died, and he's head of the firm now. I dare say he reckons his income in thousands."

"There's Jim Derwent. You've often mentioned him."

"Not lately. Not since he took to travelling abroad."

"Now he's quite well known, because of this Antarctic expedition. He led the party, didn't he, after they lost Captain Selbury? When he comes back he'll look people up again."

"If his head's not too swollen."

"Wasn't he due in town this week?"

"So the papers said." Grale sneered slightly. "He's written a precious lot, anyhow! Tchah! not a line answering any of my letters. Wait till the Royal Geographical Society have asked him to lecture: then he'll cross the road sooner than meet me. I'm quite prepared for it. I've had plenty of experience of that kind of thing."

His wife sighed and turned away.

"Surely one of them, though, would be able to help you to find some position, dear? Surely they aren't all so uncharitable? They haven't all forgotten!"

Stephen Grale stared across at her moodily, resting his chin on his hands.

"I wouldn't ask," he declared sullenly. "I've some pride still. If they don't want to know me any more, I—I'm quite satisfied. I won't appeal to anybody!" He raised his voice almost appealingly. "You don't expect me to go to them—to have to remind them that I'm still alive?"

"No, dear," she assured him gravely.

"They'd look down on me, anyway. They've all succeeded: I'm a failure as yet. They're well off, most of them, now."

Both were silent for awhile. She reached for a newspaper cutting on the side table, though she knew the short paragraph by heart. Presently he raised his head again.

"You aren't sorry you married me, Ella? I couldn't blame you if you were."

"Don't you see what I'm reading, dear?"

For a moment, as he met her gaze, his face softened; then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, that!"

"It made me so—so very proud of you, Stephen. I couldn't love you more, of course, but when you came home that night——"

"Dripping wet, with a suit ruined. Oh, just my luck! In a story that fellow on the Embankment would have turned out a millionaire, instead of a miserable tramp who was only trying to finish himself. I wish I'd left him in the river, where he wanted to be."

"You don't mean that," she remonstrated gently; and began to rise.

"Let me get the things, Ella, and put them near you."

They made a pretence of drinking tea; the bread was stale. But neither cared to eat too much: loaves disappeared so quickly.

Things had come to that.

"What, Steve—smoking?"

"It's my only one, I'm afraid."

He was glad that he had lighted up some moments before she noticed. In truth, it was just half a cigarette which someone had thrown away on entering a bank. It had fallen at Grale's feet; and to stoop was so easy.

After the meal he still sat at the table, consulting notes made at the nearest reading-room, writing careful applications for different vacancies advertised. By the time he had finished Ella had fallen asleep. He turned the lamp down low.

In the firelight, rigid and despondent, he began to reconsider his hasty decision. Had he any right to let pride stand in the way? Was not his first duty to Ella, who required a doctor's care, better food, healthier surroundings?

No matter how hard it seemed, he must apply to one of these friends who ignored him so completely; he must plead for an opening to be made—for them to use their influence on his behalf.

He shivered a little, but stood up determinedly, and tiptoed to the stairs.

Outside in the street he made his choice. John Wilding he would visit first, for Wilding was probably the wealthiest of them all. He knew Wilding's house, too.

Half an hour's walking brought him to it. He had planned to go straight up and knock; but at the last moment he hesitated.

"Why be afraid?" he asked himself fiercely. "It's not in the street you're begging. There's no crime in this."

He turned back a little distance, then swung round. As he did so, the door opened. Two figures were silhouetted against the lighted interior. One was a butler, the other a stout man in evening dress.

John Wilding glanced up and down

the street. Grale felt suddenly faint, with weakness and humiliation. He moved to within a yard or two, then seemed to collapse against the railings. Dazedly he became aware that the man-servant was holding him, and Wilding staring into his face. Each took a shoulder and assisted him up the steps to a chair in the hall.

"Stephen Grale! Why, it's you, by Jove! Pull yourself together, man. Weston, a little brandy!"

Grale opened his eyes with an effort. A crowd of men were surrounding him; John Wilding answered their excited questions. Grale breathed quickly in his amazement. Heatherley was there, and George Sutton, little Charlie Bex, Harry Chalfont—old school-fellows all. He passed over the few unfamiliar faces to fasten upon those he knew well. He found that they were shaking his hands.

"Jolly glad to see you, old chap!"

"Buck up, Steve!"

It must be a dream, of course, he told himself; and closed his eyes again. But John Wilding was certainly beside him, waving the others back.

"Gently, boys, gently!" He bent down. "Don't hurry to move, you know, Steve. When you're ready."

A strange lump rose in Grale's throat. He could not speak.

"You're just in time, you know. Yes; in the nick of time! Better now? Come along, then! Come in by the fire a bit. I won't let the boys worry you. They mean well, but they're a trifle boisterous when a man's feeling queer. This way, old fellow, this way!"

"In time?" questioned Grale.

"For dinner—yes."

They passed into the long room, brilliant with electric lights shining on the white cloth, the silver and the glasses. John Wilding steered him towards an arm-chair, but Grale

did not immediately sit down. He steadied himself by the mantelpiece, and glanced from one to the other inquiringly.

"A—a special occasion, this?" he stammered.

Someone assented jovially.

"Then I'll go, I think. I must be intruding. I shouldn't like to——"

"No, no!" Wilding laughed reassuringly. "Why, we wanted you to complete the party."

There came a sharp rat-tat from the hall. Grale did not notice that everyone first stiffened into alertness, then relaxed as a servant entered with a buff envelope.

Grale indicated the table awkwardly, with a wave of his hand.

"For whom?" he asked doubtfully, still more than a little embarrassed.

"For a school chum of ours." Wilding looked up from the telegram. "For someone we wished to honour. Can't you guess? Someone whose name's been mentioned in the press lately—whose pluck we all admire."

"Oh, you don't mean——!"

"Why, yes, of course."

Stephen Grale turned aside from them all, covering his eyes with an unsteady hand.

"For me?" he muttered incredulously. "For me?"

He could not raise his head for awhile. The others whispered rapidly together. Little Charlie Bex had unfolded a paper, and was showing something to each man in turn. John Wilding displayed his telegram swiftly; all this was over in a few seconds. Then he stepped nearer the drooping figure by the fire.

"We got it ready—as a surprise, old boy. We thought you'd understand—appreciate that we—wanted to show you how proud we were——"

Suddenly they were crowding close, clapping Grale's shoulder, laughing and chaffing him uproariously.

"Fancy your not tumbling to it."



"The same modest old Steve!"

"It isn't true," said Grale thickly. "It can't be!"

Mistily he realised that they were forming a ring.

"All together, boys! 'For he's——'"

Weakly Grale tried to interrupt the rowdy chorus; but they persisted to the end.

"Yes; he's a jolly good fe-el-low,  
And so say all of us!"

"I—I should have thought Derwent deserves this sort of thing, not me. Jim Derwent, you know, the famous explorer now. That expedition——"

"Jim Derwent? What made you think of him?" Wilding took his arm once more. "Now, then, the head of the table for you."

"My clothes——"

"No nonsense. You can't escape. The head of the table for you, I say!"

Amid acclamations he was escorted to his chair. His upraised hand brought comparative silence.

"But how could you possibly know I should arrive? It was only pure chance that brought me."

"Didn't you get my message?"

"Your message, Wilding?"

"I sent one. Copied your new address from the papers. It must have been delayed somehow. What luck you came this way, then! What tremendous luck!"

"You really wrote?"

"You'll find the letter when you get home." John Wilding faced the company. "There's another song we might try now, boys," he cried; and started the familiar air:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And the days of auld lang syne?"

They looked in different directions. Some were blowing their noses at frequent intervals. As for Grale, he dropped into his seat. His head fell upon his arms, and his shoulders shook.

"So here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
And gies a hand o' thine. . . ."

Accuracy or inaccuracy did not matter much. They were uncertain of the correct wording; but at any rate they knew the tune.

"We'll take a cup o' kindness yet  
For the days of auld lang syne!"

The last verse died away. Grale brushed his worn coat-sleeve across his eyes. George Sutton tried to laugh, but only gave a strange gasp, which no one noticed. Heatherley cleared his throat loudly, although he said nothing afterwards. Harry Chalfont was twisting his thin face into queer grimaces. John Wilding was glad to be able to step aside and press the bell.

"I don't deserve this," Grale managed to protest. "What I did—that was nothing. God bless you all, though!"

The meal started. They talked to him all at once. School reminiscences seemed endless. Gradually he forgot his shabby suit, but it was some time before he could manage his voice properly. Meanwhile John Wilding wrote hurriedly with a fountain-pen the servant had brought. He pulled dishes round him whenever Grale turned that way. His note was finished at last.

"Take this at once. And—listen!" He gave careful instructions in an undertone.

"Speech!" the others cried presently; but did not press the matter. In truth, Stephen Grale faltered a few sentences only.

"There's one thing," he finished chokingly; "I wish my wife could have been here to see—to know——"

"She must come, very soon," Wilding broke in. "She's well?"

Grale bent his head. "Not very. I—I'll tell her, though. I'll tell her everything. And I'm sure you'll all excuse me if I say that—that I must get back to her now. You'll all understand?"

They showered invitations upon him. They were ashamed, they said, to have neglected him so long.

"I'm very happy," Grale responded simply. "I was near to thinking—it was foolish; and—and please forgive me, boys—I almost thought you'd given me up entirely. I was mistaken. I'm more glad than I can tell you. If I'd simply met you all I'd have been satisfied. But this—to be the guest of honour!"

"If we've seemed to avoid you just lately, it was because we wanted—wanted this little festivity to come as a bit of a surprise."

Once again he had to shake each by the hand in turn. But everyone followed into the hall. He discovered that Wilding's car was waiting. The stout man made an opportunity to whisper.

"Come soon, old boy. Want to talk over some business. Bit worried at the office." He spoke in jerks. "Opening new branches. Can't get fellows to manage 'em—fellows I can trust, you know—fellows like you. See? You'd help, perhaps. If only I could possibly persuade you to join the firm!"

Stephen Grale nodded, with an incoherent reply. He knew that Wild-

ing feared to hurt his feelings, but he could find no word of thanks.

They waved and called after him as he drove off. He leaned back on the cushioned seat, and stifled a sob with difficulty.

Ella was awake when he burst into the room.

"There's a letter for you. It was delayed somehow, dear."

"I know—I know!"

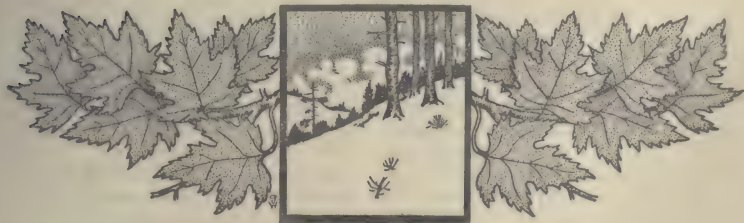
Gathering her into his arms, he told his wonderful news.

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"Boys!"—John Wilding's little speech was rather indistinct—"Boys, I'd like to thank you. He never guessed, thank Heaven. I sent a specially-worded invitation, and purposely made a mistake in his address. He'll think that we really meant—meant it all for him. He'll never know, poor old chap! I'm glad we kept it up so well—thundering glad. Personally I admit I'd almost forgotten him. You know how these things happen. Time slips by."

From round the table came similar shame-faced admissions.

"Lucky that wire arrived, though! A jolly good thing, I say, that Jim Derwent at the last minute found he couldn't come!"



# THE OLD MINISTER IN "THE STORY GIRL"

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

MISS MONTGOMERY'S *Story Girl*, whose voice makes words live and carries the most thoughtless listener captive, who can recite the multiplication table with such sweet and varied rhythm and modulation as to bring tears or smiles to the most unimpressionable soul, finds the stories which she tells in local traditions as well as in classic myths and northland folklore. Some of her stories are amusing traditions of a dearly-beloved but somewhat eccentric old minister, whom she calls *Rev Mr. Scott*—stories which her uncle had told her.

The *Rev. Mr. Scott* of "The Story Girl" was the Rev. John Sprott, one of the best beloved and most unforgettable of the home-missionary pioneers of the Atlantic provinces of Canada. Mr. Sprott was born in Scotland and came to Canada in 1818. He loved Scotland so dearly that it was difficult for him at first to feel at home in this new world of wide, wild woodlands. Nothing in this country was just what it ought to be. The sun never shone so brightly in Nova Scotia as in Scotland; the birds never sang so sweetly; and even the *parritch* was never anything like it used to be in the old homeland.

When he was contemplating matrimony for the second time (he made three happy ventures of this sort in his life) he wrote in his diary:

"Miss C. L. is a sprig of Caledonia. I love her on that account. The women of this country make good wives, but they have little that is cheerful or playful, and nothing romantic in their disposition. The females of Nova Scotia are second to none for good housewives, and they can be managed with perfect ease, provided they always get their own way. They usually expect a larger share of attention than females in older countries. It is not easy to bend Scotchmen to their manners, and Scotchmen have never been regarded by the females of this country as the most tame and complying husbands."

Clergymen in Mr. Sprott's day were not only meagrely but sometimes amusingly paid. He tells us that he knew some who were paid in buckwheat, shingles, sucking-pigs, and feathers. Some did not fare even so well as these. He says:

"A minister might live in Nova Scotia provided he had Jacob's ladder set up in the midst of his congregation, for on Sabbath evening he could go up to heaven and subsist on spiritual food till next Sabbath morning, and then return to the duties of the day. This would please the congregation for a while, but they would soon begin to complain that he was not visiting during the week."

Many are the wise and witty sayings and laughable eccentricities recorded of this noble pioneer, who was a warm friend of Judge Haliburton—Sam Slick. Mr. Sprott's first congregation was in Windsor, Nova Scotia, where Judge Haliburton



lived. When Mr. Sprott brought his first bride home, Haliburton was one of the first to call to offer his congratulations.

The Rev. L. G. Macneill, of St. John—Miss Montgomery's uncle, the *Uncle Edward* of "The Story Girl"—many years ago told some amusing things about this worthy pioneer minister. Mr. Macneill says:

"Our first recollection of Mr. Sprott was in the days of our boyhood. He came to our home and our church. It was a warm summer's day when he was preaching for our minister. A large congregation had assembled, and the church windows were open, letting into the crowded building the fresh air and the grateful odour of new-made hay. Ascending the narrow stairs that led up to the bowl of an old wine-glass style of pulpit, to his dismay he found that he could not enter it in the usual way. He was too corpulent for its narrow door, and placing a hand on either side, lifting himself over the aperture, he said in a perfectly audible whisper, 'This pulpit door was made for speerits.' Then having rapidly conducted the preliminary exercises, he opened the Bible, and looking out at the open window, his first words were: 'Ye have a fine place here; ye're no like the thousands that are driven forth from such cities as London, Liverpool, or New York, to escape the noisome exhalations of the place. Ye can sit down under the shade of your own green trees, none daring to make you afraid. Ye've a grand place. You will find my text in Habbakuk.'"

The *Story Girl* makes a passing reference to this amusing incident, but does not give the story in full. It is worthy of mention that Mr. Macneill's home, to which Mr. Sprott came that beautiful summer's day, was for years Miss Montgomery's own home.

One of *Uncle Edward's* stories which the *Story Girl* tells at length relates to the young minister, Mr. Sedgwick, afterwards the distinguished Dr. Robert Sedgwick, father of Mr. Justice Sedgwick, of Ottawa, and of Dr. Thomas Sedgwick, of Tatamagouche, who succeeded Mr. Sprott as pastor of the congregation

of Musquodoboit, in Halifax County, Nova Scotia. Mr. Sprott in his old age had retired from the pastorate of that church somewhat reluctantly, and his successor was a little afraid to meet the old minister. The story of how he hid himself in the closet of one of his parishioners when he saw Mr. Sprott approaching the house, and listened to the old minister as he prayed with the family, making special reference to the poor young man hiding in the closet, is told at length in Miss Montgomery's new book:

"Oh Lord, bless the poor young man hiding in the closet. Give him courage no to fear the face of man. Make him a burning and shining light to this sadly-abused congregation."

In Mr. Macneill's version of this story we are left to imagine how the young minister in the closet acted when the prayer was over; but Miss Montgomery's *Story Girl* has made it all plain:

"He came right out like a man, though his face was very red, as soon as Mr. Scott had done praying. And Mr. Scott was lovely to him, and shook hands, and never mentioned the china closet. And they were the best of friends ever afterwards."

In Miss Montgomery's book one of the boys asks the *Story Girl* how the old minister knew that the young man was in the closet. The answer given is that it was supposed that he had seen him through the window before he came into the house and guessed he must be in the closet. It seems that Mr. Macneill's suggestion that he had recognised the young minister's waggon in the yard did not appeal convincingly to the novelist.

Almost as many interesting stories have gathered about the name of this brilliant young minister who hid himself in the closet as we find associated with that of the inimitable and eccentric Mr. Sprott himself. At a meeting of the Halifax Presbytery arrangements were being made for sup-

plying vacant fields. One vacant congregation was called Sheet Harbour. There was a minister at the disposal of the court who was looked upon by the brethren as rather lazy and sleepy. There was a hearty laugh when someone proposed that this man be sent to Sheet Harbour. Dr. Sedgwick failed to see the joke; but at the Presbytery dinner that day the light dawned upon him at a most inopportune juncture, just when a brother was saying grace. He burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, to the consternation of the whole grave and reverend body of divinity.

Miss Montgomery includes in her book the story about the devil and the McCloskeys. Mr. Sprott could not be convinced by his brethren in the ministry that Providence had anything to do in compelling him to resign his church. He thought too much of Providence for that. He said that it was the McCloskeys and the devil, or, as Mr. Macneill has it, "the McCurdys and the devil." The efforts of one of the young people to get the *Story Girl* to substitute "the Old Scratch" for the devil is most amusing. When the *Story Girl* repeated the new version of the old story to see how it would sound—"it was the McCloskeys and the Old Scratch"—she felt that it would never do. It didn't sound so well. She must get back to the devil.

The other stories relating to the old minister in "The Story Girl" are all taken from Mr. Macneill's article of the long ago, and are given with very few variations. Miss Montgomery does not include in her book all the stories that her brilliant uncle gathered together. She does not tell about

the day the apple peddler came to the manse and how Mr. Sprott overcame the economical scruples of his wife. The minister told the peddler that he would take a bushel, whereupon his wife remonstrated that it was an unnecessary luxury. "I'll take *two* bushels," was his rejoinder. His wife remonstrated more earnestly, saying, "What's the use of getting apples? The boys ate up the last we got, and it's just wasting money." "I'll take *three* bushels," was the reply that sent the good wife from the room in high dudgeon.

Mr. Macneill tells about a visit which Mr. Sprott paid to St. John's, Newfoundland. His son, the late Dr. George Sprott, of Berwick-on-Tweed, was to preach in the kirk, but was detained in Halifax through illness. His father went in his stead. In beginning his sermon, the old minister said: "You came here this morning expecting to hear the melodious tones of the silver trumpet, but ye'll ha' to be satisfied with the tooting of an auld ram's horn. Ye'll bear in mind, however, that the walls of Jericho didna fall at the blowing of silver trumpets, but at the tooting of rams' horns." Nor was the amusement of the congregation lessened when, after preaching for a while, he suddenly stopped, and reaching down over the pulpit, he was seen to tap the precenator's bald head, and ask quite audibly, "D'ye think they're hearing me?"

Mr. Sprott was a missionary-pioneer of whom any country might well be proud, and he left the impress of his strong and broad-minded and winsome personality upon the Christian churches of the Atlantic provinces of Canada.



# THE LIVEYERES

LABRADOR'S PERMANENT POPULATION

BY W. LACEY AMY

ALMOST a thousand miles south of us St. John's awaited with anxiety the report of the Labrador fisheries we would carry back a week later; but half that distance north Cape Chidley threw its farthest peak into the Arctic waters. Inland from us for the last five hundred miles the barren rocks of Labrador had offered nothing of life but its people; from outside in the open ocean had come in at sunset for a week the fishing boats that alone are reason for anything of life down there.

We lay at anchor at last in one of the thousands of indentations that wrinkle the coast, in a harbour called Ailik, an Eskimo word, which in English means "a coat with a sleeve." A whole day's wait was ahead of us, for we had to load a store of provisions and coal into the *Stelle Maris*, the old gunboat that ran still farther northward.

Ailik consists of nothing more than a harbour, and two or three mud huts and ragged fishing-stages, but in that it is just as important as most of the ports of call along the coast of Labrador.

A heavy, weather-marked, old boat came around one of the many islands and swung lazily down towards us. As it came nearer, the three passengers developed into two women and a man, the former rowing and the latter standing upright in the stern sculling, as is the custom of the skip-

per or stronger of the Labrador crew. The women pulled slowly and heavily, looking over their shoulders now and then at the passengers on the steamer watching their progress; and the man's dark face was turned in the same direction as he mechanically worked into his rolling motion the proper direction. Close under the stern they came and into the stairs that led down from the side of the steamer close to the water. The girl was first to leap to the steps, where she grasped the painter and held to the rope guards of the stairs until the woman had collected something from the bottom of the boat and followed. Then they both mounted a few steps and stopped in evident embarrassment, under the gaze of the few passengers, until the man had made the boat fast.

I had watched from the bridge and now came down to see what had brought them from a shore where not a motion of life had been visible. The woman came quickly up the stairs, a bundle under her arms, and made direct for me, evidently because it required less courage to exhibit her wares to one passenger than to the interested crowd that almost blocked her way. She was tall and raw-boned, swarthy and stooped. A rough peaked cap secured hair that had been but indifferently fastened up and assuredly not much combed. The dress was her best—that was visible at a glance, with its tight



neck, unshaped front and uneven tucks unspotted with careless use; it certainly had been donned but seldom in the last twenty years during which it must have done service. Behind her a tall, awkward girl in a tam and old dress that had once been white shambled shyly along, crowding the older woman in her bashfulness. The man was more

pair of bright yellow mocassins and a pair of sealskin boots.

I reached for the boots.

"How much?" I asked.

She looked at the man and then at the girl and smiled weakly.

"I dunno," she said in embarrassment. "I dunno what they're worth. My man made 'em for himself. He's dead now."



A LIVEYER'S HUT

LABRADOR

openly interested and less embarrassed, although his dark chin and high cheek bones declared him an Eskimo removed by all the customs of centuries from the passengers with whom he mingled.

The woman's discomfort was so evident, and yet it was so clear that she wanted to talk, that I opened the conversation by pointing to the bundle under her arm and asking her if she had anything to sell. It broke the ice, and to the surrounding passengers she displayed her wares, a half-dozen wall-pockets of a most peculiar bird skin, soft as velvet, and of the same rich brown, a

She looked around frightened, as if she expected us to ridicule her. "I think they're worth a dollar-forty, aren't they?"

A passenger handed her three fifty-cent pieces. "Ten cents change," he commented as if fearing her ability to subtract.

The woman looked helplessly around, with the money in her hand.

"I haven't a cent," she muttered piteously, as if it meant the loss of the sale. She held out the money to him.

"That's all right," he said and took the boots from my hand.

Someone asked the price of the wall-pockets before the woman could make up her mind what to do.

"Thirty-five cents," she said with the hesitation of one who fears she asks too much. Immediately several hands were outstretched. One wanted two and gave her four twenty-

her to one side immediately, and the money in the man's pocket was counted over several times. Then the woman took something from it and came back to me.

"Do you know who it was bought the two things from me?" she asked anxiously.



FISHING SCHOONERS

AT VEMSON TICKLE

cent pieces, the common Newfoundland piece of money. The woman did not count the money, but handed it at once to the Eskimo, and the purchaser walked away with his goods without waiting for the change. A look of alarm passed over the face of the girl and she pulled the woman's sleeves, but the latter was too busy taking the money and handing out the things, one by one, to notice her.

In a minute she had sold everything and had broken away from the crowd with more relief at that than at the successful sale. The girl pulled

"I think I do," I answered.

"My girl says he paid me eighty cents, and the things were only seventy. I owe him ten cents. You see, I didn't count the money," she explained, as if her reputation depended on it. "I just handed it over to my boy. I want to give the ten cents back. And then I owe ten cents to the man who bought the boots."

Later I got her to talk more freely, and in what she told me was the representative life of the Liveyere of the Labrador coast. Neither the girl nor the man were her children,

although there is a disturbing mixture of white and Eskimo blood in Labrador. She and "her man" had adopted both of them—the girl an orphan by the death of a neighbour and the other picked up when a mere lad to supply their craving for children. Her husband and she were Newfoundlanders who had come down the Labrador coast twenty years be-

There was a drawn look about the girl's eyes that was scarcely dispelled by her attempts to smile when she was noticed. The woman explained it as "something wrong inside. She can't eat anything hardly. She don't eat enough to keep a bird."

It was then three in the afternoon and they had had nothing to eat since the night before, because they



LIVEYERE BOYS

NATIVES OF LABRADOR

fore and had settled there to eke out the cruel existence that greets the Liveyere. In the summer they fished for cod, and in the spring for salmon up the rivers; in the winter they retreated before the terrors of coast life up a river into the interior, where they trapped and cut wood. Marten was almost the only animal they caught, with a few fox and now and then a bear. Everything they could catch was given in exchange for the necessities of life.

"I never have a cent in my hand in ten years," the woman explained, "except what I get from selling things like to-day. We've got to make some money this way to buy thread and needles to make more and to get things we have to have through the year."

had been forced to leave home too early that morning to take time to eat. They were weak from hunger, but it was only after many questions that she volunteered this information, and she was very loth to accept what the passengers managed to find for her. A silver ring adorned the hand of the girl; it had been pounded from a twenty-cent piece by the Eskimo. The woman proudly exhibited a rough gold ring which "her man" had worked from a gold piece; and as she showed it to us and told how he had died of consumption, the ever-present Labrador scourge, she forgot even her hunger.

The Liveyere receives his name from his answer of "I lives yere" to the ever-popular question of the interested traveller. He has not many



fellows; on the whole thousand-mile coast of Labrador there are only about two thousand of them, hardy, gnarled, almost contented men and women, blackened by the winds and the cold to the colour of Indians. To them there is no place more desirable, although to the tourist not one minute of pleasure and few even of comfort seem possible. It is so long since they

vantage is taken of the rocks to form one end or the back of the hut, and the only break in the surface of the landscape that attracts the eye is the stovepipe that protrudes through the mud and emits a white smoke that is the only "homey" thing in all Labrador.

There are a few settlements of Liveyeres that have come to be prom-



A LIVEYERE SETTLEMENT

AT SPOTTED ISLANDS, LABRADOR

left Newfoundland that they know nothing of modern improvements in conditions there since they left, and they lack the ambition to try other life than that to which they have become accustomed.

The Liveyeres and the fishermen who come down the coast from Newfoundland for the summer fishing mingle little. The locations of the fishing stations are owned by Newfoundlanders, and so long as the fishing grounds adjacent are profitable the harbours thus claimed are valuable as the only home life they know in summer. The Liveyeres have their own settlements as a rule, crude, rickety, uncertain joinings of rough board and scantling, mostly buried out of sight in mud and grass. Ad-

inent points in Labrador. There they have congregated for many years in sufficient numbers to make a small village, and where the location happens to be a good fishing point there is a commercial importance that shows in the added energy of the inhabitant and the cluster of fishing boats that gather in the harbour. Spotted Islands and Batteau are but two of these points. Not many boats work from the former now, but the Liveyeres have clung to it and have erected a few buildings that look as permanent as any on the coast—which may be misleading to the uninitiated.

At Cartwright, one of the main ports of call, a number of Liveyeres reside, attracted perhaps by the Hudson's Bay store and the bustle of the



A LIVEYERE MENDING A FISHNET

Hudson's Bay wharf. Although the half-breed and Eskimo are not regarded as Liveyeres, they are so mixed with them that it is often impossible to make a distinction. Frequently a Liveyere looks as dark and foreign as the half-breeds, and in many cases it might not be wise to seek the truth.

With all this foreign look and unusual conditions, it sounds strange to hear English spoken as well as among any uneducated classes. One of the peculiarities of the Labrador English is that "s" is always added to the verb. I asked a Liveyere where he spent the winters.

"We goes up the river," he said, taking one hand from his pocket to point indefinitely over his shoulder. "We just cuts wood, and does a little trapping now and then. Yes, we takes the huskies with us."

An interesting little half-breed boy at Cartwright promised possibilities for a photograph. Instinctively a

supposing that he would not understand my English, I waved my arms to denote where I wanted him to stand. He stepped back into position instantly. I motioned for him to move away from a white building.

"Yes, sir," he said as plainly as, and more civilly than, most Canadian boys. And when I placed a coin in his hand at the end he said, "Thank you, sir," in a way that made me feel a trifle silly after my gesticulations to reach his understanding.

The Hudson's Bay factor walked past. "That little fellow makes a lot of money that way," he explained with a laugh. "He always comes down here when the boat comes in. He's a pretty-well photographed boy."

Out on the wharf a number of dark-skinned men were lifting barrels from small boats and piling them in rows. A straggly-whiskered fellow explained that these were the salmon caught up the river and now being sold to the Hudson's Bay Company for shipment. His own home was thirty miles inland and his sole work catching salmon, the season for which had then passed. For the remainder of the short summer he and his fellows in Sand Hill Bay would be busy preparing for the winter, endeavouring to ensure what little comfort they could and to add a little to their year's earnings by trapping a few fur-bearing animals.

It was almost impossible to see the Liveyere in his natural state. The men change themselves little for the arrival of the steamer every two weeks, but one knew well that the aprons and half-buttoned dresses that adorned the women were donned only for the half-hour that the boat was in. A woman not prepared did not appear until she was, and as the boat was drawing away two or three who had probably been struggling with a recalcitrant but necessary button

would burst from a hut and look after us to show that their intentions were good. The men never wear coats, and it is unnecessary to mention collars with the Liveyere. To dress up, a Liveyere ties a dirty handkerchief around his neck and gives his cap a new tilt. Sometimes he wears huge leather boots, but more often sealskin boots. The latter are made by the Eskimos and are watertight so long as they are not allowed to dry too hard. Therefore, whenever a Liveyere passes water he shoves his foot into it to keep his feet dry.

The only delicacy apart from fish that is obtainable to the Liveyere is the bake-apple. This is a berry indigenous to Labrador and Newfoundland, a mushy, yellow berry when ripe, with something of the appearance of a faded raspberry and the taste of a cranberry and raspberry mixed. It is delicious when served with sugar, but to a novice its appearance of advanced ripeness is against it. It is very much sought after in Newfoundland, but is growing scarcer year by year. Blueberries, too, grow in Labrador in some quantities, but are not favoured like the bake-apple.

It leaves a better memory in the mind of the visitor to Labrador to talk to the Liveyere and realise how satisfied he is with his lot. Although living a life infinitely more severe than the fisherman, he complains so much less that conditions might be reversed. In fact, I never heard one Liveyere express himself harshly about the conditions in which he is forced to live. In summer his home is on the coast, where all the best, or the least worst, of Labrador is found. But in winter his life must

be terrible; and since winter occupies about eight months of the year, it is no wonder that his skin becomes as if it were tanned, like leather. Probably the Liveyere of Labrador lives the cruellest life of all men with white blood in their veins.



THIS BOY EARNS PENNIES BY POSING IN FRONT OF  
TOURISTS' CAMERAS

*To the April number Mr. Amy will contribute an article entitled "The Floating Menace"—a description of the icebergs of Labrador.*



# A DEAD MAN'S LICENSE

THE LONDON "BOBBY" THROUGH GREEN LAWN CLUB SPECTACLES

BY BRIAN BELLASIS

I HAVE detected Juggins in the act of drinking bitter beer with two constables—and paying for it—and on many occasions genuine acts of friendship between members of the force and of the Green Lawn Club have come under my notice. Yet it seemed a convention, when in the actual club itself, to mention the police only with the addition of heated adjectives and to affect for them a bitter enmity.

The intolerance of Juggins's conventional utterances knew no bounds. No crime was too great to attribute to the emissaries of Scotland Yard; no action was too mean and low to fasten upon the rank and file of London's blue-coated guardians. Any untutored Russian refugee who had overheard the conversation in the cosy cab-shelter would have been moved to fly this hell-city and return to the welcoming arms of his own comparatively angelic police; a New Yorker would have sighed for the soothing tap of a night-stick and the laughable child's play of the Third Degree.

We were discussing the iniquities of the police one morning when Juggins roused the club to loud incredulity by declaring that he had never been fined.

"Never been fined!" ejaculated Battersea Bob in pained surprise. "You're lyin', Juggins. Why, you've just been tellin' us of the ridic'ulous charges you've 'ad again'

you and the convictions you've 'ad.'"

"Never said I 'adn't been charged and convicted—said I'd never been fined. Catch me makin' millionaires of the p'lice and seein' the rozzer wot copped me gittin' a bob for 'is activity. I always goes to jail and makes 'em gimme a week's free board and lodgin'."

The club appreciated this delicate point. Billy the Bear, who had obviously been struggling with suppressed conversation while he hurriedly put away his supper, suddenly inquired with forced calm whether any details were known of the new regulations.

"Wot! More regulations!" gasped Juggins. "Thet puts the lid on it! 'Strewth I'll out the next bloomin' rozzer wot charges me and bloomin' well git 'ung for it. Might as well git it first as last."

"——I 'ad it from a pal of mine wot uses the Crown orf White'all, where the landlord 'ad it direct from a bloke wot knows the butler of one of the assistant commissioners. Seems it's true thet nah we'll 'ave to carry dummies of our bills, along of our bloomin' photygrafts and a list of all the birthmarks we 'ave or we 'aven't got—and Gawd 'e knows wot else as well. But the cream of it is thet we'll 'ave to perdooce all of 'em whenever any bloomin' slop 'oo chooses arks for 'em."

Salt Water Jim noticed my faint perplexity.

"We've been 'arf expectin' we'd 'ave to git dooplíkits of our licenses for a long time," he explained in a hoarse whisper, "and 'ave our pitchers and descriptions on it same as on passports—"

"Birthmarks!" said Juggins resignedly. "Well, if they're goin' to 'ave us undressin' in the street I'm goin' to drive a 'bus; 17-CR'll 'ave you orf yer dicky, Bob, before the regulations 'ave been out 'arf an hour and make yer strip while 'e looks for the strawberry mark in the middle of yer back."

"And any sloop can make yer show them. Why, yer might be stopped seventeen times between 'ere and Euston by coppers on point dooty alone! And yer fare in a 'urry to ketch the boat train! Mark my words, mates, there'll be trouble over this."

"It's a noo bloomin' p'lice move for convictions," growled Ginger George. "They ain't content wiv 'avin' the p'lice courts full of innocent men as it is; they wants to 'ave a bloomin' queue of us waitin' aht-side like a bloomin' theayter. Some of these coppers'll be settin' up 'arems and motor-cars, gittin' a bob a conviction as they do."

Battersea Bob, learned in the law, was constrained to make a correction.

"They only gits the shillin' if you pays the fine in court. If you changes your mind like and pays at the jail the money goes to fund and the worms don't git nothink. . . . I've often thought it 'ud be a bitter blow to them if we kebmen amalgamated and agreed to always pay in jail. It 'ud——"

"'Ow abaht 'avin' a 'undred of us all convicted at once," interrupted Juggins in the rush of a brilliant idea. "'Strewth; thet 'ud knock 'em. 'Arf the p'lice force takin' charge of us; the beak workin' overtime; procession of a dozen *Black Marias* to take us to the Scrubbs—

and when we got there we could all pay our fines and go quietly back to the rank."

"Dummy bills and birthmarks!" continued Juggins when the applause subsided. "'Strewth! I'd sit all the bloomin' coppers in London on icebergs and look for their bloomin' birthmarks if I 'ad my way. And as for 17-CR I'd 'ave 'is face fried first, so's 'e'd look some-think like a 'uman bein'. Larst time I met 'im——"

17-CR was held in especial detestation at the club, though he always struck me as looking a particularly mild and amiable officer—not unlike the Honourable George E. Foster in appearance. It was the custom of cabmen to "Baa" like a goat when in his neighbourhood, the allusion being to his neatly-trimmed beard. I once lured an innocent friend, newly arrived from Toronto, into producing a resonant "Baa" just behind 17-CR, and the astonished Torontonian learned some new facts about his ancestry, habits and appearance before the irritated officer discovered to his amazement that there was not a cabman in sight—only two "toffs."

"——I was drivin' dahn Victoria Street the night before larst, and I stuck aht me 'and to see if it was rainin' 'cause it 'ad come over dark and cloudy like, when I seen it wasn't a cloud, but 17-CR's 'and 'eld up to stop me. Such a noise and commotion you never 'eard! All red in the face 'e was and roarin' like Ginger George's 'orse, 'e'd been runnin' thet 'ard to git at me. 'Where's the fire?' I says, leanin' over the keb. 'You'll see the fire!' 'e answers and 'e 'ops inside. 'Drive to Rochester Row station,' 'e says, 'I've got a plyin' for 'ire charge again you. I seen you wavin' your 'and at the gent.' And swelp me there wasn't a bloke in sight 'cept one up towards the Sanctury—and

'e was sellin' baked potatoes."

Salt Water Jim's unique whisper grated in my ear.

"You comin' from a free country, guv'nor, won't understand all wot we 'ave to put up wiv 'ere. We ain't allowed to go aht lookin' for fares not even if we 'aven't 'ad none all day. On the rank we can shout 'Keb, sir,' and wave our 'ands and whips. Why, there ain't no legal obstickel to wavin' the 'orse and keb if we like, but when we're crawlin' on the street we ain't allowed to say a word, and if we wags a finger there's some bloomin' slop'll swear we was solicitin' fares and plyin' for 'ire again the lor! . . . Why, Juggins said 'e was 'thinkin' of arsk-in' you wot chances 'e'd 'ave if 'e went to Canada 'e's thet sick of the impression 'ere—only 'e can't speak French."

Jim's knowledge of Canada was limited to the St. Lawrence ports.

Rockin' 'Orse Alf, who was a slow thinker, had been painfully revolving the subject of the new regulations in his mind ever since they were first mentioned. He dragged the conversation back to the matter with an explosive question:

"'Ow's Paddin'ton Joe goin' to git a dummy of a dud's bill?"

"Paddin'ton Joe, 'oo's 'e?"

"'Im wot's been drivin' fifteen year wiv a dead man's license. 'Ow'll 'e git a photo of the corpse and a description of the corpse's marks and a bloomin' dooplikit bill?"

"'E ain't got thet dud's bill no longer," broke in Slop's Pal Peters, so called from his weakness for defending the cabman's natural enemies. "'E got uneasy like and went up to the Yard and made a clean breast of 'ow 'e got the bill and of the wrong 'e'd been doin' all these years, and 'cause 'e'd never given no trouble the p'lice ups and forgives 'im and gives 'im a noo bill of 'is own."

"I know you're wrong! Paddin'ton Joe uses the Cheshire Cheese and the barmaid there told me the 'ole story. Took 'is dud's bill up fair and unsuspectin' like, and they give 'im three munfs for it . . . thet's 'ow your pals the p'lice acts."

"Give 'im three munfs! Why, I seen 'im larst week in the 'Orse and Groom dahn in Walworth. I'll lay yer odds 'e's drivin' abaht London to-day wiv a noo bill and a clean sheet. . . . You're thinkin' of German Joe and 'is was a agger-vated case. 'E's the bloke wot not only 'ad a dud's bill, but 'oo stole 'is 'orse and keb as well and 'oo bloomin' well kidnapped a copper and kep' the pore beggar locked up in a 'ayloft. . . . It was three years 'e got and I'll tell yer 'ow——"

To my great regret, this exciting tale of daring piracy and an outlaw cabman was cut short. Shrill whistles pierced the thin air of dawn. The "waterman" entered to announce that the political dinner at the club across the way had just begun to bu'st. The narrator and his audience hurriedly left the shelter, and there was a noise of trampling horses without.

Juggins alone remained. Nodding sleepily in the corner, he ordered a final cup of "cawfy" and mingled assurances that he'd done a 'ard day's work and was dog-tired, with muttered maledictions on the police.

" . . . 'Strewth! I oughter git 'ome and git to bed. . . . Been at it since ten o'clock. . . . 'Tain't safe for me to be 'ere on the rank—shouldn't be surprised if some nosey copper wasn't to come in and make me take anuvver fare. . . . Ugh! the perlice, the stinkin', bloom-in' rozzers! (A long pause and a terrific yawn.) "Just one more cup o' cawfy, Corkey . . . and Corkey! just see if the copper ahtside can't slip in and 'ave a mug. 'E must be cold, pore beggar!"



# THE RAILWAYS THAT THE PEOPLE BUILT

BY NORMAN P. LAMBERT

**R**AILWAYS in Canada, regarded historically and economically, are a sort of by-product. The twenty-six thousand miles of rails that have been laid throughout the Dominion have not been put down for the sole purpose of carrying freight and returning profits to railway companies. Putting it more positively, nation-building has been, and is to-day Canada's chief industry, and the business of making and operating railways has grown to be a large contributory branch. As one writer has expressed himself: "Every puff of the locomotive is a breath of Canadian nationality." And, it might be added, the driving power of the locomotive or the lungs of Canadian nationality, are the people's confidence and the people's money.

The primary motive behind the bold and mighty task of building three transcontinental railways was not commercial in the mind of the Canadian people, but rather political, and political in the largest sense of the word. The first project, the Canadian Pacific Railway, was regarded by investors in England as the dream of a fool, when in the early seventies it was proposed to build a railroad through the wild forests and rocky wastes of Northern Ontario, across a bleak, barren prairie, and up through the tortuous, uninhabited passes of the Rocky Mountains. No, the "Canadian Pacific" and, before

that, the "Intercolonial" were not promoted by a commercially-minded people. Their desire was to lay the foundations of a nation, and two steel bands extending from Halifax to Vancouver were the strongest cohesive force that the pioneer statesmen and builders could think of. The need for inter-communication between the torn and separated parts of this sparsely-populated country was vital indeed, and Confederation in 1867 was made more memorable by the scheme, which was contained therein, for the construction of a political railway. "The Intercolonial," as everyone knows, was the means of bringing the Maritime Provinces into Confederation, and was the chief factor in transforming Nova Scotians and New Brunswickers into Canadians.

It is not so very long ago that the citizen of those old historic regions lying south of the St. Lawrence resented strongly being classed as Canadian. This separatist spirit, which was overcome in a measure by the building of the Intercolonial road, was quelled and mollified still further with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which proved to be the Gordian knot between British Columbia and the rest of the Dominion. Before the end of the year 1885 Canada, with less than five millions of people, had her first transcontinental line. In the United States they did not have a single

transcontinental road until the population numbered about forty millions. This comparison seems to impress more than anything else the almost miraculous accomplishment involved in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in those early days, when there seemed to be absolutely nothing to sustain a railroad in that barren territory reaching from the mountains to the settled districts of old Ontario. Yet, the achievements that have been wrought since those days have been even more wonderful. Just think of the expenditure of money for railroads, based on Canada's credit since the early eighties. From a total mileage of 7,331 in the year 1881, our railway lines have grown until to-day they cover 26,000 miles, equal in extent to four-fifths of the railway mileage of France, with forty million people; to two-thirds of that of Germany, with sixty-five millions, and to more than one-tenth of that of the United States, whose population is thirteen times larger than that of Canada.

And how have these twenty-six thousand miles of railroad been built? Who is behind the venture, and where did the money come from?

These are pertinent questions, which should be asked regularly every year when the railroad companies of Canada hold their annual meetings, and show, as one did the other day, gross earnings of over \$104,000,000. As time goes on, and the capitalisation of railroads is increased by flotations of stock, people are apt to forget that the parent capital is theirs, and that, had it not been for the firm and courageous trust of the Canadian people, these powerful servants of the public would never have had the 26,000 miles of rails to feed their treasuries that they have to-day. It is well to let the servant know that he is not greater than his lord.

First of all, let us see what the

present railway system of Canada embodies. The back bone is the one great railway running clear across the continent from ocean to ocean. Another spine is in the making, being now a series of disconnected links, which shall be presently welded together into a solid vertebra. And yet another main column is growing up, and soon will have reached its full stature. A vast number of branches radiating from these three trunk lines form an intricate system of veins and arteries, and their arrangement throughout the huge national body has been calculated by their creator, the people, to strengthen and bolster up that one weak spot, known in the physical make-up of Canada as the "small of her back." In geographical language, that particular portion of the country's physique represents the enormous tract of rock, water, swamp and jackpine reaching down from as far north as the Arctic Circle to the Great Lakes on the south, and dividing, as if with a malicious intent, the two halves of Canada. The work of bridging this gap and of binding together the sundered parts of the Dominion has been assigned to the railways by the people, and that is why the great sprawling creature with the three spines covers the map of Canada in its present form. Well might Ex-Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of the United States, in discussing his Canadian cousins, say, "I speak of this Canadian railway building, unparalleled in history under such circumstances, as being the undertaking of the Canadian people; for at bottom it is that. The story of the plans for and the building of Canadian railways is epic in its bigness. In its vast hazard it has something of the heroic. And in the final analysis it is the plan and deed of the Canadian people."

By right of priority the people of Canada may, at least, lay claim to the foundations of the railroads in

this country. Before the era of trans-continentials, companies and Canadian securities, railway building became a public enterprise. Seventy-five years ago the first attempt at railroad work was made, when wooden rails were laid from La Prairie, on the St. Lawrence River, to the Richelieu River, a distance of sixteen miles. For eleven years those sixteen miles remained the only bit of railroad in Canada, but by the year 1850 the number of miles of railroad increased to sixty, and from that date the mileage was extended rapidly. By the time Sir John A. Macdonald had framed the British North American Act, there were over 2,200 miles of road in Canada, and the Eastern Provinces up till then had spent sixty-one million dollars in developing its railway lines. And, remember, in those days there were hardly more than two million inhabitants in the whole of Canada.

The history of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and of all the other roads since 1885, is familiar to most persons, but it is worth noticing that, while railway mileage has increased twelvefold in the past fifty years, Canada's industrial development has kept pace with her railway building. Besides helping to finance the railroads in the first days of their existence, the people have also fed them with traffic after they have become established. Within the past decade the big steel mills at Sydney and Sault Ste. Marie have grown to be powerful supplying agencies. And just here, a word or two could be said in behalf of the people for their part in the establishment of these industries. Then, large locomotive plants and car shops have been built and enlarged at Montreal and Kingston, and in Amherst, Cobourg, and other places, all of which shows the endeavour to keep pace with the increased demand for equipment.

At the present stage in their ex-

pansion and accumulations, the railways of Canada are supposed to be worth, that is, their capitalisation amounts to, over a billion and a half dollars. The last official record, which told of their worth in 1910, shows the exact figures to be \$1,410,297,687. This amount is made up of stocks and bonds, representing the amount of money actually involved in the railroads of Canada. This capitalisation, however, has been made possible only by the people's money. Out of the national treasury were given dollars and lands with which the railroads might be started, and without which future profits and increased capitalisation would have been very greatly curtailed, and the progress of Canada, as a nation, seriously retarded.

The people have contributed their money and property from three sources: the Dominion treasury has given its quota of \$136,932,179; the provincial treasuries have paid out \$35,837,060, and the municipalities have doled out \$17,983,823; a total of \$190,753,063. This represents straight cash subsidies, but there have also been very liberal land grants, amounting to fifty-five million acres, all of which have been and still continue to be, an enormous source of revenue. A slight indication of the value of the lands, which have been given to the railways is given in the sale of 975,030 acres, made by the Canadian Pacific Railway last year. The company received for the land \$14,469,445, or an average of \$14.84 an acre. When one finds out that 32,000,000 acres of the entire grant has been given by the Dominion Government out of the richest farm lands in the world, and that 8,000,000 acres have been given by British Columbia from the unlimited storehouse of that province, the untold resources behind Canada's railways can be partly appreciated.

Cash subsidies and land grants



have been the people's most popular, as well as most handsome, form of contribution. But this is not all. In recent years a preference for aid in the form of guarantees, as opposed to cash or land subventions, has arisen among the promoters of railway enterprise, and we find that up to this year the people of Canada have pledged their credit in this way, to the extent of over \$127,000,000. The Government of the Dominion and those of the different provinces have guaranteed the following amounts:

Dominion .....	\$52,439,865
Manitoba .....	20,899,660
Alberta .....	25,743,000
Saskatchewan .....	11,999,000
Ontario .....	7,860,000
Nova Scotia .....	5,022,000
British Columbia .....	2,196,832
New Brunswick .....	700,000
Quebec .....	476,000

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Total .....\$127,336,357

There are still a few more items to be added to the credit side of the people's account. Not quite a year ago the Dominion Government added to the foregoing list a guarantee for \$35,000,000 worth of bonds to finance the building of a line from Port Arthur to Montreal. Then, there is the Grand Trunk Pacific, which is not quite finished yet, but which will presently be slipping down the slope of British Columbia towards its western terminus at Prince Rupert. The cost of this new transcontinental line will be \$145,339,700 without equipment, or an average of over \$85,000 a mile, which is an expenditure never equalled in any long stretch of new railway on this continent. This 145 millions, with the exception of ten millions, which was paid in cash at the outset, and which is contained in our statement of cash subsidies, may also be credited to the people, because the tax-payer of the country is paying every cent of the amount required to build the main transcon-

tinental line. It is the purpose of the Grand Trunk Railway Company to spend its own money later on, in the building of branches from the Grand Trunk Pacific. The Hudson Bay route will be another entry in favour of the citizen.

What does it all amount to? Simply that, through guarantees, cash subsidies and grants of land, whose value is inestimable, the Canadian people have fed their railways with over half a billion of dollars and 55,292,321 acres of land.

In view of these statistics, and the whole story of sacrifice and heroism on the part of those who pledged "their pound of flesh" so that the country might have light and become great, it is interesting to read some of the evidence which is brought, in many cases, before the Dominion Railway Board. One does not need to go farther, for an example, than the western outskirts of Toronto, where the railroad engineers in approaching the Humber River simply cut directly across the back yard of a private property and threw the excavations up against the owner's kitchen door. Protest was made before the Railway Board, and redress was given to the owner by Chairman Mabee, who took occasion to reprimand the railways in very strong terms for their high-handed actions. Only the other day, too, Chairman Mabee was reported from Ottawa as having talked very plainly to the railway interests for their deliberate violation of the ordinary law against trespassing. "It is my purpose," the Chairman said, "to keep the railroads within the same law that is observed by the private individual." These infringements upon the private rights of Canada show the trend of the corporation, when it becomes wealthy, strong and far-reaching in its influence. As a whole, the service of the railways to their lords, the people, has been efficient and helpful

during these last fifty years, but at the present time there are signs of rebellion between the master and his servant, and fortunate it is that Parliament has unlimited control over these monstrous organisations. No body was born at a more timely juncture than the Dominion Railway Board, which stands guardian of the public rights in all matters of railroad development and regulations.

When one considers the present great wealth of our railways and their vast latent resources of increasing value, one wonders if those generous endowments by a devoted people were made wisely. The doubt arises principally because of the tendency which has been revealed of late on the part of the railroads to act arrogantly in their relations to private property, and to exercise a monopolistic desire in the matter of freight rates. In Canada, we regard the interest in our railways as a sort of happy combination of private and public ownership. The public has given nearly all the land that has been required by the railways, and has in various ways provided the credit upon which the roads have been built. But the public which supplies the most of the capital in the first place does not have anything to say as to how the railways shall be operated. The privilege rests with those private individuals who are able to buy the most stock and who organise themselves into a company. The question, then, at the present moment is, "Shall the good sense and gratitude of these three great railway companies be asserted towards the Canadian people, as the affection of strong and grateful sons, or shall selfish desire prove them to be destroying monsters?"

The question of freight rates is one which touches very vitally the relations of the people with the railways. The agitation for lower rates is strong throughout all parts of Canada, especially in the West. The re-

cent judgment in the Supreme Court, upholding the order of the Dominion Railway Board, which ruled against the railways in the Regina rate case, has come to give relief to the people of the West, only after years of agitation and persistent effort. In 1909, after several public hearings, the Railway Board ordered the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways to file new freight tariffs not later than April 1, 1911, which would remove certain objectionable discriminations between Fort William, Port Arthur and points east thereof, and Regina, Moose Jaw and other stations west of Winnipeg. The railways objected to the findings of the board and appealed the case to the Supreme Court, which has now sustained the order of the board. The decision in this case is very important indeed, as it requires a general readjustment of rates from the East to the Middle West, including points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

The struggle over freight rates has just begun, and the people are realising the difficulty of getting returns, or even mild consideration for their timely assistance to the railroads. Often, perhaps, the demands of the people are not based on accurate knowledge and perfect reason, but in the matter of rates, the feeling is that the time has come for the people to get their share of the enormous profits realised by the railroads in the last ten years. Millions of bushels of grain could have been saved this year in Canada if the rates on those lines running south from the prairies had been made more reasonable, equal even to the through rate on grain to Fort William and Port Arthur. On manufactured goods from the East the freight tariff has never been really moderated, being, on the whole, as high to-day as it was forty years ago. These high charges of transportation

have a great deal to do with the revolt against the extreme cost of living, which is being waged so determinedly by the Western people, and which, of late, has been disguised in an attack against the country's fiscal

system. In the permanent reduction of these charges, and not in the "pros" and "cons" of free trade or protection lies the greatest and surest measure of relief to the man on the plains.

## LOYAL MATES

By P. M. MACDONALD

TRUE brothers seven,  
     The story runs,  
 Set out for Heaven.  
     'Neath moons and suns  
 They went their upward way  
     Till death their number changed;  
 Then through the darkened day  
     The six God-seekers ranged.  
 Another fell, and then  
     Another, and at last  
 But one, o'er hill and fen,  
     On his long journey passed.  
 This pilgrim lone,  
     The story runs,  
 Pillowed on stone,  
     Nor wife, nor sons  
 Had he to cheer his way;  
     None but his faithful dog  
 Walked with him day by day  
     Through Satan's fire and fog.

At length he reached The Gate  
     And made to enter in.  
 The Porter bade him, "Wait!  
     Not that you harbour sin,  
 But this old heel-close dog  
     Must be sent elsewhere—  
 Down to the darksome bog  
     Where liars make their lair."  
 "May he not share with me?"  
     The pilgrim cried in misery,  
 "We have been loyal mates."  
     "Without are dogs," said he  
 Who guards the Golden Gates.  
     Whereat, without a word,  
 The pilgrim turned intent,  
     Called, and his comrade heard,  
 And from The Gate they went.





THE IRISH PLAYERS IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY "THE SHOWING UP OF ELANCO POSNET"

## THE IRISH PLAYERS

AND OTHER THEATRICAL ATTRACTIONS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

THE visit of the Irish Players to New York has provided one of the most interesting experiences of the theatrical season. It also threatened to furnish some of the scenes of popular excitement that surrounded the early Dublin days. The home of the Irish Players, as everyone now knows, is the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, a national theatre enterprise and product of the literary revival that has swept Ireland and interested scholars the world over. The theatre, in fact, has been an important factor in the parent movement. It has given it vigour; helped to intensify the national spirit; laid the foundation of a school of dramatic literature; "discovered" several Irish dramatists, who might otherwise have remained the mute, inglorious Milton of the Elegy—among them one at least of positive genius, the late John M. Synge—and promoted a school of

acting with very definite artistic aims.

Besides Lady Gregory, the guiding genius in this work has been William Butler Yeats, whose early ideas of a theatre, according to George Moore, who has also been intimately identified with the fortunes of the movement, were a little mist, some fairies and a psaltery. The impractical poet, however, has proved himself more successful in guiding the artistic impulses of the nation than certain practical American millionaires who thought to buy a national theatre as they would a motor car.

The early struggles of the Irish Theatre form an interesting and exciting page of theatrical history. The original plan was to have performed in Dublin in the spring of every year certain Irish and Keltic plays, which, to quote a circular twelve years old, "whatever be their degree of excel-



SCENE FROM "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

THIS PLAY CREATED A SENSATION IN NEW YORK

lence, will be written with a high ambition and so to build up an Irish and Keltic school of dramatic literature." Among the first plays presented were Mr. Yeats's "Countess Cathleen," T. C. Martyn's "Heather Field," and "The Bending of the Bough," by George Moore. These and subsequent productions were given with English actors, until Mr. Yeats, anxious from the first to introduce simpler methods of acting and staging, decided to train native actors. The Abbey Theatre, reconstructed through private munificence and given to the Players rent free for a time, was afterwards purchased

out of the company's savings and has become their permanent home.

In themselves the Players are a workmanlike organisation, playing with evident conviction, ease of method and fine poetic understanding. Their disregard for stage technique, and a disposition to substitute a naturalness of method not yet perfected, have led critics to complain unduly of their shortcomings and lack of skill. But even if the criticism were doubly justified, the significance of the movement which they represent, their enlightened example in the founding of a national theatre and the opportunity they have given



THE INSPIRING GENIUSES OF THE IRISH PLAYERS:  
MISS ALLGOOD, LEADING LADY: W. B. YEATS; J. M. SYNGE, AND LADY GREGORY, DRAMATISTS





MISS MARGARET ILLINGTON AS "MAGGIE SCHULTZ" IN "KINDLING"

us to drink of some unpolluted wells of dramatic literature constitute a claim on public attention far overshadowing any technical shortcomings.

Their repertoire includes more than forty plays, all fragrant with the breath of poetry and, as someone has naïvely observed, plays that "act" quite as well as if they were not literature at all. Among playwrights represented in this repertoire, Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Synge, are most conspicuous. Synge, according to Lady Gregory, has done more to justify the theatre movement than any other one man. He died young, before his genius had been fully recognised, but such plays as "Riders to the Sea," "The Shadow of the Glen," "The Well of the Saints," or "The Playboy of the Western

World" make him unique, not only among Irish dramatists, but among all English writers. He is wholly interested in Irish life, and the truth of his work has led some of his plays to be criticised as libels on the Irish peasant. Criticism of this kind, of course, could only come from those unused to works of imagination and wild fantasy. Some of his characters, to be sure, with their blarney and shiftlessness, charming mostly because of their unmorality, are not particularly edifying from a narrow ethical viewpoint. But narrow ethical considerations had never made a prison for Synge's spirit. He was not afflicted with our modern anæmia. Good red blood coursed in his veins, and as he was free from morbidity even in the presence of the deepest sorrows and tragedies he pictured, so



MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, IN "THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE"

is his comedy pitched in the rollicking, laugh-provoking, untrammelled joviality of more spacious days. The impression that "The Playboy of the Western World," a masterpiece of untrammelled playwriting, includes parricide among the Irish virtues has made it a chip on the shoulder of the sensitive patriot here and at home. Such a point of view is as humorously perverse as the perverseness which it satirises with open hilarity.

The title defines a shiftless, highly-imaginative youth of questionable

veracity, who wanders into a public house on a dark autumn night, and with considerable circumstantial detail boasts that he has killed his father. His bravado excites the admiration of his audience, including *Mike*, the publican, and pretty *Peggy Mike*, the barkeep daughter, who has just paid her respects to the craven lover *Shane*. Safe asylum and job as pot boy are offered the newcomer, and he is filling the position of hero to the general countryside, to his own entire satisfaction, when next



MISS ELSIE FERGUSON, IN "THE FIRST LADY IN THE LAND"

day the "dead" father appears on the scene, stick in hand and oath on lip, and justification for both in a bandaged skull. A well-aimed blow with a spud, whereat the boy took to his heels, was the single basis of fact for the heroic narrative. The boy, now loathe to relinquish his title, sets out to despatch the irascible parent in earnest, chasing him off the scene with an immense spud hook. The new act has a different value, however, in the eyes of the villagers, and they are about to deliver him up to justice in disgust, when the many-lived parent again appears, bearing witness to the quality of an Irish skull and an Irishman's admiration for the fighting spirit wherever he may find it—even

in his own son. These are the broad lines of a delicious comedy, broadening at times into pure farce, and interwoven throughout with lines of the purest lyrical beauty. It is dramatic literature from the first line to the last when *Pegeen* sobs, "I've lost the only Playboy of the Western World."

"The Shadow of the Glen" combines elements of farce and tragedy with grim effect. *Dan Burke*, slyly partaking of whisky provided for his own wake, is a purely farcical situation in itself. But only the cruel would find laughter and not tears in the sudden resuscitation of a tyrannical old husband, whose death means to the young wife the possibility of a true mating and life beyond the



glen, with its "mists rolling down the glen and the mists again, and they rolling up the bog, and hearing nothing but the wind crying out in the bits of trees that were left over from the great storm." In from the rain and darkness comes a tramp, and

tramp goes with her, comforting her with a prospect of freedom "and herons crying out over the dark lake . . . and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm . . . and it's fine songs you'll hear them singing when the sun goes



IRENE FENWICK AND TAYLOR HOLMES, IN "THE MILLION"

A FARCE THAT IS HAVING A TREMENDOUS  
SUCCESS ON BROADWAY

as the two speak together, *Norah* is revealed little by little, her loneliness, her haunting, wistful dreams of what life might have meant under different condition of mating. *Dan* is shamming death in order to spy on his wife and at the psychological moment to rise up in his shroud and point the accusing finger at her. An uncontrollable desire to sneeze brings him on the scene too soon and he vents his wrath on *Nora*, turning her in all the storm out of his house forever. But she is not to go alone. The

up and there'll be no old fellow wheezing the like of a sick sheep close to your ear." . . . And while the two wander down the glen together *Dan* and his crony clink glasses and exchange sly winks.

"Riders to the Sea," with its blending of artistic form, its haunting Keltic lilt, its simple dramaturgy, is pure Greek tragedy. The scene is a cottage on one of the Arran islands, off the west coast of Ireland. One after another five sons of old *Mauyra* have been sacrificed to the ravages of the



MARGUERITA SYLVA AND ARTHUR ALBRO, IN  
"THE GYPSY GIRL"

sea. Word has just come that the body of *Michael*, the last to go, has been found and given burial in the far north. *Bartley*, her last born, would be going now with horses to sell at Galway Fair. *Mauyra* has tried to dissuade him, but failing, she

hobbles out on dead *Michael's* stick to give him her blessing. An hour later his body is brought home wrapped in a red sail, just as his brothers before him. Grief has seldom been as poignantly and poetically expressed as in the old mother's words as she sprinkles holy water on the bier. "It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, *Bartley*, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark until you wouldn't know what I'd be saying. But it's a great rest I'll have now and it's time surely.

. . . . *Michael* has a clean burial in the far north. *Bartley* will have a fine coffin out of the white boards and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? . . . . No man can be living forever, and we must be satisfied." . . . . The haunting beauty of lines like these are not to be forgotten soon. Far removed from morbidity or sentimentality, the play has the clean sweep of the sea that brings tragedy to women the world over.

"The Well of the Saints" is symbolic in theme and exquisitely poetic in treatment. A blind couple grown old and happy in the mutual belief that they have retained the comeliness and vigour of youth, are miraculously cured of their blindness by water brought from the Well of the Saints. Disillusionment results in separation and unhappiness until blindness again overtaking them they find their way back to each other, contented if less happy than before. The pathos of the situation is admirably relieved by an admirable vein of comedy. These and other Synge plays are now published, and to reverse a statement made in the beginning they read as well as they act.

Of Lady Gregory, Bernard Shaw once said that "if ever there was a person doomed from the cradle to write for the stage, nay, to create and invent a theatre if none existed,

that person is the author of "Hyacinth Halvey," "The Workhouse Ward," and "The Rising of the Moon." The last named is almost lyrical in its quality. It tells the story of how a Fenian refugee, disguised as a ballad singer, first throws a constable waiting to arrest him off the scent, and then by adroitly working on his earlier sentiments for the "cause," secures his freedom—the constable thereby forfeiting the hundred pounds' reward offered for his capture. "Spreading the News," also by Lady Gregory, shows some comically disastrous results to a piece of news that has been caught on the wings of Keltic imagination. "The Workhouse Ward" derives its humour from the verbal tilting between two old bed-ridden cronies. An opportunity comes to one of the twain to leave the workhouse, but he refuses to be parted from his lifelong enemy, and as the curtain goes down the acrimonious discussion is resumed.

"The Mineral Workers," by T. C. Boyle, holds some delightful characterisation and at least one act of as sparkling comedy as the stage records. The story deals with the efforts of a young Irish-American to introduce modern methods into the industrial life of his native country.

"Birthright," by T. C. Murray, is a dour picture of Irish peasant life on its bitter acrimonious side. *Hugh*, the first born and darling of the countryside, inherits the land, while *Shane*, the real tiller and helpmate of his father, must go to America. The father sits brooding over the ill-fortune that makes *Shane* the second born, while the little care-worn mother makes ready his going, now and then cautiously defending her favourite *Hugh* against the father's invective. The dramaturgy is so simple as to seem almost negligible. There is just a gradual progression of incident, a tightening of events, just as the little plaid shawl about the little

mother's shoulders tightens. The brown mare breaks her leg and has to be shot; something goes wrong with the sow; and the already embittered father determines that *Hugh* the scholar shall be sacrificed and not *Shane*. A quarrel between the brothers follows, and *Hugh* is killed. The simple staging is highly effective. The gloomy kitchen interior, with furtive shadows cast on the wall by a flickering candle, the night silence broken only by the click of the latch as the watchers pass in and out to the barn are all ominous of impending tragedy.

Bernard Shaw's "The Showing up of Blanco Posnet" is the only play in the Irish repertoire not of Irish origin and not dealing exclusively with Irish life. The exception is a characteristic example of Irish hospitality. When the English censor denied the Shaw play a hearing on an English stage the Abbey Theatre promptly offered it asylum. This defiance of the Lord-Lieutenant was fraught with serious risks to the theatre, but the instant popularity of the play made interference, to say the least, inexpedient. The piece has a highly intelligent presentation at the Players' hands, although they, with the author, suffer the natural handicap of unfamiliarity with Western American life. An American "accent" they were not unwise enough to attempt.

The co-operative basis on which the Players serve and the premium put on ensemble acting, rather than on individual performance are novel and interesting features of the organisation. *Sara Allgood*, who plays most of the leading parts, is an actress of breadth, beauty and charm, gifted with a voice of rare sweetness and the skill to act with equal facility the tragic rôles of *Maurya*, the sparkling post-mistress in "Hyacinth Halvey," or the dissolute *Teemy* in *Blanco Posnet*. Arthur Sinclair, in



humorous character rôles, radiates the most genial and pure comedy we have seen in many a day. Fred O'Donovan, who shone conspicuously as the *Playbody*, is a thoroughly refreshing young actor; Eileen O'Doherty, as the little mother in "Birthright"; Eithne Magee, whose *Pegeen Mike* would make *Playboys* of us all; J. M. Kerrigan, as *Shane*, in "Birthright," or the ballad singer in "The Rising of the Moon," are also shining exponents of an art so free from artifice that one thinks not of acting at all, but of life.

Turning from these novel and poetic experiences to the regular offerings of the season, we had for our beguilement the dimpled charms of Billie Burke in "The Runaway," the beautifully impressive acting of Ethel Barrymore in "The Witness for the Defence," the consummate art of Madame Nazimova in "The Marionettes," the engaging personality of Elsie Ferguson in "The First Lady in the Land," and the excellent acting of Margaret Illington in a strongly emotional play, "Kindling," to say nothing of "Little Boy Blue," a comic opera of pure and unmixed delight. Other successes of the season in this field of activity, artistic and popular, have been "The Siren," with Donald Brian, and "The Quaker Girl," with Ina Claire in the title rôle.

"The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason, is refined melodrama, in which the efforts of a woman to regain a foothold in society after having killed her husband under circumstances that completely exonerate her, are the subject of skilful dramatic exposition. The murdered man, *Stephen Ballantyne*, is an English official in the India service. In a trial at Bombay that results in the wife's acquittal, the chief witness for the defence is a young English barrister, former friend of the wife, who had dined in the *Ballantyne's* tent

the night of the murder. When *Mrs. Ballantyne*, two years later, in England, falls in love with a young army officer, her past becomes the subject of renewed inquiry. Her friend of former days again becomes a witness in her defence, but on learning that she has not taken her lover into her confidence, forces her to tell the whole truth of the killing. Happily, the truth is followed by no serious consequences, and the curtain goes down on a prospect of happiness. Miss Barrymore brings to the part of the hunted, unhappy woman, fighting for her chance to live and love, the wealth of her own interesting personality, and acting gifts that have steadily advanced her to the front rank of American actresses. None of our artists can depict intense, semi-hysterical emotion with as delicate artistry as Miss Barrymore; few can express the fulness and joy of life by a single intonation of speech, as she can.

"Kindling" is a misleading title for Miss Illington's new play. Instead of light combustibles, the play deals with a steady, smouldering fire of protest, hidden in the breast of a woman and eventually bursting into flame at the prospect of giving birth to a child in the dirty, unhealthy tenement in which she is compelled to live. *Maggie Schultz*, wife of an honest, straightforward stevedore, steals in order that her baby may be born and reared in the country, where the sun shines and the air is good. Simple in her philosophy, direct and honest in her motives, she persuades herself that no sacrifice is too great where human life is concerned. The premise may be unmoral, but the logic is indisputable, and, as *Maggie* says, "It's better to be right than good." Society and the police, however, take no account either of motive or social philosophy, and *Maggie's* position is precarious until the good fairy of the tenement—the settlement

worker—steps in and saves her. The part of *Maggie* is strongly emotional, and Miss Illington plays it with commendable restraint, reserving herself for the big climatic scenes in which the woman at bay turns desperate and lashes her rich persecutors with some very unpalatable truths. The portrait itself is drawn to life.

If *Dolly Madison* was half so clever and fascinating as Elsie Ferguson makes her in "The First Lady in the Land," one no longer wonders that she was the adored of Jefferson; that diplomats and statesmen danced like puppets when she pulled the strings; that James Madison, Secretary of State, should fall in love with her at a glance, that Aaron Burr could dismiss the Presidency with a quip to return to her smiles, fight a duel later with Hamilton in defence of her name, and finally commit high treason by fitting out an expedition for the conquest of Mexico in order to make her the glittering Queen on its throne. When the play opens, Dolly, as *Mrs. Todd*, is keeping boarders in Philadelphia. A few months later she is in full charge of the Washington court, and, as the wife of the Secretary of State, she is a fixed and useful member of the Presidential family. Neither Jefferson nor Alexander Hamilton appears, but Burr is admirably portrayed and enacted by Frederick Perry. The part of *Madison*, afterward President, is played with little less skill by Lowell Sherman. But interest always centres in the winning, winsome, pretty, clever and spirited *Dolly*. The page of history opened proves full of rich and colourful dramatic material.

We have so long associated the art of Madame Nazimova with the interpretation of great rôles that the more or less butterfly part she plays as *Marquise Fernande de Monclars*, in Pierre Wolff's "The Marionettes" seems inadequate either to her per-

sonality or her histrionic abilities. The hand of the artist is nevertheless seen in the fidelity of the drawing, the subtle suggestion of line and scrupulous regard for detail. She projects with equal ease the timid, shrinking convent girl of the first act, and the glittering, sophisticated, worldly member of an artificial set in the acts that follow, accomplishing the transformation with fine dramatic consistency. Either for the sake of contrast or as a concession to American taste for comedy, the ingenue of the first act is somewhat overdone. But how easily and naturally the cramped spirit of the convent-trained girl warms to the first show of companionship, and with what vigour and passionate beauty she finally bursts into the glory and vehemence of womanhood. The little *Marquise* has been taken direct from school and married to a bit of a rake and spendthrift, with the idea of reforming him. Realising that her reticence, down-cast eyes and general social uneasiness annoy and irritate the husband, she decides to turn butterfly, dress and act like other women, mingle gayly in her husband's set, encourage a flirtation or two—within proper limits, of course—and acts the part so well that the tables are soon turned and the indifferent husband becomes her passionate, devoted slave.

The coquettish charms of Billie Burke have never been seen to better advantage than as *Collette*, the little refugee from the tyranny of a couple of maiden aunts, in Pierre Veber's "The Runaway." Naïveté could go no farther than her manner of making herself at home in the Paris studio of *Maurice Delonay*, a famous middle-aged artist, who in an idle moment had promised to help her. She rewards his protection mightily in the end, however, by bestowing her own smiling eighteen years on his slightly seared and yellow fifty.

# A DOCTOR OF TEMPERAMENT

BY MAY AUSTIN LOW

THINGS had always prospered with William Wentworth, and for generations there had been a Wentworth to till the ground belonging to the *Red House*.

It meant hard work, the sewing and the reaping on the large farm land, but there had never yet been a Wentworth afraid of hard work, or one who had not delighted in living by the sweat of his brow.

William's girl-wife had taken a different outlook on life from the family to which she belonged. With them labour was merely a means to an end, and that end enjoyment. The incentive of pleasure makes labour seem light. To meet people, to attract others, to be in turn attracted to exchange ideas with congenial souls and gain delight from music and books made up the daily life of the *White Cottage* on the hill.

Marion well remembered the hour she had first been stirred into caring for the young, broad-shouldered farmer. She and her father had been to the town, a walk of three miles, and were returning happily together with books from the library for later digesting, when they stopped for a few moments by the snake fence to exchange greetings with William Wentworth, who had been raking hay since sunrise.

He, flushed from the sun, and perhaps, also, from the chance encounter of Marion's bright eyes, leaned over the top-railing of the fence, making a splendid picture of perfect manhood. His shirt sleeves were rolled

to the elbow, displaying the muscular strength of his arms, and his throat rose like a bronze column above the loose collar. His head was bare, and the sunlight made a glory of the golden, waving hair, while in his eyes lay the look that a man gains from a life in the fields, where the sky is the boundary line of his vision.

She, looking at him, straight as a young poplar tree, likened him in thought to a god of the fields, while her father spoke.

"Always hard at work, William," he said. "Couldn't you leave off by and by and come over to the *White Cottage*? Marion has a new song. Show it, girlie."

So Marion, with swift fingers, unrolled the song, moving closer to the fence.

"What is the name of it?" asked William.

Putting out his hand it touched Marion's as they bent together over the page.

"The Daily Question," said Marion quietly, but all her pulses were throbbing, and her spirit was singing within her, because of that momentary encounter.

"What is the daily question?" asked William. Suddenly everything had become different to him. The fragrance of the new-mown hay in the air was poignant with a new sense. The peace and grandeur of the purple mountains in the distance touched him with a swift realisation of the noble possibilities offered to



human life. But, like a woman, fearful in the glare of a great happiness, Marion brought herself back to the earth-world—and William with her. She snatched the song away, putting it under her arm with an air of finality.

"I will tell you if you come to-night," she said gaily, and that was how it all began, for that evening was the forerunner of many such at the *White Cottage*, where sly Cupid, always ready at the crucial moment, fanned the flame that young manhood and womanhood are so prone to ignite together; and before winter had come William and Marion were married.

Thus Marion became a farmer's wife. But the farmer's wife is born, not made. Unhappily, Marion wilted under the burden of the work; there was no time for merry-making to resuscitate the spirit, and so things went on for fifteen years.

Marion was past her youth, but still at blessed moments the hope of joy would possess her—but the moments became rarer.

William guessed none of this, never knew that while his wife tubbed the butter in a faded calico gown, her spirit was yearning for pretty things and personal adornment. Marion had grown quieter, but this was natural. All women grew quieter as they grew older. He remembered his own mother, as, at the last, with no word for anyone, she sat over her knitting by the fireplace from morning until night.

One day—the anniversary of their wedding, too—Marion did not get up when the clock in the kitchen rang out five, as she was used to do. Neither did she move when it struck six, and at seven, when William came in from the fields for his breakfast, there was no breakfast, and his wife still in bed.

"Why, Marion," he said, pushing open the door of the big, bare bed-

room, "what is it that ails you?" "I'm tired," she answered in low, level tones, "just tired and numb and tingling."

William gazed down at her with a sudden and awful fear in his eyes. "It must be paralysis coming on, and if there's one thing harder than another on a man it's a bed-ridden wife. Shall I get the doctor, Marion?"

His voice was full of anxiety, anxiety for his wife, for in his heart he loved the companion of his labours, and anxiety for his own well-being if ill befell her. It had never struck him that while the body was feeding the soul might starve.

"What good do doctors do?" said Marion, still with the level tone, devoid of all interest.

"There's the new doctor who has just come; and people say he isn't one to physic much."

"Physics meant money, and a doctor's fee was bad enough without the cost of a doctor's prescription. So, after a drink of milk for breakfast, William went off for the new doctor, and was fortunate enough to find him in.

The doctor plied William with many questions during the three-mile drive back to the *Red House*.

"Has never missed a day's work in fifteen years," repeated the doctor after him. Humph! time she did break down. Did she never care for pleasure?"

"Gay enough when she was a girl," said William, "but married folk have no time for fun."

"That's where the mistake comes in: young people make pleasure for themselves out of little things, and hope runs high in young blood. It's when time goes on that a woman needs real pleasure, and pretty clothes to keep her pleased with herself."

"So you really don't think it's paralysis," said William. A great weight was gradually lifting from his

mind. He felt he could stand the hardship of handing over money for a doctor's prescription with that dread of a helpless wife removed.

"Haven't seen the patient yet. Must wait to give my diagnosis," said the doctor.

When they got to the *Red House*, and he was shown up the narrow, uncarpeted stairway to the low-roofed bedroom, he was whistling softly to himself the air of an old song; and by strange chance it happened to be "The Daily Question."

When he entered the room he found his prospective patient in tears.

"Lonely lying here," said the doctor, as he sat down by her bedside and took her thin hand in his.

"It's not that, but your whistling. I used to sing that song long ago. It made me remember——"

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Just so." He had counted her pulse.

"Pulse normal; temperature normal; temperament abnormal," he remarked. "What would you say if I told you to put on your best frock and drive to town?"

Marion laughed feebly.

"Best frock! I haven't had a best frock for twelve years."

"Ah!" said the doctor.

He was busy writing prescriptions.

Before he left he spoke a moment to William alone.

"You look like a man of honour," he said. "Give me your word that you will follow my directions, and your wife will be a well woman in less than a month. Neglect to do this, and she will be an invalid for life."

These were the prescriptions the bewildered William read:

Half a dozen new frocks.

Two new hats.

Six sets of underclothes.

Boots, shoes, gloves, etc.

A maid-servant immediately.

Patient to walk and drive every day.

One new novel a week.

Dancing and cards weekly.

Music daily.

Church twice on Sundays.

"Why," said William, "it costs more than physic. Suddenly he smiled, seeing the new light (or was it an old light relighted?) in his wife's eyes, "but I guess its cheaper than a funeral."

Some months later, when he and Marion met the new doctor at a gay gathering in town he told him with a laugh that he knew his business better than any other doctor he had ever known.

"What women need," he added, "is fun, not physic."



# THE SIKHS

BY RALPH E. SMITH

THE presence of Sikhs in British Columbia, their recent deputation to Ottawa to urge upon the Government of Canada the recognition of what they claim to be their rights as British citizens, and the activities of Dr. Sunder Singh in Toronto in his efforts to win public sympathy and support have brought Canadians face to face with one of the great problems that face the statesmen of the Empire to-day.

India is an integral part—and in one sense the most important part—of the Empire. Without India the Empire would be shorn of much of its glory, the British name of much of its great prestige in the East and the British people of the greatest mission they or any other people have ever undertaken. The present treatment of Indians in the colonies places all these in jeopardy.

It must be remembered that the India of to-day is not the India of twenty-five years ago. India, like Japan and China, has been greatly modernised. The newspaper and the magazine have become prominent features in the life of India. Monthly, weekly, bi-weekly, and daily papers are being published in ever-increasing numbers in English, Urdu, Panjabi, Bengali, Ooriya, Telugu, Tamil, Canarese, Malayalam, Mahratti, Guzarat, etc., etc., and in these papers appears the news of the world and able articles on matters dealing with progress and reform and public and national affairs. And the treatment their fellow-countrymen are receiving

in other parts of the Empire is known all over India, and has formed the subject of many bitter editorials. Huge public meetings have been held and large sums of money have been subscribed to help in the struggle being carried on in the colonies.

It is safe to say that nothing in recent years has aroused such intense bitterness of feeling among all races and classes in India as the treatment meted out to Indians in South Africa, especially in the Transvaal. The treatment of Indians in British Columbia, mild in comparison though it has been, and the closing against them of the doors of Australasia, have contributed to the deepening of this feeling and have strengthened the hands of the opponents of British rule in India and aroused a prejudice against all colonials, whether missionary or civilian. The questions are naturally being asked, What after all does British citizenship mean? Would we be treated so if we were an independent country?

There is much that may be said from the standpoint of those who would exclude Asiatics entirely. They differ entirely in race, colour and religion from Canadians, and they cannot be assimilated and Canadianised; will their admission therefore not mean the creation of a race and colour problem in Canada? They have not been deemed proper subjects for the franchise in their own country; shall we extend the franchise to them here, or create a large body of unfranchised persons? India is teem-



ing with its countless millions of people; if we throw down our gates shall we not be flooded with hordes who know not our laws, our ideals, our religion and the principles that underlie our civilisation? Their standard of living is much lower than ours; will not the labour market be ruined and the industrial equilibrium of the country be disturbed? These and other questions will be asked.

But how can we, in justice, insist on the open door in Asia and claim the right to travel or trade or study or settle in those countries and deny a similar right in return? The Canadian in India is often met with the question, "How is it that you come freely into our country and claim the right to freedom of action here and yet mob Indians in your country or shut them out altogether?" Is the world to remain forever shut off into water-tight compartments and the different nations and races never to learn to live together? The increased facilities for intercommunication and international travel make an emphatic negative the inevitable answer to such questions.

Every day the world is becoming smaller. Forty-five years ago it took a letter six months to reach India. To-day it takes but ~~half~~ <sup>half</sup> so many weeks. Forty years ago Jules Verne startled the world with his book, entitled "Around the World in Eighty Days." The trip may be done in half that time to-day. And every knot added to the speed of the ocean liners, every hour cut from the railway timetables, every new line of cable and telegraph, the coming of wireless telegraphy and the flying machine, are all drawing the world together and making all nations close neighbours. How long *can* our doors remain barred to Asia?

The problem is one of sufficient perplexity, and it will not be helped to a solution by an appeal to prejudice on the one hand or to sentiment on

the other, or to the selfish interests of any section of the community. What is required is constructive statesmanship of first-rate ability, wider horizon and a deeper sense of Imperial responsibility. The issues are not local; they are imperial. And Canada should meet India in a frank discussion of both sides of the question. The question will not die a natural death. It is here to stay, and the sooner it is ably and squarely faced the easier will it be to find a permanent solution.

The treatment of Asiatics by the West to-day is not so very different after all to the treatment of Westerners by Asia in the days when Westerners first began to demand entrance into Asiatic countries. The treatment then was very largely due to prejudice. More knowledge of the incomer very largely removed that prejudice. More knowledge of the Sikhs, therefore, ought to serve some part in the solution of the present difficulty. And anyone desiring to become better acquainted with them will find interesting reading in McAuliffe's great work, recently published, on the history of the Sikhs, which has put other books on the subject much out of date.

Sikhism arose as a reforming theistic sect in Hinduism and can only be properly understood when considered in connection with the history of that religion. The religion of the Aryan conquerors of India who entered India fifteen or twenty centuries before Christ, may be called Vedism, *i.e.*, the religion of the Four Vedas, the oldest of the Hindu sacred books; it was a simple nature worship. This was followed by Brahmanism or philosophic Hinduism, which was the religion of the speculative philosophical books called the Upanishads, and out of which grew the seven systems of Hindu philosophy. Then came Buddhism in the fourth or fifth century B.C. It arose out of Brahman-

ism in some such way as Christianity arose out of Judaism. But it entirely disappeared from India before the end of the twelfth century A.D. Centuries before it disappeared Vaishnavism, Saivism and Saktism, which form the principal sects of modern popular Hinduism, had begun to grow, and they supplanted Buddhism. At the beginning of the eleventh century began the Mohammedan invasion of India, and it was steadily carried forward till the founding of the Moghul dynasty in 1526, which, under Aurangzeb (1658-1707), extended its boundaries till they embraced the whole of India.

The stern, uncompromising monotheism of these Mohammedan conquerors had a certain effect on the Hinduism of the time and certain reformed theistic Hindu sects sprang up. The first of these was the Kabir Panth, founded by Kabir, who was not only influenced by Mohammedanism, but is supposed also to have possessed a copy of the Gospel of John. Arising about the same time, and closely connected with the Kabir Panth, is Sikhism.

The founder of Sikhism is Baba Nanak, who was born in 1469 near Lahore, and who is therefore a contemporary of Luther. So that the beginnings of the Sikh movement are coeval with the rise of Protestantism in Europe. Guru (teacher) Nanak had no intention of founding a separate sect or religion. He became merely a teacher and sought to bring about certain reforms in Hinduism and a compromise between Hinduism and Mohammedanism on the basis of a belief in one God. He preached against caste and idolatry and polytheism and many of the superstitions of the Hindus. A story is told of him that at one time he went to Hardwar at the time of the Kumbh Mela, when thousands come to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. Nanak saw them, after bathing, turn to the

east and offer handfuls of water to the sun and to their ancestors. He immediately entered the water, turned to the west and began to throw great quantities of water out of the river. A large crowd of astonished people gathered around him and inquired what he was doing. "I am watering my fields at Kartarpore. They have become parched with the scorching sun," was the reply.

"And where be thy fields and thy Kartarpore?" asked a voice.

"They are on the banks of the Ravi, in the Panjab," replied Guru Nanak.

At this they all burst into laughter and said, "How can thy fields be watered from such a long distance? Fool thou art to think they can."

"And greater fools are you my friends. If this water in such large quantities cannot reach my fields on this very earth, 300 or 400 miles away, how can handfuls of it satiate your ancestors and the sun so far off you know not where they are. Leave off these idle pursuits and worship God, who creates, feeds and waters all. Useless are these ceremonies and formalities. Ganges water cannot wash away your sins. Bhakti and devotion will. Change your hearts, perform good deeds and be saved."

Nanak gathered about him many disciples who were called "Sikhs," which means disciples or "The Taught." He was the Guru, "The Teacher," the first of ten Gurus, under whom Sikhism grew and developed. It began as a simple religious reform movement seeking the union of Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and ended by becoming a military theocracy, between which and Mohammedanism there existed the bitterest animosity. The fears and opposition of their Mohammedan rulers were aroused when the Sikhs began to combine for political purposes. It was Ramdas, the fourth

Guru, who first inspired the Sikhs with a desire for political power. His death is said to have been caused by the Emperor Jehangir. The Emperor Aurangzeb, who was notorious for his fanatical zeal in the propagation of Islam, sought to force the Sikhs to become Mohammedans. He imprisoned Teg Bahadur, the ninth Sikh Guru, and tortured him till in his agony he was led to turn to a fellow prisoner and induce him to fall upon him and slay him and so end his sufferings. Far from suppressing the Sikh movement this event proved to be the turning point in its history.

Under Teg Bahadur's son, Govind Singh (1675-1708), who became the tenth, and, according to some, the greatest, Guru, and in whom fanatical zeal and a burning desire to avenge his father's death were mingled with much energy of nature and military ability, the religious Sikhs were converted into a nation of fighting men. He proclaimed social equality among his followers, bade them to always wear a sword in token of their perpetual warfare with the Mohammedans, add the word Singh (Lion) to their names, forbade the use of tobacco, the eating of beef, the performance of Hindu ceremonies, the reading of Hindu and Mohammedan sacred books and the shaving of either the head or the beard. To arouse their martial instincts he wrote a supplement to their sacred book, the *Adi-Granth*, which he called the "*Granth of the Tenth King*." The *Adi-Granth* he considered too full of passages inculcating meekness and gentleness. He taught also the paying of homage to weapons of warfare.

His life was spent in one long conflict with the Emperor Aurangzeb, who was, however, more than his match in fanaticism and military strategy and Govind was worsted. After a long struggle he "saw his strongholds taken, his mother and children massacred, and his disciples

slain, mutilated or dispersed." A year after Aurangzeb's death he joined his forces with those of one of the claimants of the throne in the Deccan, and one day, while making an address to a company who had gathered to listen to him, a Pathan fanatic, hearing words which he considered unfit for the ears of the faithful, fell upon him with a dagger and killed him. This happened at Nandair, where Govind is buried, and which has become a shrine and a place of pilgrimage to the Sikhs to this day.

Under Govind Singh and under the influence of the constant persecution of and conflict with the Mohammedans, Sikhism was changed into something very different from that intended by its founder. And the two centuries of changing history that have followed Govind's death have made it something very different from either. Govind banded the Sikhs together into the Khalsa and made it a fighting unit. He was the last of the Gurus. Banda, his successor in the Government of the Khalsa, was slain eight years later, and the reins of Government passed to the Akalis, military zealots, who became masters of the Panjab in 1764. From that time on till the rise of Ranjit Singh the history of the Sikhs is marked by violence and bloodshed and constant warfare between the different clans into which they had split up.

Maharajah Ranjit Singh, one of the chiefs of the Sikh clans, was born in 1780. When only nineteen years of age he succeeded in obtaining possession of Lahore, one of the Sikh capitals. He next captured Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, and soon, by sheer ability and force of character, he succeeded in becoming master of the whole of the Panjab beyond the Sutlej and of Kashmir. He was known as the "*Lion of the Panjab*" and was the only man who ever had sufficient force of character to hold



the independent and warlike Sikhs together. He died in 1839.

His successor was murdered, and thereafter there ensued six years of anarchy, in which princes and ministers were murdered in quick succession, and the army of 90,000 trained soldiers became masters of the situation. Underpaid and discontented they finally demanded to be led into British territory and crossed the Sutlej in 1845. War with the British followed. The treaty that terminated this war in 1846 was not kept, and the second Sikh war broke out in 1848. It ended in the British taking over the whole of the Panjab. The Sikh nation ceased to exist, and they are now divided up into numerous religious orders. They still prefer military life to more peaceful avocations, however, and many of the finest regiments in the Indian army are composed of Sikhs.

Sikhism has lost the inward impulse that made it a zealous religious reforming sect, and the outward circumstances that turned them into a martial people, and the movement as such is crumbling to decay. No doubt the hardness and energy that have characterised them as a people remain. But as a religious sect they are gradually lapsing back into the Hinduism out of which they sprang. This is the history of every sect that has attempted to reform Hinduism. They have never severed themselves from Hinduism entirely, and when the impulse to reform has died away they have been drawn back into the great Hindu fold again, taking with them the dead letter of their reformed teaching and the names of their great teachers, who are canonised as avatars or incarnations of some Hindu god or other. In 1910 Baba Gurbaksh Singh Bedi, who is a lineal descendant of Nanak and the present spiritual head of the Sikhs, was elected to the presidency of the Panjab Hindu Conference, which met at Mul-

tan in October of that year. He was criticised for accepting such a position, but he vigorously defended himself and among other things said, "In my eyes a Hindu is a Hindu, whether he be a Sikh, a Sanatanist, an Aryan or a Brahmo. Whatever differences there may be between these faiths, on the main points they all agree." This will indicate the extent to which the Sikhs have already become re-Hinduised.

The British Government do not look with favour upon this trend back to Hinduism. They prefer to have the Sikhs remain a distinct sect under the inspiration of their military traditions and martial creed, for as such they prove a fine recruiting ground for the Indian army. They are a stalwart race of sturdy, energetic, fighting men, and as such make splendid soldiers.

They are loyal to Great Britain, and this loyalty was conspicuous during the recent durbar at Delhi. Within Delhi there is a somewhat insignificant little Sikh temple, upon whose inner walls are emblazoned the words, "Here lies the martyr Sikh Guru, who prophesied the British advent in India." It is the shrine of the ninth Guru, Teg Bahadur, who was tortured by the Emperor Aurangzeb. When, among other things, the charge of having dared to raise his eyes to the Imperial Zenana was trumped up against him, he proudly answered, "I was looking for a fair race coming from beyond the sea who shall tear down thy purdahs and destroy thine empire." This has always been regarded by the Sikhs as a prophecy of the coming of the British. They were very deeply stirred therefore when the white Emperor came personally to proclaim himself the Emperor of all India in the very city where their Guru suffered and uttered the prophecy.

A great procession was formed to the tomb of Teg Bahadur. It is esti-

mated that 20,000 Sikhs took part in it, 12,000 of whom were soldiers of the Indian regiments and of the Imperial service troops. So great a body of men swinging by in loose formation shouting in their hoarse guttural tones the watch-cry of their sect, "There is but one God," was a convincing exposition of the greatness of the asset the Indian Government possesses in the Sikhs. They were headed by the Sikh chiefs in full state, and at the little temple they renewed their pledges of fealty to the King Emperor.

As has been said, Govind Singh was the last of the Gurus. He refused to appoint a successor. In the place of a successor he raised their sacred book, The Granth, to the dignity of a sort of permanent Guru, even entitling it "Sahib" (Lord). Thereafter they were everywhere to obey and be guided by the Granth Sahib.

This book is composed of two parts, the *Adi-Granth*, compiled by Arjun, and the "Granth of the Tenth King," composed by Govind. "Besides the portions written by Nanak and Arjun himself, there were collected into it extracts from 12½ other contributors." The half contributor was a woman, hence it was not reckoned as a complete unit. Many sayings of Kabir, Ramanand and others find a place in it.

The Granth has become a very sacred object to the Sikhs. It is covered with costly brocade and kept on a low stand in the Golden Temple at Amritsar. There are no idols in this temple and no idol worship. And yet the homage paid to the Granth is of the same nature as that paid to an idol by the Hindus. Every day it is dressed, decorated with brocade, fanned with long chowries and put to bed at night in a golden bed in a separate chamber, and treated in much the same way as a Hindu idol is treated. At the above mentioned procession at the recent *darbar* at

Delhi, the Granth, handsomely decorated, was carried in state on an elephant at the head of the procession.

The Sikhs believe in but one God, but homage is also paid to the Granth, the weapons of the Gurus and to the cow. They believe in the transmigration of the soul. Every soul, they believe, is liable to pass through 2,300,000 quadrupeds, 900,000 aquatic animals, 1,100,000 feathered animals, 1,100,000 creeping animals, 1,700,000 immovable creatures (trees and stones), and 1,400,000 forms of human beings.

They have a sacred temple at Amritsar, which is considered to be second only to the Taj Mahal at Agra as an object of striking architectural beauty. It was the fourth Guru, Ramdas, who collected the offerings brought to him by his followers and purchased the tank or lake at Amritsar—the word Amritsar is from *Amrita* (nectar) and *saras* (a lake). In the centre of this lake he built the well-known lake temple, called by them the *Darbar Sahib*, and, by the Europeans, the Golden Temple because the domes and cupolas and all the upper parts of the building are overlaid with copper richly gilded. Around it gathered the town, which has been the centre and capital and sacred city of the Sikhs. The lake is bordered by a marble pavement and around it are many fine mansions owned by the Sikh chieftains. The lower part of the temple is of marble richly inlaid with precious stones and a marble causeway forms an approach to it from one side of the lake. The temple is quite unlike anything else to be seen in India, being, true to the nature of Sikhism itself, a compromise between a Hindu temple and a Mohammedan mosque. It is not large, but the proportions are perfect and the gilded domes and cupolas give it a striking appearance. This gilded copper work was done by Maharajah Ranjit Singh, who despoiled many of

the finest Mohammedan tombs in Lahore to obtain the material to carry out his project.

The lake about the temple "has known many vicissitudes. More than once it has been filled up by the Moslems, and in 1762 it was desecrated by Ahmed Shah, who caused slaughtered cows to be thrown into the holy water. But this sacrilege was amply avenged in later years, when numerous mosques were demolished and Afghans in chains were made to wash the foundations with the blood of hogs."

Most tourists visit Amritsar and see the temple for themselves. But there are other sacred places of the Sikhs that would well repay a visit. One of these is the shrine in Patna, which is the birthplace of Guru Govind Singh. The other is Nandair, on the banks of the Godavari, in the Dec-

can, 170 miles from Hyderabad. It was here that Govind met his death at the hands of the Pathan fanatic. The imposing mausoleum that was raised over his grave has for two centuries been an object of veneration and pilgrimage to the Sikhs. It is a shrine little visited by tourists and one that would well repay a visit. "Unlike the shrines of North India, which were repeatedly looted and spoiled by the Moghul soldiery until the Sikhs were strong enough to resist the myrmidons of Delhi, the Nandair temple has no such occurrences in its annals, and as the practice of giving types of national weapons (to be placed on the tomb or hung up on the walls of the mortuary chamber) has been followed for many years, the Guru's mausoleum probably contains the finest collection of old Sikh arms in India."

## THE WESTERN FARMER

By C. L. ARMSTRONG

HERE, on this humble threshold, now I stand  
 And watch the sun sink, lurid, in the West.  
 The breeze that lulls all day-worn things to rest  
 Breathes its tree-vespers o'er the fruitful land.  
 And, deep within me, full, sincere and grand,  
 Wells up to God a simple man's request,  
 That all men may be blest as I am blest;  
 (The grass, the trees, the rivers, understand);  
 Before my eyes stretch mellow miles of grain;  
 And, yonder, at the sight's horizon rim,  
 I see the vanguard of the marching rain  
 Over the slough-grown poplars, tall and slim.  
 Bread for the hungry! Mete of might and main!  
 Mocking the famine spectre, grisly grim.





CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

**B**EFORE Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught sailed from England Lady Aberdeen took special pains that the objects of the National Council of Women of Canada should be fully explained so that a knowledge beforehand might be had of that institution, of which she would undoubtedly become Honourary President, and which now embodies eighteen nationally-organised societies and twenty-six local councils, forming a chain from Halifax to Vancouver, each local council in its turn comprising various affiliated societies. I think I would be safe in saying that there are few societies in the Dominion which are not fully represented therein.

Perhaps Canadians have been a little awed by the presence of royalty in residence here; perhaps there was fear they might not understand our work-a-day habits—the unceasing grind a new country calls for. But no Canadian should forget that her Royal Highness comes from Prussia, that country which owes much of its greatness to hardships and privations, and that it is due to Prussia's long training in the inexorable school of

adversity that she has become a model for other nations to imitate, a country where there are no privileges other than those which can be earned by study and service, and where the same treatment is meted out to rich and poor alike. If Prussia out of her sandy wastes built the kingdom she did, how much more ought we be able to build up a nation second to none?

It may be said without fear of contradiction that few countries have had so remarkable a line of rulers, sages and geniuses as Prussia, and as the daughter of that austere and pious Prince Frederick Charles, whose name stands out in history as one of the greatest forces behind the Prussian army and who is everywhere regarded as one of the greatest cavalry organisers, Princess Louise inherits her father's executive ability and shyness. Her Royal Highness dislikes crowds, is extremely sensitive and reserved, always living a secluded life, bringing up her children in the greatest simplicity and with almost rigid economy and spending only half the income and saving the other half, thus managing her household on a thrifty basis.



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT

*From the Painting by John S. Sargent*

Her Royal Highness is a real comrade, both to her husband and children, eager to share their pursuits and travels. Her opinions on art are eagerly sought after, she being considered the art critic of the royal family. Her love for children and sympathy with the aged, the sick, and the educated poor often makes a deep hole in her Royal Highness's purse, one that is not at all times too full for the demands of her station in life.

To meet her Royal Highness at a very small gathering, her greetings, though not demonstrative, are cordial and friendly. Her voice is rather low, but very musical, and few women are as well versed in public questions concerning women.

Since her elder daughter's marriage to Gustavus Adolphus, Crown Prince of Sweden, their Royal Highnesses have travelled extensively, and Canadian women hope that, though the term of office is only to be for two years, the time may be extended.

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Our English friends have not forgotten the great quinquennial held in Toronto in 1909. Many of the *Laurentic* party met at a "Canadian Reunion" in Glasgow, Scotland, very recently, and at Lady Aberdeen's suggestion they will make it an annual affair.

The National Council of Women of Canada sent "greetings" to the Norwegian women, who in January gave a national festival in honour of Fröken Gina Krog, one of the most brilliant of the quinquennial delegates and a talented writer in the cause of women. To her the women of Norway attribute the many victories they have gained during recent years, and when Norwegian women obtained equal rights with men recently, it was due largely to her efforts.

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Every old-fashioned name suggests

a type. We frame some imaginary picture of the qualities that should be possessed by the person bearing it, some subconscious idea is formed of the individuality of the person never seen or heard about. The idea is approximately the same in the minds of different persons, and subconsciously we expect the person to live according to that name.

Poets sing of their sweetest when singing to a Mary. There is a sacredness attached to this name. Very seldom in books do we find a wicked Mary; we attach it only to our ideal of the perfection of womanhood.

Our Queen, just returned from India, will have added still more glory to the name, a name now coupled with strength of character in the highest, as it gradually dawns upon us the immense significance of the now historic Durbar, how much it has meant and will mean to the peace movement of the world.

How great is the Durbar's significance to the Sikhs both in India and Canada who are now awaiting our action regarding the regulations of their wives and children!

Little we know how much it meant to the mystic Indian subject to see once more in his native land the great Koh-i-noor diamond, which had for centuries been worn successively by Indian and Persian rulers. Since 1850 it has been the property of the British Crown, and Queen Victoria learned in her time that he who holds the Koh-i-noor holds India.

What's in a name? A great deal in those famous names George and Mary. It was, indeed fitting that the nation rejoiced with thanksgiving at the safe return of our King and Queen.

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The Toronto Local Council of Women, a society which embraces forty affiliated societies representing seven thousand women, are presenting a



suggestion to the Ontario Legislature for adoption. This suggestion has been endorsed by the National Council. It urges the establishment of separate trials for women in the police courts, to which the male outside public is not to be admitted. One cannot but feel there is great need for this could the general public only see the horde of unemployed who haunt the courts and seemingly take great amusement therefrom.

A request for "the establishment of a branch of the police service, consisting of women, whose special province is to be the dealing with prostitutes and whose presence at trials where women appear as prosecutor, accused, or chief witness shall be compulsory." Such a branch of the police service, consisting of thirty women, has already been established in Berlin, Germany. In Hunnewell, Kansas, the chief of police is a woman, who has established a female branch of the service. In Los Angeles, California, a policewoman was appointed some time ago, and the chief of police in Los Angeles has given utterance publically to his great appreciation of the services rendered by her. In Denmark the first police-woman appointed was a graduate of the Copenhagen University. In Montreal since the new year two women were sworn in as special investigators to aid the police force in connection with the juvenile court.

The Toronto women ask that "women should be eligible to sit on juries and to be magistrates and justices of the peace." Why not? Women are allowed to practise law and with great success, then why are the others denied her? It only requires average ability, not necessarily a graduate in law, to fulfil the duties of these positions. In Norway women have been chosen to serve in the courts of justice and on the jury, and they sit regularly in the commercial

court. At the assizes last year in Drammen one and the same woman was president in five out of eleven cases, and was elected four times unanimously. This may be mentioned as a proof of the understanding and sympathy with which the men of Norway co-operate with the women.

"State pensions for minors who are destitute" is another request, and would be of infinite advantage to the community, making it possible for the widow to stay at home and look after her children instead of being forced to go out to work, leaving the children either without supervision or in the care of various charitable institutions. In Australia and New Zealand, where women possess the franchise, such state pensions have been established for some time, with huge success.

A request which appeals to every woman is the one which insists upon "the exclusion of insane paupers and aged poor from jail," which is at present the only available accommodation pending adjustment in such cases, and state provision is asked also for the ever-increasing number of feeble-minded. In the United States neglect to segregate the feeble-minded has already apparently resulted in such rapidly increasing numbers that all hope has to be abandoned of dealing with the evil by means of institutions.

The platform includes the request for the establishment of a Provincial Housing Commission to deal with the problem of housing the ever-increasing number of foreign immigrants and that the Parliamentary franchise may be extended to the women of Ontario who have fulfilled the necessary qualifications as at present apply to the male voters of the Province.

No student of history can fail to see that the rising tide of women's enfranchisement is a universal one and that sooner or later each nation will have to meet it.



## The WAY of LETTERS

FOR more than half a century the indomitable personality of the Reverend Father Lacombe, the "Black-robe Voyageur," has exercised a great humanising influence on white men and red men and *metis* in those vast stretches of the Dominion between Winnipeg and Calgary on the one hand and Edmonton and the Montana border on the other hand. It is obvious therefore that an account of the work that he has done and the part that he has taken in the history of the Northwest would in itself be of extraordinary interest and value to the student of our national progress. The history of the Northwest during the last sixty years comprises the biography of Father Lacombe; the biography of Father Lacombe comprises the history of the Northwest during the same time. So that the "Life," which Miss Katherine Hughes undertook to write, and which has resulted in the publication of an excellent volume of 467 pages, furnished more history, incident, anecdote, adventure, and even romance than the average person could scan, much less bring within the compass of a single volume. But it is to Miss Hughes's credit that she has carried out to a successful conclusion a work that must have appeared to be extremely confusing and almost im-

possible. The author had the assistance of Father Lacombe's memoirs, the impulse given by years of acquaintanceship with the subject, personal interviews with men who would appear in the narrative, as well as a knowledge of the country in which Father Lacombe laboured and a keen sympathy with him and the Indians, whom he called "my people." This, then, is the basis on which Miss Hughes worked, and the result is such that it can be accepted as a valuable contribution to the literature of history in Canada. There is an introduction by Sir William Van Horne and a number of full-page illustrations.

Miss Hughes begins with Albert Lacombe as a French-Canadian lad of Quebec Province. She sketches his upbringing, takes him through his academic pursuits, and soon literally launches him out upon the career as missionary of the Oblate Order that is to have so close a connection with the making of the West as we now know it. There was in those early days (it was in 1849 that Father Lacombe went to the West) a close relationship between the missionaries and the Hudson's Bay Company, because, as Father Lacombe has been pleased to acknowledge, "If we had not had the aid and the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company we

could not have for a long time begun or carried out the establishment of the young Church in the Northwest." Another tribute is paid to the Company, when it is related that Father Lacombe, hearing of a debt of 3,000 skins (the currency of those days) owed by the widow of an Indian who had been killed, went to the Chief Factor and laid the case before him. The Chief Factor ran his quill through the account, shouting "Bien, hurrah!" As Miss Hughes observes, "The honourable Company . . . could not hold a mortgage upon the future of a poor widow and her children."

This intrepid missionary seems to have been a man of much cunning and astuteness, as well as of religious zeal, qualifications that stood well by him in many difficult encounters. On one particular occasion he was opposed by the sorcerer and medicine-man White Eagle, who had been the ruling spirit in a camp of 300 pagan Crees of the plains. For several days he had endeavoured to impress his religion upon these savages, but he had been most cruelly reviled by White Eagle. Then, one morning at daybreak, the missionary mounted his pony and began to ride around the outside of the circle of tents, waving his Red Cross flag, which was his talisman, and, holding the crucifix aloft, he called on the Indians to give him another hearing. They heard him, and his defence of his religion was so well received that the sorcerer was constrained to quit the camp. The white and red flag served also as a signal for peace, and it was used on many occasions to quell a disturbance and even end a blood-thirsty massacre. One of these occasions was in 1865, when at night a band of Crees fell upon an encampment of the Blackfoot, where Father Lacombe lay asleep. The battle continued intermittently until dawn, when the courageous missionary, in stole and

surplice, raised the crucifix and the flag above his head and called on the Indians of his own encampment to cease firing. Then he marched out to face the enemy. "Here!" he cried, "you Crees, *Kamiyo-Atchakwe* speaks!" But he was not heard, and in the fog and smoke he could not be seen by the Crees. Presently a bullet struck him in the shoulder and he fell. With that one of the Blackfoot shouted, "You have wounded your blackrobe, dogs! Have you not done enough?" When this report went through the ranks of the Crees the firing ceased, and the attacking party withdrew, because no Indian wished to harm the Man-of-the-Good-Heart.

Father Lacombe once actually bought an Indian maiden, and with her in his possession he was enabled to ingratiate himself into the goodwill of the Sarcees, to which tribe the maiden belonged. Her name was Marguerite, and she had been stolen from her people by a number of Cree braves. When the missionary heard of this, he bought her and gave her into the charge of some nuns until he was able to visit the Sarcee camp. When he did make the visit, he took the maiden with him, and when her people, who had not ceased to mourn her loss, saw her they shouted the name of her deliverer until the *coulées rang*, and after going into camp, the priest was received with "songs of triumph and orations by the chiefs."

Father Lacombe saw the buffaloes disappear; he witnessed the coming of the first transcontinental railway; he beheld the land opened for settlement; he played an important part in pacifying the Indians during the Rebellion of 1885; he was for a time the storm centre during the controversy over the Manitoba school regulations. But we like best of all to see him ministering to the bodily and spiritual needs of the aborigines of the plains—talking to the little chil-



dren, teaching the adults, assuaging pain and reducing fever, counselling, exhorting, commanding; with baptism starting "my people" in the practice of the Christian life, and with the last rites of the Church preparing them for death. That was his great mission in the Great West, and we like to see him now, as Miss Hughes has pictured him to us, spending his reclining years in the Lacombe Home at Midnapore, Alberta. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

IN the large number of books from the pen of John Oxenham there are to be expected a few that show signs of hasty production, but in almost all of them there is a glamour of location that covers many of the faults. "Their High Adventure" is not by any means his best, nor is it his worst. The scene has been laid amid the grandeur of the Swiss mountains, and the plot is light enough to interfere but little with the greater charm of the location. Lakes and mountains and passes, well-known peaks and villages, bridle paths and chateaux and wayside inns enfold the attempt to release a girl from a Swiss prison. The hero and heroine succeed, but an avalanche foils the wit of mere men. The rescued girl is carried down, but the other result of this terrible danger of the winter Alps is agreeable enough to partially drown the memory of the disaster. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

WHETHER or not Professor A. P. Coleman is the best mountain-climber in Canada, he is entitled to that distinction because of the delightful manner in which he recounts his experiences and sets down his observations. In his new book, "The Canadian Rockies: New and Old Trails," he describes his many visits to the Rockies, including the first, which was made in 1884, be-

fore the railway had gone through. The book is entertaining from the very first sentence, and what a commendable quality that is in a work that has as well just claims to scientific values.

Professor Coleman's position of professor of geology in the University of Toronto gives him authority for the publication of a book of this kind, but his greatest authority after all is that which he has earned by his indefatigable researches and first-hand study. He has made numerous excursions into the Rockies and Selkirks, and his party was the first to encounter Mount Robson, which is now regarded as the Matterhorn of America. In the book there are chapters on "The Selkirk Trails," "Canoeing on the Columbia," "Trails of the Mountain Stones," "The Road to Athabasca Pass," "From Laggan to Mount Robson," "From Edmonton to Mount Robson." There are three maps and forty-one illustrations. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

\*

THERE is much evidence of sincerity and ruggedness in W. Milton Yorke's little volume of verse entitled "Tales of the Porcupine Trails." Mr. Yorke has been prompted to write because of the impulses he has received in Northern Ontario. These impulses denote a keen appreciation of grandeur and of the epic significance of man's struggles against the forces of nature. They denote also a reflective personality and a sensitive nature. But their expression in words and sentences does not denote the touch of the skilled craftsman, but if one is satisfied with motive, the result is gratifying. One of the best things in the book is "The Magic North":

Thou magic North, that draws my gaze  
to thee,  
Thou land of wealth, of distance, far and  
free,  
Thou land of pine-tree, spruce, and sil-  
ver's gleam,

Wake thou the nation's apathetic dream.  
 Thou mighty giant, in thy waking hour  
 Stand forth, resplendent in thy mystic  
     power;  
 Thy story of treasure, streams, and val-  
     leys broad,  
 Thy strength unmeasured and thy ways  
     untrod,  
 Let this wide, wondering world at last  
     behold  
 Thy wealth of beauty—wealth of soil and  
     gold.

(Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

"THE Notorious Miss Lisle" is a clever and engrossing story. The author unfolds a well-thought-out plot very skilfully and introduces us to a set of uncommonly interesting people. *Gaenor Lisle*, the heroine, is a victim of circumstances. When the reader and *Peter Garstin*, a well-to-do young man travelling for pleasure, first meet her she is a strange, sullen, unsmiling girl, with a hint of mystery about her which arouses the curiosity of both; the curiosity leads to warm admiration from *Gaenor* as the story develops and her pluck and fighting spirit become evident. Although one would feel inclined to blame her for marrying *Peter* without first disclosing her "past," one soon forgives her when one realises her innocence and the web of lies in which she is caught. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

THE "Life of Cardinal Gibbons," by Allen S. Will, is a well-written and satisfactory biography of a churchman whose human qualities have endeared him to the people, whether of Roman Catholic or other faith. Cardinal Gibbons was primarily of the people, and notwithstanding the dignity and impressiveness of his high office in the Church he seems never to have lost the keen sympathy that was an outstanding feature of his early days in the priesthood. Mr. Will has succeeded in

visualising his subject to the extent that the reader readily forms a picture of an æsthetic-looking elderly gentleman taking a walk in the streets of Baltimore and bowing genially to acquaintances as he passes along. This is the first Gibbons biography that has been written, and the author has had the satisfaction of seeing it in print while the cardinal is still living. The entire book furnishes interesting material for the casual reader, but to those who study social progress and its relationship to religion will find it of much value. It deals fully with the part that the Cardinal took in the Vatican Council, when the doctrine of the infallible teaching office of the Roman pontiffs was promulgated. But perhaps Cardinal Gibbons's greatest achievement was his successful battle at Rome for recognition and tolerance of the Knights of Labour. This biography has the merit of style in writing, as well as the result of a careful foundation of facts. (Baltimore: the John Murphy Company).

\*

"THE Wilderness of the Upper Yukon," by Charles Sheldon, is a volume of fascinating interest to the huntsman, biologist, or naturalist. The sub-title is "A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in Sub-Arctic Mountains," and this title furnishes the key to the volume. The author claims to have pursued his observations alone and in tracts that had never before been visited by either white man or Indian. His purpose was to study at close range the white sheep of that country and to secure specimens for preservation. Dealing specifically with the subject and incidentally with all the relative experiences of such an adventure he has written a narrative of absorbing interest. The book is well mapped and illustrated with several full-page reproductions in colour of drawings by Charles Rungius. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).



#### THE JOY OF BATTLE

Life, from my standpoint, can't be  
too exciting;  
I love a fight (when others do the  
fighting).

It's sweet to watch a boxer showering  
blows  
Upon his adversary's shattered nose.

It's good to hear two disputatious  
neighbours  
Slanging away with tongues that cut  
like sabres.

And in political affairs it's fine  
When rows are seething all along the  
line.

The languid lure of silence may  
enamour  
More timid souls; for me, I like a  
clamour.

And that is why the storms of recent  
years  
Permeate me with bliss too deep for  
tears.

The Servant Tax, which breeds so  
much resentment,  
Produces in my breast a rich con-  
tentment,

When the whole nation seeks opposing  
camps,  
And all the countryside resounds  
with stamps.

It's fine, again, when mingled stones  
and threats  
Pour in a flood from shrieking Suffra-  
gettes.

And then the frantic Papers! Happy  
reader,  
With virulent abuse in every leader!

And, looking on, I mark with calm  
elation  
Prospects of yet increasing alterca-  
tion—

Home Rule, The Suffrage, Disestab-  
lishment,  
And others in one glorious turmoil  
blent.

Easter approaches, too, and its ad-  
jacence  
Lends a propriety to my complacence,

Because these rumpuses impending fill  
My joyous heart with peace and right  
good-will.

—Punch.





IRATE 'BUS DRIVER (annoyed at being held up): Yus, only stopped my bloomin' bus to warm yer 'ands, didn't yer?  
—*The Sketch*.

### SHE FELT QUITE AT HOME

A company of Edinburgh students were starting for Glasgow on a foot-ball excursion, and meant to have a carriage to themselves. At the last moment, however, just as the train was starting, in hastened an old woman.

One of the young fellows, thinking to get rid of her easily, remarked:

"My good woman, this is a smoking-car, don't you know!"

"Well, well," answered the woman; "never mind. I'll mak' it dae." And she took a seat.

As the train started the word was passed round, "Smoke her out." All the windows were closed accordingly, every student produced a pipe, and soon the car was filled with a dense cloud of tobacco-smoke. So foul was the air that at last one of the boys began to feel ill. As he took his pipe from his mouth and settled back into his seat the old woman leaned forward to him.

"If ye are dune, sir," she said in

a wheedling tone, "wad ye kindly gie me a bit draw? I came awa' in sic a haste I forgot mine."—*Sheffield Telegraph*.

\*

"You want more money? Why, my boy, I worked three years for \$11 a month right in this establishment, and now I'm owner of it."

"Well, you see what happened to your boss. No man who treats his help that way can hang onto his business."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

\*

### VERY SIMILAR

Mrs. Ecu—"Although I have been to school and college and am supposed to be educated, I always mix up those two countries—Rococo and Morocco."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

\*

### IN THE AIR

Gladys Roxton—"And the duke is so brave, papa! Why, he declares he intends to become an aviator!"

Papa—"H'm! He does, eh? Wants to visit his castle, I suppose."—*Puck*.



THE VICAR (ending speech). "And so we have decided to present Mr. Smith with an honorarium on his departure." VILLAGER, "I objec! What I says is give 'im something useful. Why! we don't even know whether he can play the thing." —*Punch*

#### HER FAULT

A certain Scotch professor was left a widower in his old age. Not very long after he suddenly announced his intention of marrying again, half apologetically, adding, "I never would have thought of it, if Lizzie hadn't died."—*Harper's Magazine*.

\*

#### A PUZZLE

Small Girl (entertaining her mother's caller)—"How is your little girl?"

Caller—"I am sorry to say, my dear, that I haven't any little girl."

Small Girl (after a painful pause in conversation)—"How is your little boy?"

Caller—"My dear, I haven't any little boy, either."

Small Girl—"What are yours?"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

\*

"How is it that the quail on your bill of fare is always struck off?"

"That's just a fancy touch," explained the beanery waiter. "We never had a quail in the joint."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

#### THE ETERNAL QUESTION

"My wife made me what I am!"

"Have you forgiven her yet?"—*Satire*.

\*

#### UP TO DATE

"Have you a fireless cooker?"

"No; but I've got a cookless fire."—*Baltimore American*.

\*

#### CAPABLE

A certain editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

"Father," he said, solemnly, "I'd blame 'em on the printer!"

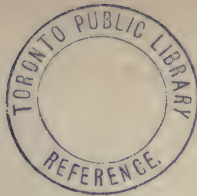
And then the editor fell upon his son's neck and wept tears of joy. He knew he had a successor for the editorial chair.—*Sacred Heart Review*.







A MIDSUMMER NIGHT  
FROM A PASTEL AFTER THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE IN THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY



THE

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## JEALOUSY

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

PROFESSOR EMMETT'S brow was surprisingly low for a pedagogue, and he had other points of beauty apparent not only to his wife, who adored him, but to his fellow-teachers in the academy. One of these assistants, Miss Braithwaite, boarded in his house, being a distant connection of Mrs. Emmett's. She had come to their city from Chicago, and Professor Emmett's first impression of her was that she spelled Culture with a larger C than any other person he had yet chanced to encounter, and he anticipated with an almost boyish love of mischief the pleasure it would give him to scratch the polished surface of her intellectual pretences.

It was Theocritus who first made them really acquainted. Emmett was passing through the class-room one day while she was instructing the "literature class," and he overheard some opinions of hers on the Syracusan poet which he knew were her own and not borrowed, and which implied an acquaintance born of long and close association. Apparently she had grown up with the poet as with a brother or father. That he could ever have supposed her shallow

now began to puzzle him, until he reflected that a clever woman will often assume superficiality for the sake of pleasing the superficial people with whom she is inevitably brought into contact.

It is quite possible that this adaptability, added to an appearance of critical and fastidious reserve, was a part of Miss Braithwaite's novelty for Francis Emmett. He was fond of refined, graceful and sympathetic women, and he had found them extremely easy to get on brotherly terms with. His theory was that women value brotherliness above all other manly qualities; and in the scanty social hours snatched from the gormandising of books he plied them with this quality in a superfluous degree. He made not the slightest attempt to conceal his moods from them—sparkling, sullen, sad, jovial, boisterous; spiritually speaking they took him as they found him.

The only mood in which the women of his acquaintance discovered him to be entirely insufferable was the one in which, having been carelessly set on fire by statements contravening his pet literary theories, he would crackle and snap, blaze and roar for hours

together, to the imminent deadly boredom of his enforced listeners. That slightly vacant look which, among the refined and sympathetic, is the only permissible sign of inward torpor, was visible on every face when he paused for breath. His wife's face was no exception; but how was it possible for the inexpressiveness of unawakened intellect to mar a cheek of such pure and perfect roundness and lips as sweet as raspberries? "She is too young to think," was his inward defence of her mental shortcomings when he married her. That was twelve years ago; and now as he looked at her and their children he said with the forgivable irrelevance of a married lover, "She has made my home a paradise."

The newcomer into this Eden was neither angel nor serpent. She was a woman of the artificial world, as incapable of self-sacrifice, of deep feeling and real passion as warm water in a sunny window is incapable of boiling. Her enthusiasms, prettily expressed by aid of handclaps, superlatives of the less familiar adjectives, and exclamations, were quite as genuine in their way as the outflowing lava of a volcanic nature. Miss Braithwaite, indeed, had a poor opinion of outflowings, volcanic or otherwise, which transcended the limits of good form.

To poor Laura Emmett, who supposed Lucretius to have been a woman, and who mentally supplied the missing aitch in Ben Jonson's name, imagining its omission due to a British irregularity in the matter of aitches, the long evenings of literary chit chat between her husband and cousin were naturally not very interesting. It struck her as distinctly odd that any cause for animated discussion should arise out of the opinions of any critic upon any author, or out of a comparison between a given critic's opinions and the opinions of a number of his contemporaries. After the

critics and the critics of the critics had been disposed of it was necessary to get a full hearing of the views of Francis Emmett and Cora Braithwaite, together with quotations, partially remembered, but frequently patched out by excursions to the library, from this pathetic chapter and that incomparable passage. And then they considered the probable sources of the author's inspiration, the people he wrote for, his relatives, his discouragements, and everything that was the author's.

At the close of so much conversation it was only to be expected that Francis should stretch out his long legs, put out his arm until it rested caressingly on the back of his wife's chair, and inquire cheerily, "Got any lemons, Lollie? My throat's as dry as an ash-barrel." When it was discovered that there were none, he kicked off his slippers, pulled on his shoes, and went after some. In his absence Cora's talk lapsed so naturally and unaffectedly into discourse on bibs, baby-bottles and croup cures, together with spontaneous reminiscences as to the smart sayings of little Jacky Emmett, that Laura's generous heart warmed to her, and they all joined in pleasant talk over the lemonade.

After a dozen of these evening talks on literary subjects, Laura assured herself frequently that she liked Cora and was glad she lived with them. She made the evenings so agreeable to Francis, who, prior to her coming, had occasionally been dull in the hours before bedtime, semi-occasionally a little cross, and often a self-made prisoner in the library with a book that his wife did not wish or have time to share. On Saturdays he was away with his boys to the woods or the lake; or when it rained he read to them by the hour. With the exception of two or three congenial associates he had no love for his fellow-men. Once, when his



wife, with an urgency for which she herself could not account, induced him to attend a political meeting, he groaned through the preparations and left her with a kiss of magnanimous forgiveness. But in twenty minutes he came blithely back again.

"The place was crowded with roaring monsters and smelt to heaven, so I came back to you," was his serene explanation, as he faced Cora under the library lamp. "And to you, too," he quickly added as he became aware that his wife was in the room.

The two ladies had united in a search for "John Halifax, Gentleman," which Cora now declared her intention to read aloud to Laura.

"Oh, very well," said Francis, without enthusiasm, "read ahead."

He sat down, with a face of dreary vacancy. To this Cora paid not the slightest attention, being resolved for one night at least to lift from her own spirit the conscious heaviness of her cousin's downcast face. It was now Francis's turn to look dull and absent, and to make irrelevant remarks. It seemed to him that there was an expression of almost malicious pleasure in the hand with which Cora turned page after page, Laura, who in her husband's absence would have enjoyed the narrative, suddenly turned to him, exclaiming:

"This isn't fair; I am getting all the pleasure. Francis, please bring a book of your choosing for you or Cora to read aloud."

He arose with alacrity, and was soon reading for the twentieth time "The Bible in Spain," which Laura supposed to be a religious work, until bursts of laughter, interspersed with such exclamations as, "Isn't Borrow a droll rogue?" and "Oh, the delicious rascal!" harassed her with doubts.

These impromptu literary evenings were often varied with argument, in which Cora stoutly maintained her position, and brought to its defence

numberless quotations and the well-considered fruits of wide reading. In these disputes she was cool even when her opponent grew heated, and even when she was manifestly worsted in battle. She laughed the easy, unforced laugh of pure pleasure when a ridiculous light was thrown upon her own convictions. She had certainly an acute sense of humour.

Laura, whose heart burned and froze in consecutive moments of emotion, and who, if she had disputed any subject with her husband as many minutes as Cora had hours, must infallibly have lapsed into hopeless and humiliating tears—Laura looked on this elegant nonchalance with envious wonder. Did the secret of happiness come only to people whose cheeks never crimsoned, whose pulse never galloped, whose hands never trembled, whose hearts never broke?

In an empty hour before bedtime she went up to her room and tried to face the thing out. From below came the sound of voices talking on and on. There were the familiar inflections used by her husband in argument, in narration, in earnest exposition, in the picturesque derision infallibly accompanied by Cora's continuous applauding laughter. There was the pause in which her apt question or comment or quotation acted as a spur to a mind already at its best. In this grand rush of fancies, theories, facts, citations, and reminiscences Cora felt the keen zest of a horsewoman on a mettlesome charger. His tirelessness would have kept him talking all night, but as the clock struck ten she was careful to assume the weariness she did not feel, and this brought him at once to his feet. She rose also, and apropos of her fatigue he told her the latest funny thing about the stupid boy in his class who was held never to be really awake till broad noon. She retaliated with an even better anecdote about the

oversmart boy in her class; and these, with sundry repartees and much laughter, kept them in lively communication up to the head of the stairway, where, with a cheerful good-night, they separated.

Laura gave herself a violent little shake, and, hastily pulling out a bureau drawer, pretended to be searching for something in it when her husband entered. He came beamingly forward and put his arm around her. She forced herself to face him with a smile.

"Why did you run away from us?" he asked with tender reproach. His words stung her to sudden anger.

"Us!" she exclaimed. "Us! So you and Cora are the 'Us' of this house?"

"You force us to be so," he said gently. "Why did you come up here to sit alone?"

She began inwardly to appeal to her own love for him to save herself from saying something terrible to him. She leaned against him and drew his arm closer around her.

"It's because I'm so ignorant, Francis," she said. "I either sit in stupid stillness or else ask absurd questions. And it shames me so to hear you say, 'Why, I've just told you it was nothing of the sort, or how could it be when something was something else? I don't know. But I always feel belittled and cheapened someway when I try to take part in your talks; and when I don't, it is so much more lonesome to be with you than to be alone.'"

"Poor Lollie!"

"And then you don't need me."

"Don't need you! Child, what are you talking about? I need you always when I am in the house. When I don't see you it is as though the bottom had fallen out of everything. You make the reason and the meaning of my existence—don't you understand? You are my life, my heart, my love." He held her with passionate closeness. "Cora gets no

more of me than I would gladly give to a dozen of my big boys at school if they would only listen to me and knew enough to ask the sort of questions that egg me on. Now are you going to give me another cold storage smile?"

She laughed happily against his breast.

"There isn't an atom of sentiment between us," he continued. "Why you jealous little girl, I've been supposing all along that you were proud of my conversational prowess, and that you were happy in the thought that while she was picking up stray scraps of ore the whole mine belonged to you."

"I'll never be a simpleton again," said Laura.

Afterwards, for many successive evenings, she endeavoured to take an interested part in the talks, with such resultant fatigue as might come to a shrub that aspired to be a vine. She had a sense of strain, as of one who has stood too long on tiptoe. In her innermost heart she longed for the old evenings before Cora came, when Francis asked her about the children and the events of the neighbourhood, and had yawned a little before going off to the library. If she was glad that he was happy, as she constantly assured herself, her gladness did not suffice to lighten her spirit. She began to form the habit of returning monosyllabic replies to the others, in response to their infrequent attempts to include her in the conversation; and the time came speedily again when she was glad to escape to her own room from the unbearable solitude of three.

Again her husband came to her with reproachful eyes and tender inquiry. She flung herself to his breast in a passion of sobbing. He protested that he loved her dearly—dearly; that his love had not abated one jot from that of their marriage day.

"Yes, I know—I know," she said.

"But I wish that your love was given to Cora and your liking to me."

"What!" he cried, as a suspicion of her sanity crossed his mind.

"Then I should get four hours' attention from you in a day instead of four minutes."

"Four minutes?"

"Yes. You give me four kisses a day, leaving the house and returning; and each kiss, with the accompanying kind word and look, occupies about a minute. But you talk to Cora from six to ten every night."

"You know I've tried to talk to you," he began, and then a sense of his prodigious selfishness mastered him. "Laura," he said, with sudden determination, Cora shall find another boarding-place, and I will be your friend as well as your lover.

For a moment her gladness enveloped her like a flame, and then the woman's inveterate altruism asserted itself.

"But you will be dull. You will miss the stimulus of her companionship."

"No matter."

"My interests and my prattle will bore you to tears."

"No matter—no matter."

"If you try to instruct me—to enlarge my knowledge—it will be adding another pupil to those who have already wearied you. And I have no taste for books."

"No matter. It is my business to make you happy."

He looked large and splendid in the glow of premeditated self-sacrifice.

"Oh, you grand fellow," she cried, "do you think I will let you give up a perfectly innocent pleasure to suit my narrow, selfish, whimpering nature? No! It's my business to make you happy."

"You are a noble girl."

"No, I'm simply coming to my senses." She smiled up archly at

him, and he marvelled at the ease with which a man can secure his own way by a timely expression of his willingness to sacrifice it.

For several weeks Laura maintained an even serenity of demeanour. Her face was inflexibly pleasant, her eyes wide and full of courageous light, her smile heroic. She had marked out for herself an almost impossible line of duty, and she did not swerve to the extent of admitting to herself that she was committing slow suicide. Even her husband did not guess what she was suffering until an attack of pneumonia prisoned him in bed. This sickness broke her self-imposed calm and filled her heart with an anguish of relief.

"Ah, dearest," she said to him when he was no longer able to speak, "this pain is like the happiness of Heaven compared with the old pain—the old, undying pain of feeling a devil of jealousy in the heart. It is such a humiliating thing to be eaten alive by a devil. But it is all past now. You are with me alone, and I can talk to you out of my heart. Such a sore heart—such a tortured heart. And oh, darling, the blessed relief of having you sick and suffering and all my own. The doctor says you will die, and your death is the only thing that can take me out of hell—that can free me from the devil. Cora will forget you; she will find others to talk to. And I will remember only that with you in Heaven our love is perfect—nothing can come between us; while with you on earth there was always the hell of my own selfishness between."

When Cora entered the room Laura was kneeling at the bedside, with her dead husband in her arms. She looked up with her natural, effortless, luminous smile.

"It is a lovely thing to die," she said. "My husband never seemed so near to me as now."



# THE AWAKENING OF BOBBY

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

THE boy was mad. You could see that with the naked eye. When a young man stalks up a hill, and, after damning the whole Canadian Militia from start to finish, proceeds to write out his resignation, you can generally find that something has happened.

The trouble in Bobby's case was that he hadn't awakened to the seriousness of the position he held. He was just at the stage in life when the daintiness of a girl's foot is of more consequence than the latest change in the drill book. As a matter of fact, he had taken out his commission because it seemed to be the proper thing for fellows in his set to do, and up to the present moment the height of his military ambition was to gain the favour of Miss Geraldine Smythe, who had the honorary title of Lieutenant and was in command of the nursing staff.

Geraldine, or "Jerry," as she was permitting him to call her, was about five years his senior and a dazzler. She had captivated the hearts of every new subaltern since the days when nursing sisters first made their appearance in camp. But that was all off now, and Bobby wished she would go to the devil along with the colonel, the adjutant, and the rest of the camp, but the adjutant especially. For at drill that morning, when the sun was pouring down on the blistered necks of the men and when everyone's temper was standing on edge, he had chanced for a moment to allow his mind to wander, and in con-

sequence had tangled up his whole company into a hopeless mess.

The men, delighted to have something to alter the monotony, acted as stupidly as possible, and in trying to undo his mistake Bobby became only more and more confused.

Carstairs, the adjutant, spurred his way over and wished aloud that he had "At least one sub who could lead a company as well as a set of lancers."

The men grinned, Judson, the other lieutenant, laughed aloud, and Bobby flamed scarlet and licked his lips.

The axe had fallen! Didn't that show that Carstairs knew "Jerry" had promised him the first set at the hop that very evening? Also the third waltz and a couple they had agreed to sit out?

During dinner the mess jibed at him till he finally rose and struck the adjutant for permission to absent himself from drill that afternoon.

He got it, too. Consequently he was up here now biting the end of his fountain pen as he tried to frame up a suitable resignation.

He could think of nothing bitter enough. He wanted to show the Colonel and his clique what he thought of them. Then they would come and beg him to reconsider, and he would politely bow them out of the tent.

It seemed very pretty, and he chuckled to himself as he re-read the fiery little document in which he had crystallised all the heat of the July

sun before laying it temporarily aside.

It was a beautiful summer's day as he lay there on the warm rock, chin in his hands. The sound of military music came up faintly from the distant fields, and once or twice the flash of the sun on bayonets caught his eye as the little rows of red dots moved back and forth across the field practising the march past for the morrow's review.

Presently his glance fell on the grain that was tossing restlessly in the field immediately before him. The heat from the sun poured down, the dancing grain fascinated him, his portfolio fell out of his hand, and he fell asleep.

\*

The long column of troops wound over the dusty road. The dust rose in great swirls from round the men's feet, and, rising, gathered black and choky in their nostrils. The boy marched along as game as anyone, but wondering why and where they were going. The scene had all the grimness of war, but surely troops would not be marched clad as these were clad.

An average of one officer in ten carried a field-glass, some were fortunate enough to own water-bottles, and most of them were wearing the one uniform they owned. The men were no better off. A few had great coats slung round their chests, but the majority had discarded them as useless impediments. There was not a haversack nor water-bottle amongst them.

They were marching along, two battalions strong, with a poor attempt at an advanced guard, with but thirty rounds of ammunition and the pleasant prospect of no supply of it, of food, or of reserves to fall back on. Yet, because they were volunteers and had not tasted of war, they were not afraid.

The little column wound on up the

dusty road. Presently a few shots rattled out, and announced that the enemy had sighted them and opened fire. The men deployed with a coolness and alacrity that astonished the enemy, who concluded they had attacked a column of regulars by mistake.

The battle commenced in earnest, and occasionally a bullet would find a mark, and the victim sink sometimes with a despairing cry, but more often in stoic silence.

All was going well, the enemy was falling back inch by inch, when suddenly it was found that the foremost lines of skirmishes had expended the few rounds of ammunition they had in their pouches and there was no further supply available.

Then it happened. The prettiest and most intricate movement possible was performed, under fire, and by volunteers! A line of green-coated riflemen was withdrawn from under a heavy fire and replaced by one of red-coated infantry. It was as prettily done as on parade on the common at Toronto.

Then all at once the fortune of war shifted to the enemy's hands. A couple of mounted men appeared at the flank of the enemy's position. A cry of "Look out for cavalry" sped down the ranks. The bugles pealed out warningly, alarmingly, and commandingly, and the boy found himself the centre of a bristling hedge of steel, the formation that made the British Army what it is.

But the repeating rifle cut great gaps in it. The "square" met its doom, there in that little Niagara orchard. As quickly as a man dropped, his place was taken by another, and the square waited for the coming charge.

But none ever came. The bugles pealed out again, and an attempt was made to extend. Then the sound of "Retire" came from flank to flank, and sullenly, doggedly, the volun-

teers fell back, a few at a time. The boy seized a rifle and, with a few men, made a stand at the cross-roads, then fell back again. The retirement became a retreat. Nothing could stop it.

The boy saw sweating officers cursing and praying by turns to their men, and cheering whenever a few halted to fire a final volley.

But there was no pursuit. The enemy's moral was broken as badly as their own. Was it possible they were as badly equipped? It seemed so.

\*

Bobby felt himself shaken roughly. He looked up into the face of the hated Carstairs. Somehow he couldn't avoid noticing the friendliness back of that grizzled visage and could not resent the gruff voice that asked, "What's wrong, old chap? Girl thrown you over?"

Without fearing possible ridicule he told the older man his dream.

Carstairs said simply, "Ridge-way," and began tearing up a sheet of notepaper. Bobby nodded and started to speak; then, recognising the paper, flamed scarlet.

When the last fragment had been rendered unreadable, Carstairs said, "Do you know, son, twenty years ago I came here myself in the same mood. If I had had your chances I would be a colonel now; but I'm not. Let's go down and watch the troops come in."

When they reached the lines the fatigue men were beginning to crowd up along the side of the roadway,

and the dip in the plain just concealed the advancing troops.

Presently a line of helmets showed above the dip, bobbing up and down in time with the music. Then gradually, as if growing up from the ground, the bodies and legs of the men appeared.

As each regiment entered the camp ground it opened out into a column of companies and swept down to a point opposite its lines of tents to its own "March Past."

Then Bobby's regiment appeared. Their boots, gray with dust, their faces and necks burnt to a fiery red, the green dye from their forage caps running in streaks over their faces, and their nostrils black from inhaling dust, the men looked tired, but still "game."

They did not look very smart then, but had not Bobby just seen them a moment ago on another march? And throwing dignity to the winds, he tossed up his cap and cheered.

Carstairs grinned. Then when Bobby asked him to put him on for a course next winter he stuck out his huge, hairy fist and said, "Put it there."

And Bobby never winced as his small hand crackled under the pressure.

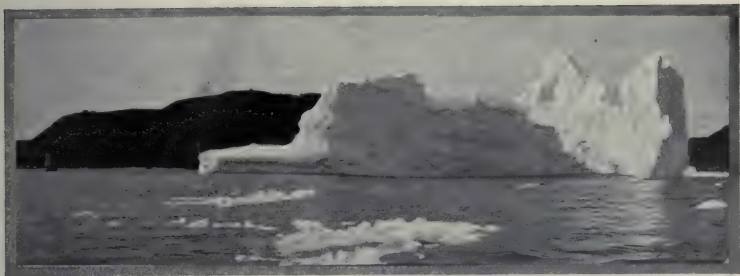
But that night when "Jerry" took him to task for breaking an engagement with her, he told her he had been fighting a duel with Captain Carstairs.

And she shook a finger at him and said, "Now, Bobby!"

And they sat out the next three dances.







A STRANDED ICEBERG

## THE FLOATING MENACE

THE ICEBERGS OF LABRADOR

BY W. LACEY AMY

NATURALLY we, the ten travelers on the *Solway*, starting on its thousand-mile run down the coast of Labrador, were watching eagerly for the first sign of icebergs. And when, after rounding Cape St. Francis, one of us caught a gleam of white on the far coast of gigantic Conception Bay he made no delay in informing the remaining nine of his find.

The captain was sitting with us in the stern, trying to answer a few of the questions hurled at him by ten passengers who had heard only of Labrador as a place for exploration or Dr. Grenfell's administrations; and when the white spot in the distance was pointed out to him his face suddenly became serious.

"Huh!" was all he said at the moment, and that made it all the more serious.

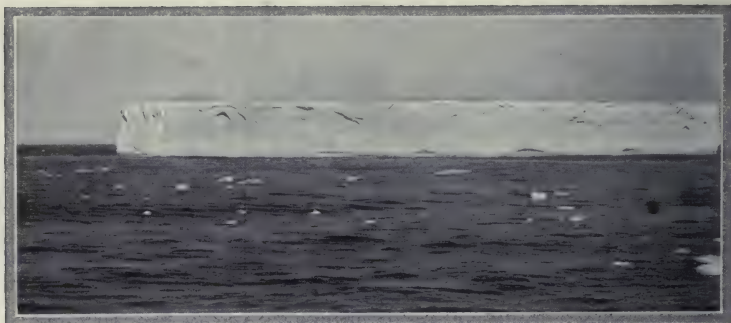
Most of us knew that an iceberg was not a picnic ground, but we had no idea it was so serious as that.

"We'll have to keep a good way outside of that fellow," he added, when the silence had become hysterical among the women.

It certainly was disappointing that a tiny spot of white ice six or seven miles distant should be considered such a terrible thing. Personally, I had expected to see towering pinnacles of gleaming white, and this non-scenic thing was not worth mentioning. In fact, I remembered having seen a picture or two of icebergs off St. John's, Newfoundland, and this did not seem to fit in with them. I looked again at the captain—I had known him merely long enough to be suspicious—but his eyes were as serious as his tone. Fortunately, the mail-clerk was within sight, and around his mouth I recognised the flickerings of an embryo smile. And just then the smile passed broadly into the captain's face.

"Yes, that's an iceberg, all right," he laughed, "a cupful. It's what we call a growler. About two days from now I'll be able to show you a real iceberg."

And he did. We were content to wait, since there was scenery enough along the east coast of Newfoundland to make winter decoration unnecessary. But all the way down to the



A HUGE BLOCK OF ICE

OUTSIDE BATTLE HARBOUR

Straits of Belle Isle growlers showed up here and there, and occasionally farther out at the sea the sun would flash from a real iceberg that had lost much of its size on its travels southward.

In the straits themselves, where the trans-Atlantic passenger on the St. Lawrence route frequently comes within sight of small bergs, there was no trace of ice, except close in on the shore, where stranded chunks were slowly melting in the sun. But once we had passed the Isle, that for which we had been eagerly looking forward began to fill the ocean spaces with a persistence that was almost unnecessary for the gratification of our expectations. Stranded off the north side of the island were no fewer than seven of varying sizes, all of them giants to us at that time, but mere refrigerator pieces to our later experiences. All that afternoon, a Sunday, our course was governed to some extent by the icebergs around us, the captain running the steamer as near as he dared, or swerving a little to keep a respectful distance.

Just before sundown, as we were looking forward to our first stop on the coast of Labrador, a long, low, peculiarly straight-topped iceberg that had been within sight for hours was approached closely enough to

give us some idea of the size to which these floating menaces attain north of the track of navigation. It was remarkably like in shape to the chunk the iceman leaves at the door for you or the sun, but instead of twenty pounds in size this piece was something like three-quarters of a mile long, a third of that in width, and it towered straight up sixty feet. So far as we could see it was level on top, and the only reliefs to the upright sides were the grooves and grottoes of light shadow where a piece had broken off and left a dent in the surface. All season this berg had remained stranded in the same spot, rapidly diminishing in size by pieces that covered the water for a mile around. In June it had been more than two miles long by a half-mile wide—ice enough in sight in one cake to supply Canada for a few summers.

What its real size must have been could be judged roughly from the accepted theory that but one-eighth of an iceberg appears above the water, and from the fact that it was stranded in the ocean a couple of miles from the shore, where the depth had never been fathomed. In its regular course the steamer ran more than a mile inside, but for the benefit of my camera the captain veered towards it

as far as he considered safe. On our return trip, more than a week later, we could see through the moonlight that it had broken into three huge bergs, all still stranded.

Frequently the harbour near which it lay—Battle Harbour—has been closed for weeks at a time by icebergs which come up from the north and run aground on the ocean bottom. And the dozens of little bights and tickles along the Labrador coast are constantly menaced by a similar dis-

comparatively small size that the sun will complete its destruction before many weeks.

There is nothing in man's world so imposing or so grand as an iceberg, and the Almighty has yet to create that which gives a more overpowering sense of relentless power, of greatness, and of brilliance and grandeur. I saw icebergs—hundreds of them—under all conditions—in the bright sun and under the dark clouds of a threatening storm, in the moon's cold



ICEBERG AT ENTRANCE TO BATTLE HARBOUR

regard for the rules of navigation. At one calling place we found that a growler had wandered in during the night and the fishermen were then working to release a fishing schooner that was within when the chilly visitor arrived. By good luck it had stranded to one side of the channel, and they had hopes of being able to work their way out. The one relief in an event of this kind is that the iceberg that can approach a harbour so closely before stranding is of such

rays and dimly through the shadow of night—but every one of them, from the small growler of mimic shape to the flashing towers of the huge berg floating undisturbedly to its southern death, roused first of all an awe that did not lessen one degree with the growing appreciation of the beauty of the thing. Always before one is the thought that seven or eight times as much as that which is in sight lies beneath the blue-green water, extending down and down to



unknown depths and out and out until the captains of the steamers breathe freely only when they are miles away. Miles inside of where some of them strike the bottom the largest vessels afloat could pass at full speed without a thought of shoals. In the wildest seas and strongest winds they sail undisturbed on their course; there could be no sea-sickness on an iceberg for its roots are fathoms below the wave disturbance.

The largest steamship would smash itself to pieces in a collision as surely as if it struck the rocky shore, and the iceberg might sail on and on without a tremor. But, again, that huge cliff of seemingly solid ice might be as delicately balanced to unusual disturbance as a watch spring. The whistle of a steamer sometimes breaks off chunks of ice that would bury the vessel without a falter. Sometimes a boat is forced to take the chance of a passage between a berg and an island. At such times the captain may be aware of the condition of the ice and rush through at full speed. And the motion of the propeller through the water will tear apart pieces that may rattle down on the boat as it passes, but the large breaks will come more slowly, and by that time the passage is made. It is dangerous work and seldom demanded.

In the bright sunlight there is a colour-play about an iceberg that defies description and the camera. The chunk of ice to which we are accustomed is lifeless, or at best a blue-white; but around an iceberg gleaming in the sun is an aureola of green and blue and white, gold and silver, light and shadow. Streaks of all these run up and down and across, according to the slant of the sun and the hardness of the layer in view. In the direct sunlight the glare is unbearable, but down below may be a depth of shadow that makes it hard to believe in its natural colour. And every tone and colour is as cold as

steel. Under the brilliant moon that lights Labrador the iceberg gleams and glitters, magnificent, but fearsome. A dark night is the terror of navigation, and the captain who would move in the open ocean off the coast of Labrador at such a time is inviting destruction.

The shapes assumed by the icebergs form as interesting a study as the colours. Very seldom do they take on the regular form of the one near Battle Harbour; that was something of a freak in icebergdom. Sometimes they project from the water in one broad angle, and occasionally their tops are quite rounded; but for the most part they rise in peaks and corners, irregular and jagged. Many resemble nothing more than steepled churches, while the whole animal kingdom can be made out of others. One big fellow we passed was like a lion. Its rounded head rose eighty or ninety feet from the water. Underneath a part of it a channel had been worn through large enough for a steamer; it appeared to be standing on the water. At one point another had stranded close against the shore cliffs, throwing up a peak that towered far above the lofty rocks of the coast. It looked like some animal looking over into the interior.

The rivers that rush down from many of them make a very pretty sight. Up there, it is thought the sun melts the ice into a lake, and as this eats its way to the edge it falls over into the ocean in a cascade that varies from a rainbow spray to a small river, breaking in abruptly on the green and blue of the coloured sides.

But the grandest sight of all is the iceberg breaking and turning as the balance is disturbed. Sometimes a mighty piece will break away, and the berg will lose its balance. As it sinks to the opposite side a piece there will become detached, and the berg will swing back. This may continue until



AN ICEBERG ABOUT TO COLLAPSE

there are a half-dozen bergs where there had been but one. Frequently the falling away of a piece will turn the entire berg over. With its balance gone, that which was above water will sink and be replaced by that which was scores of feet below. At such times there is danger to the boat that is within sight, for apart from the rising of the ice that has been beneath the water perhaps hundreds of feet distant, there is a wave sent up that would swamp a liner, if it were too close.

It is told that on a steamer running down the coast of Newfoundland a party of American tourists importuned so hard of the captain to run close to an iceberg that he consented, against his better judgment. When not far away the revolving of the propellers, or fate, broke the berg into several pieces. Instantly the part below the water commenced to rise, and from unseen depths it gradually raised the steamer. One of the tourists turned to the captain with the query:

“What will we do now, captain?”

“Get down on your knees and say your prayers,” was the answer.

But the wave that had been raised by the falling pieces swept down on the boat and slid it into the water, thereby saving the vessel and all aboard.

I was fortunate enough to witness the falling to pieces of one of the largest of the bergs we had seen on our trip. On the way down the coast we had passed a monster in the night, but returning the captain warned me to be on deck in a few minutes as we were approaching a part of the coast where a great iceberg had been stranded all summer. With camera prepared, I was standing on the bridge anxious to see this berg, which even the captain considered worth special attention. Far in front it towered, white against the dark cliffs, tall and stately, poking up a pinnacle higher than the tallest cliff. We had approached to within a mile of it when suddenly the top appeared to shift. I thought it was



AN ICEBERG AFTER COLLAPSING

something wrong with my eyes, until a new peak came into view, and then I held my breath while the captain and I looked on in silence. With apparent slowness the entire top slid down and disappeared into the water in a mighty commotion. A wave splashed above the highest peak, sixty feet or more, and with its fall the berg split into many pieces. For a few seconds there was nothing above the water but the tumbling waves. Then gradually a new shape rose and poked its head out for thirty feet, and seconds afterwards the parts that had broken off reappeared on the surface, after a downward flight into unfathomed waters. When we reached the remnants there were four or five bergs, and all around the water was white with broken fragments that rubbed and grated against the steamer's side as we passed slowly through. I had seen that which few travellers, even to Labrador, are favoured with.

The mail steamer of the Reid-Newfoundland Company has never met with an accident from an iceberg; one learns to trust Captain Parsons with

the utmost faith. There is no fear that he will take chances. For forty-five years he has sailed the coast of Labrador, thirty of them in charge of the mail boat. But in his sailor days he had his experiences. At one time the boat on which he served crashed into an iceberg and crushed in its bows above water. At another time he was thrown from his bunk by the boat glancing from one of the dangers on a moonlight night. Fishing schooners, during the spring trip to Labrador, not infrequently are lost, and sorrowing friends know that somewhere at the bottom of the ocean lies a crushed boat that had no chance with the relentless iceberg.

In the spring these bergs sometimes reach as far south as St. John's, Newfoundland, in enormous size, and at times the narrow entrance to that harbour has been blocked for weeks. Not long ago two small boys had rowed out in a boat to see a berg at close range. The berg selected that time to break in two. The wave sent up by the splash and the rolling over of the berg rushed into the harbour



and broke many boats from their moorings. After the commotion had subsided a search was made for the boys, but without result. Next day a fisherman outside the Narrows heard voices calling and located them far up the side of Signal Point, the cliff guarding the entrance to the harbour. It was necessary to lower a man from the top of the cliff by a rope, and there he found boys and boat resting on a ledge far above the water, having been miraculously thrown there by the tremendous wave. It is part of the story that their mothers did not thrash them for running away.

The icebergs make up, perhaps, the

most interesting sight of the Labrador trip. They are unfriendly, to be sure, but their magnificence of colour and size and shape, their stately, unyielding journey southward, gradually breaking up in the sun's rays and strewing the sea for miles around with growlers and fragments, are much too worthy of sight to allow one to yield to whatever dangers they may threaten. A field of icebergs in the daylight brings little peril to the Labrador tourist in midsummer, and the play of sun and shadow on pinnacle and hollow is something unimitated and unequalled by any other sight in the world.

## NOCTURNE

By VIRNA SHEARD

INFOLD us with thy peace, dear moon-lit night,  
And let thy silver silence wrap us round  
Till we forget the city's dazzling light,  
The city's ceaseless sound.

Here where the sand lies white upon the shore,  
And little velvet-fingered breezes blow,  
Dear sea, thy world-old wonder-song once more  
Sing to us e'er we go.

Give us thy garnered sweets, short summer hour:  
Perfume of rose, and balm of sun-steeped pine;  
Scent from the lily's cup and hornèd flower,  
Where bees have drained the wine.

Come small musicians in the rough sea grass,  
Pipe us the serenade we love the best;  
And winds of midnight, chant for us a mass,  
Our hearts would be at rest.

God of all beauty, though the world is thine,  
Our faith grows often faint, oft hope is spent;  
Show us Thyself in all things fair and fine,  
Teach us the stars' content.

# THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS

ADAPTED AND PUT INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY ARTHUR STRINGER  
FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO FONTANA

## THIRD PERIOD.

*The scene is a central square in the city of Thebes. One of the Seven Gates of the city, "The Gate Electra," opens at the rear middle of the stage. It is closed, and watched over by foot-soldiers. On the right stands the Royal Palace, with broad steps leading up to it. To the left stands the Citadel Cadmea. On one side of this is the entrance to the Temple of Pallades. In the distance can be seen a group of hills and an encampment of Argive soldiery. As the curtain rises the Phoenician Virgins are supposed to be close outside the city, gathering branches of olive trees from the sacred Forest of Pallades, near the Temple. From the Palace at once come Haemon and Antigone—the latter dressed in ash-coloured robes of mourning.*

ANTIGONE. And you must go a hostage to the camp  
Of Polynices?

HAEMON.

Yes, I go at once.

ANTIGONE. That means your face will peer into the face  
Of Death. . . . That means my body here must sit  
And wait and tremble with a thousand fears,  
While I, my heart, my thoughts, are wandering there  
Beside you, step by step!

HAEMON.

For words like these,

Antigone, I could a thousand swords,  
A thousand deaths, endure! It may be Thebes  
Shall yet be saved! But rather far than save  
A bleeding city, I would stand the one  
Who brought a little look of happiness  
To your sweet eyes!

ANTIGONE.

Nay, hush! O Haemon, hush! . . .

But listen, then forgive me. When I went  
With my poor father through so many lands,  
And when I passed a Temple that I knew  
Was Aphrodite's, there I made a prayer,  
And to the Goddess joined your name with mine—  
Because your face still haunted me, your voice  
Kept swinging in my heart, low, like a bell!

HAEMON. In life, in death, in every passing joy,  
And hour of sorrow, evermore my name  
And yours must intertwine, and be as one!

ANTIGONE. (*As he takes her hand.*)

My hand is trembling! Oh, it tells each thought  
This tumult in my heart must leave unsaid!

HAEMON. And night by night your name e'er made a nest  
In my most secret dreams; like birds that dare  
Not brave the wintry cold, each memory  
And thought of you, lay warm within my heart!

(*From the Temple of Pallades enter the Phoenician Virgins, wearing ash-coloured veils and carrying branches of olive. They are followed by a group of men, who play an accompaniment on harps. The foot-soldiers open the Gate Electra as they approach, and they all pass out.*)

HAEMON. (*Stooping and kissing Antigone on the brow.*)

Good-bye, dear face, that now shall bend  
And watch above me like a star! Good-bye!

ANTIGONE. Good-bye, my life, my very soul, good-bye!

(*Haemon turns away and follows the processions, disappearing through the gate. It is at once swung to, after him. Antigone ascends to the glacis before the fortification and waves a last farewell to Haemon. In the meantime, from every part of the stage, straggle in old men and women and children. They are pale and emaciated.*)

A VERY OLD MAN. If only Oedipus were back on earth!

He was a wise man in his day, he was,  
But even he, with his last breath of rage,  
Called down a curse upon these sons o' his!  
Aye, all the wrath of all the Gods he brought  
About our ears, and we must suffer for it!

A WOMAN. Another day drags over Thebes!

ANOTHER OLD MAN.

That means

To us some further trouble, some new curse!

THE WOMAN. Each sunrise comes more hopeless than the last!

Still in our tortured bodies seem to tear  
And gnash the teeth of that grim Dragon, killed  
By Cadmus, killed, while yet its offspring live  
And, brood by brood, more cruel-hearted grow!

(*They all raise their arms up towards the Temple, as though imploring mercy.*)

THE CROWD. (*Chanting.*)

O Sphinx of Terrors, borne to us, men say,  
From Tartarus on wild and god-like wings,  
You spewed forth hellish hate upon our homes!  
But still you cry for blood, and torture us  
Between your lion paws, and we would give  
Our heart's-own blood, if back to Dirce's Well  
You went once more and left us here unscourged!

(*Antigone, in the meantime, enters the Palace, coming forth again, followed by servants carrying baskets of bread. She distributes the loaves to the people as they chant.*)



SOME WOMEN. May you be blessed by every God on high!

OTHER WOMEN. Nay, let me kiss the hem, see, of your skirt!

STILL OTHER WOMEN. And let us kneel before you!

*(Antigone goes back and forth, consoling the women and the old men, and caressing the children.)*

AN OLD MAN.

You it was

Who saved us from starvation all these months;

ANOTHER OLD MAN. But through a brother's quarrel Thebes is torn

And rent with war! And brothers' quarrels last

A long, long time!

STILL ANOTHER OLD MAN.

It may be we shall have

More bread to-morrow—loaves and loaves of it!

STILL ANOTHER OLD MAN. Bah! We may all be in our graves to-morrow!

ANTIGONE. I have good news for you; now listen all:

King Creon's very son, as Haemon known,

Has gone forth to Adrastus, to the field,

And he will stay a hostage in their camp

While Polynices into Thebes comes back

To talk o'er terms of peace!

ALL.

Good news! Good news!

*(A trumpet is heard from the distance, and at once another is sounded from the citadel. Jocasta enters from the Palace, robed in ash-coloured mourning, and followed by Theban matrons, also in mourning. They stop on the stairs, while, from all parts of the stage, the people run to them.)*

JOCASTA. Oh, have you heard? My son comes back to me,

My own beloved son comes back once more

To his poor mother's arms! Fly, one of you,

And tell him with what anxious tenderness

His mother waits him! I shall know him well,

Although with tears these eyes were worn away!

*(The Gate Electra is swung open by the foot-soldiers, and a body of citizens go forth to meet Polynices, while Jocasta and Antigone gaze after them anxiously. The people kneel and lift their hands.)*

THE CROWD. Before Apollo and the Gods we ask

That this drawn sword of war may never fall

Between two brothers! O Pallades, plead

For us, that this destroying flame shall die!

Diana, give us help! And Bacchus, too,

Whose home was once in Thebes! And also Zeus,

Who still controls the heavens and the earth!

*(Creon and Eteocles enter from the Palace, followed by courtiers and foot-soldiers. Creon and Eteocles advance toward the centre.)*

ETEOCLES. *(To Creon.)*

He dares to come then . . . and much loved he is!—

He who has outraged all Thebe's faith in him,

Who proved a traitor to his mother here,

A traitor to his sister, to your son!

CREON. Then you propose most peacefully to pass

This sceptre unto him, without a word?

ETEOCLES. Give him the sceptre? Give my life-blood first!  
No, sword to sword, and face to face, we two  
Must fight it out . . . and that is all I ask!

CREON. That cannot be. Too precious unto us  
For any such rash combat is your life!  
Come close, and listen: You must make quite sure  
That you are safe, yet all the while prepare  
Your plans and watch where you can deepest strike!

ETEOCLES. What subtler meaning is there in these words?

CREON. Pretend you long for peace! Let it be known  
That, far from standing envious of him,  
You are his stern protector and his aide!  
Then let the Argives be dismissed by him,  
Before you parley on the terms of peace.  
Then, should he ask some solemn oath of you,  
I shall have fitting words in readiness—  
Words we, to-night, can secretly decide!

*(Faintly, out of the distance can be heard snatches of the song of the Phœnician Virgins growing nearer and nearer. Jocasta and Antigone advance down the square.)*

THE SONG OF THE VIRGINS.

O mother who has sorrowed long,  
All time for tears is done!—  
We bring glad tidings with our song,  
We bring an exiled son!

*(The people clamour with excitement.)*

THE CROWD. He comes . . . make way! . . . See, there he comes! . . .  
He comes!

ANTIGONE. *(To Eteocles.)*

O brother bend a little, and for Thebes  
Solicit peace!

ETEOCLES. . . . If loyally he comes  
I shall with loyalty receive him still!

CREON. *(Approaching Jocasta, hypocritically.)*

Sweet sister, let us hope Eteocles

Has well digested each good word I spoke!

*(The people cheer and cry, and in the midst of the enthusiasm, preceded by the citizens who went forth to meet him, Polynices enters. Before him go the Phœnician Virgins, who wave their olive branches and sing joyously. Polynices, dressed in the Argive costume, is followed by an armour-bearer, carrying a white shield, without ornaments. He advances to the centre of the stage, but the armour-bearer halts near the gate. Polynices stops and gazes about, overcome with emotion, and the Virgins kneel in front of him.)*

POLYNICES. O land, and court, and home, so dear to me!

I see you with these eyes still once again;

The Temple and the marble Citadel,

The fountains, and the columns and the domes,

The old, familiar places where my heart

Once sang with happiness! (*Seeing Antigone.*)  
 And you, O you,  
 Sweet sister—how my very soul leaps up  
 To see your face! (*Seeing Jocasta approaching him he hurries  
 towards her.*)

And Mother, Mother, you!

JOCASTA. (*Overcome.*)

Thus, after many woes and tears  
 You creep back to these mother-arms that ached  
 With emptiness! You have come back, my son!  
 O put your arms close round me . . . let your face  
 Droop down to mine! My hand still turns to feel  
 Your hair that was so brown and boyish once!  
 Each word, each look, each kiss, still takes me back  
 To those too happy years when, as a babe,  
 You lay upon my breast, and life was peace!

THE CITIZENS. The love, see, of a mother never dies!  
 (*To Eteocles.*)

Oh, give us peace! Peace! Peace! . . . We cry for peace!

ETEOCLES. All talk of peace is foolish till we see  
 Yon Argive horde dispersed.

POLYNICES.

Then straightway go

Out to Adrastus field, and tell them all  
 With your own lips that you return to me  
 The throne and sceptre! Then, before the sun  
 Has set, the last man shall have marched away!

ETEOCLES. I, go to bargain with an enemy,  
 Who scoff and riot through my fatherland?

POLYNICES. The bargain shall be made 'twixt you and me,  
 And not with them.

ETEOCLES.

And since you enter Thebes

Thus under arms, it may so happen you,  
 You, like these Argives, stand our enemy!

POLYNICES. Stop! Armed I came, because my messenger,  
 Tideo, ventured here unarmed, and met  
 His death, by treason!

JOCASTA.

Believe me, O my son,

While here, your mother's breast shall be a shield  
 To guard you and protect you!

ANTIGONE.

Yes, and mine!

And Haemon waits a hostage in your camp,  
 Until you are delivered safe from Thebes!

CREON. My word you have—is not that shield enough?

THE CROWD. And we, the Theban people, promise you!

POLYNICES. Why should we fight with words? Give back to me  
 My throne and country!

ETEOCLES.

He unworthy stands

To rule a country, who would ravage it,  
 Who brings an outland horde to trample through  
 Its quiet fields, assault its citadels,  
 And riot, drunken-hearted, past its homes!



POLYNICES. If I have done this thing, upon your head  
The penalty shall fall!

JOCASTA. Are these the words

Of peace, my sons are uttering? Do you (*Turning to Eteocles.*)

So love the show and pomp of earthly thrones?

There is a throne of justice more engirt

With light and glory and long happiness!

Yet you, to reign in Thebes all ready wait

To spill her people's blood! And if, indeed,

A river of this blood should sweep you on

And on, until the throne lay at your feet,

You would a sovereign be o'er broken men,

O'er ruins, ashes, mocking emptiness!

(*Going to Polynices.*)

O Polynices, listen to me now;

If in the face of what the Gods ordain,

You crushed your native country, spilled her blood

To win your battle, tell me then, my son,

What honour and what trophies would you claim?

What monument to one who killed his own

Would you erect! And in what temple hold

Your rites of gratitude for victory?

Nay, though you lost, or though you even won,

In such a war, your name would e'er be cursed!

(*Turning to both.*)

Subdue your anger then, and let us leave

Aside these mourning robes, and when I die

Let both my loving sons stand over me!

POLYNICES. He must consent to what I fairly ask!

ETEOCLES. And cringe out through the Argive? I? No!

CREON. (*Advancing.*)

Let Thebes hear not again such blasphemies,

Such trumpetings of rage! You ask of him

What you yourself, if King, would never grant!

Why, you, a valiant soldier, you should praise

A brother so courageous in his pride,

Who bargains for his life, yet never drags

A King's own crown amid the dust of shame!

(*To Eteocles.*)

Forgiving the offence, Eteocles,

Say yes, and show how kingly is thy soul!

THE CITIZENS. He speaks most wisely!

CREON. (*To the people, pointing towards Polynices.*)

Leave him here with me.

(*Then to Jocasta, and Antigone, pointing to Eteocles.*)

Speak to his heart! (*He then turns to Eteocles and attracts his attention, to remind him of the secret promise.*)

If they have still in them

One jot of human love, you must give in!

You must surrender to such tears and prayers!

(*Pointing to Polynices.*)

As he to my advice would likewise do.

*(Turning back to the people.)*

Hark, citizens: What time you hear the sound  
Of trumpets, let each man at once return,  
And let the High Priests carry in their hands  
The sacred goblet that our fathers bore,  
And drank from, as a seal and sign of peace!  
For from its rim to-day will also drink  
These royal brothers, and again to Thebes  
Will come contentment and most happy days!

*(The people go out, on all sides, and the foot-soldiers pass into the Citadel. Jocasta, going to Eteocles and placing her hand on his shoulder, gently leads him away, Antigone taking his right hand and accompanying him. They are followed by the matrons, the courtiers, the Phœnician Virgins and the musicians. The arm-bearer remains at attention beside the Gate Electra; Creon and Polynices stand side by side, more forward.)*

CREON. *(Gazing at Polynices, with a pretence of being overcome by feeling.)*

How like your royal father now you look,  
The voice, the face, the gesture are the same;  
And still the same great, generous, quick heart,  
That ever was impetuous and rash,  
And often brought vast evil on itself!  
I loved you, Polynices, from the time  
I saw you in the cradle: as a child  
I loved you, and I love you as a man!  
So if these words that I shall speak to you  
Seem cold and over-cautious, bear in mind:  
I must hold back this fiery heart of yours. . . .  
You are, I know, the rightful King of Thebes,  
And yet you are compelled to wait in vain  
This throne usurped still by Eteocles!

POLYNICES. If only to his mother he would give  
Some promise—to his sister! Here before  
The people, touch the goblet, as a sign!

CREON. A sign! He laughs and sneers at every sign!  
Already he has promised me no pact,  
Or sign, or treaty shall be aught to him!  
For I see much that happens in the court,  
And this I know: That he has taken oath,  
And to the faithful few who follow him,  
Has sworn that you shall never reign in Thebes!

POLYNICES. "Shall never reign in Thebes?" What words are these  
You tell me? More than any paltry crown,  
More, more than all this throne, I *Justice* ask!  
He rules by tyranny, and not by right!  
I brought these Argive soldiers to his walls  
As but a threat, that he might understand,  
That he should see how truth must still prevail.  
It was a more than useless step, and back

Again to Argos from Adrastus goes  
Each man of mine . . . but I shall stay in Thebes!

CREON. If *you* remain in Thebes, one thing of two  
Shall happen: You must die, die like a dog,  
Or you must kill your brother!

POLYNICES. Did the Gods  
Foretell such things?

CREON. The Delphic Oracle  
Once to my father told the words I spake.

POLYNICES. Then it shall stand a lie, an empty lie,  
For through no wish of mine Eteocles  
Shall ever meet his death!

CREON. (*Stepping nearer.*)

Yet while you speak,  
Eteocles is plotting out your death!  
But listen! No . . . I dare not say the word.

POLYNICES. Speak out. . . I know you to be more than loyal!

CREON. Then for your mother's sake, and for the sake  
Of her, your wife, in Argos, that your eyes  
May never see again, swear to it . . . swear  
That not one word of what I whisper you  
Shall e'er be told.

POLYNICES. I swear it.

CREON. (*Mysteriously.*)

Listen close:  
When you are offered by your brother's hand  
The sacred goblet (*Closer.*) . . . do not drink!  
You understand?

POLYNICES. (*Horried.*) Oh, this is horrible!

CREON. You hear what one who loves you well would say. . . .  
That, now, must stand enough. . . . Think over it!

(*Creon turns and enters the Citadel, giving a signal. At once the trumpets ring out. The Phœnician Virgins begin to sing, and the populace pours out on the stage with cries of joy.*)

SOME CITIZENS. Peace! Have you heard? We shall have peace again!

OTHERS. Then let us celebrate to Bacchus now!

OTHERS. No, citizens of Thebes, go decorate  
Your houses with green leaves!

ALL. Long life, long life

To Polynices! Glory to the King!

ALL. And to Eteocles long life as well!

(*As they shout this, Eteocles enters with Jocasta, leaning on his arm, followed by Antigone, the Theban matrons, the courtiers, and the foot-soldiers. Then come the High Priests, carrying the sacred goblet, and behind them the Phœnician Virgins, no longer in mourning veils, but in brilliant Oriental costumes. Everyone in gala attire.*)

THE PEOPLE. (*Seeing Eteocles.*)

Long life, Eteocles, and glory, too!

CREON. (*Meeting Jocasta.*)

It was your soothing mother-words that won  
Your children over! As Eteocles



Surrendered to your soft besieging tears,  
 So Polynices from his citadel  
 Of frowning anger now capitulates,  
 Remembering the arms that mothered him!

ETEOCLES. (*With solemnity.*)

I must unburden all my heart to you.  
 So sacred is the happiness that comes  
 To him called King, to him who rules a state,  
 That he seems almost equal to the Gods,  
 And like a mountain, high and beautiful,  
 His throne forever stands, till he who sits  
 Upon its dizzy height can scarcely tell,  
 As they can tell who crowd about its foot,  
 Just what is clearly Right, and what is Wrong!  
 Yet he, who for this paltry lust of power,  
 And thirst of such a throne, would stride to it  
 Upon the serried bodies of his dead  
 Companions, and his kindred, and would wade  
 Through blood to rule, is guilty of a crime  
 No regal tinsel and no pomp can hide!  
 Then listen: Innocent I mean to go  
 Down to the Land of Ghosts beyond the grave.  
 I leave the throne, abjure it, take it not,  
 And ye shall judge who loved his country most,  
 If Polynices or Eteocles!

POLYNICES. (*Ironically.*)

Yet it is known that you who prate of good  
 Denied to me a throne I justly claimed.

JOCASTA. Peace, peace, my children! No more words like these!

Look at me here, my sons, my two brave sons,  
 And try not with your madness still to crush  
 And kill your mother! I have passed through much.  
 I feel some chilling shadow on my heart,  
 And it may be, few words are left for her  
 Who now is pleading with you. O my sons,  
 Remember now your promises of old!

ETEOCLES. So be it.

(*One of the High Priests advances, carrying the goblet.*)

ETEOCLES. From this goblet drink, and swear

You will return this sceptre unto me  
 In one year's time.

POLYNICES.

You first must take an oath—

Aye, swear to give it unto me to-day.

ETEOCLES. (*To the people.*)

This, fellow-countrymen, an insult is!

THE POPULACE. (*To Eteocles.*)

Nay! Nay! Consent, consent!

ETEOCLES. (*Exchanging glances with Creon.*)

Then I do swear

This day to give back unto you the throne.

(*He takes the goblet in his hand and offers it to Polynices.*)

POLYNICES. (*Taking it at arm's length.*)

No . . . not a throne . . . 'tis Death you give me here!  
'Tis death you give me in a poisoned cup!

ETEOCLES. O villain!

JOCASTA.

Polynices!

ANTIGONE.

Brother! Brother!

CREON. (*To the crowd.*)

His all-consuming hate has made him mad!

THE CROWD. Unrighteous charge! Unjust!

POLYNICES.

Then he can prove

My charge unrighteous if he drink the wine  
With his own lips, and if I spake not truth,  
Then gladly I go forth to banishment!

ETEOCLES. I shall not so demean myself! I shall

Not stoop to smite such base and hissing snakes  
Of words, nor yet humiliate myself  
To fling back in his teeth these filthy words—  
For I could kill him with an honest sword,  
And not with poisons!

POLYNICES.

Liar, take that lie

Back in your throat! You crawling things that itch  
To climb so secretly and cling about  
A tainted throne, you love too well this life  
Of stolen sweets, to face an honest fight!

ETEOCLES. Then raise one hand . . . one hand, and you shall see!  
(*To the Priests.*)

Here, take away this goblet from such hands  
That only soil it.

JOCASTA. (*Intervening.*)

Give it unto me!

POLYNICES. Wait, touch it not!

ETEOCLES.

No danger lies in Truth!

POLYNICES. No, no! Drink not . . . you know not what it means!

JOCASTA. Nay, let me drink, that I may satisfy

With my own blood his raging thirst for death.  
I know not, and I care not which of you  
Has spoken truth. I tell you I shall drink.  
Yes, yes: before you fight and kill and fall,  
You yet shall know the Truth, the Eternal Truth!

(*She struggles to take the goblet from Polynices. Creon, preventing her, snatches up the goblet and dashes it to the ground.*)

CREON. No, let such liquor sink into the earth

And be drunk up by Furies underground,  
Who on such things their heilish thirst must feed!

ETEOCLES. This shame, this insult—it shall never be  
So easily forgotten! (*To Polynices.*)

Tell me, you,

That in the battle-field my sword may find  
Your craven heart, along what line, what square  
In all this Argive army you will fight?

POLYNICES. Nay, stop! For me, nor yet for you, no man,  
No man shall lose his life!

*(Turning to the armour-bearer, who had remained motionless all this while beside the Gate Electra.)*

Go back at once

Unto Adrastus: There release all men

Still under arms: There Haemon, too, set free.

*(Turning back to Eteocles, as the armour-bearer goes.)*

We two shall fight this out between us here—

We two, alone!

ANTIGONE. *(Wringing her hands.)*

Now wakes the ancient woe!

ETEOCLES. *(Drawing his sword.)*

Here, in the very face of Thebes itself

Shall die by my right hand the impious man

Who dared to threaten, sought to violate,

The sacred walls once blighted by his birth!

POLYNICES. *(Also drawing his sword.)*

You, you, who proffer poisoned cups to one

Who once was called your brother, you shall drink

Most bitter blood for this! My blade shall cut

Each coward lie from out your coward heart.

And Thebes shall know you, and your name shall stand

A curse on every lip as long as words

Are spoken!

*(They stride out, with drawn swords, through the Gate Electra.)*

THE CROWD.

Stop, Kings, stop!

ANTIGONE.

O brother, peace!

JOCASTA. Nay, kill me first, my children! Kill me first!

CREON. *(To the foot-soldiers.)*

She must be held within! She must not go!

*(He passes out through the Gate Electra, the people crowding up to the ramparts to view the duel.)*

JOCASTA. *(Struggling to free herself from the soldiers.)*

My sons . . . must I not follow where my sons

Would go? Unhand me, cowards! Let me free!

ANTIGONE. No, I shall go! Between their flashing swords

My body I can fling—yes, I shall go!

*(Antigone passes out through the gate, which closes quickly, and is guarded by the soldiers. Jocasta, left free, is helped by the Phœnician Virgins to the Palace steps, but falls from weakness.)*

THE CROWD. See, they are face to face!

SOME.

O sacred Gods,

To Polynices give the victory!

OTHERS. O God of War, protect Eteocles!

THE ARGIVE SOLDIERY. *(Without.)*

For Argos win, O Polynices, win!

THE CROWD. *(As a trumpet sounds.)*

See, see; the signal!

*(A moment of utter silence.)*



JOCASTA. (*Trying to rise.*)

Useless; all is vain!

THE CROWD. They meet! See, see the onslaught!

FIRST GROUP.

How they fight!

JOCASTA. O Gods, this aching heart of mine! My heart!

SECOND GROUP. That blow went home! That was a Theban blow!

FIRST GROUP. Be guarded, O Eteocles!

SECOND GROUP.

He bleeds!

He has been wounded! Polynices wins!

FIRST GROUP. He, wounded? He, Eteocles! No! No!

SECOND GROUP. Yes, wounded!

FIRST GROUP.

No! His falls the surer blade!

See how he thrusts and parries! See him strike!

JOCASTA. To be so close, to hear the very clash

Of sword on sword like this, and yet to stand

So helpless!

SOME.

Watch their swords! Ho, watch their swords!

OTHERS. See how they shake with fury! How they pant!

JOCASTA. O Gods, have pity on them . . . they are blind!

SECOND GROUP. Eteocles draws back!

FIRST GROUP.

'Tis but to gain

A moment's strength, and then fall to once more!

SECOND GROUP. But see, see you, how blindly now he fights!

(*A twilight creeps over the stage; it is the sun beginning to set.*)

FIRST GROUP. Good Polynices! He alone can win!

THE CROWD. Enraged, Eteocles attacks and falls

Upon his brother! See . . . he reels . . . he reels!

(*Jocasta, with a great cry, runs to the gate, but the impassive soldiers bar her back.*)

JOCASTA. (*Haughtily.*)

Open this gate! The Queen—obey the Queen!

(*She falls on her knees.*)

In mercy, listen to a mother, then!

(*Meanwhile the crowd, watching closely, draw back, terrified, some uttering screams of horror.*)

THE CROWD. Oh, horrible! Oh, more than infamous!

Oh, frightful!

(*They run about the stage, distracted. The gate is flung open and Antigone appears there, white of face, her hair flying.*)

ANTIGONE.

Torture me no more, O Gods,

With hours like these. . . . 'Tis more than I can stand!

From this day forward I shall never know

The meaning of the thing I once called Joy!

No more this face shall be a youthful face,

But I shall creep with ashen-coloured brow

And hollow cheeks and hair all wildly blown,

And eyes that burn with fever . . . and my robe

Must be of saffron . . . and my voice shall wail

And cry along the streets!

JOCASTA. (*Trembling.*)

Oh, tell me, tell me, quick!

Eteocles?

ANTIGONE. (*Dazedly, as though she sees it before her.*)

He lay there in the dust. . . .

He lay there, dying! Polynices ran  
And kneeled beside him, with a sudden cry  
Of pity! Of remorse! He wept and asked  
The Gods, the Gods who know each human heart,  
Still to forgive him. . . . Then Eteocles  
Looked up and murmured: "Lean down to my arms!"  
And as he leaned to them, the wounded man  
Struck upward with his naked sword, and pierced  
The breast of Polynices, through and through!

JOCASTA. Woe, woe; more woe!

ANTIGONE. . . . And mingling in one stream,  
Their blood together ran, and each lay dead  
Beside the other!

JOCASTA. (*Half-delirious.*) . . . Now, now, at the last  
I shall unburden all my heart of this  
Foul truth that choked and strangled every breath  
My tortured body drew this many a year!  
Now, now, at last I shall cry out my hate  
For Laius, who was loathsome unto me!  
Why did these lips not speak when first he led  
Me to the altar, when he caught me up  
And bore me, trembling, to the marriage-bed?  
Why did I not cry out, or creep away,  
Or with some kindly dagger pierce the breast  
His touch polluted! She who side by side  
Must slumber, night by night, and year by year,  
With one she hates, more generous would be  
To her poor outraged body if she flung  
It headlong from the housetops, if she cast  
It bruised and broken on some sea-worn rock!  
So, Laius, still I hate and curse your name!

(*She falls, but is caught by Antigone.*)

Once more my two sons must be kissed by me,  
Their mother. . . . Then 'tis meet that burial  
Be given them with every kingly rite!

(*She moves towards the Gate Electra, on the arm of Antigone. As she goes, Creon and Haemon enter, and hear her last words.*)

CREON. One word! Not both of them! Eteocles  
We duly shall commit to earth. But he  
The baser one, who his own fatherland  
Invaded and attacked, he there shall lie,  
Unburied, and the prey to birds and dogs  
Shall rot! I am to-day the King of Thebes,  
And such my orders stand. Nay, more than this:  
His body, weltring there, in its own blood,  
Shall be most closely watched, and any man  
Or woman in all Thebes who disobeys  
This mandate of your city's King, shall die!

(*Antigone, Jocasta and Haemon stand a moment speechless, startled at such words.*)

JOCASTA. O traitor . . . 'tis but now I understand  
 Your cruel hopes, your horrible designs!  
 Yes, Œdipus was right to hate you so!  
 For cunningly, that you might win this throne  
 You wrought my husband's death, and even now  
 You watch his children perish! Yet by me  
 My Polynices shall be duly placed  
 Within his grave!

*(She tries to go, but her strength failing her, the Phœnician Virgins hold up her drooping body.)*

ANTIGONE. No, mother, it is I,  
 'Tis I, I shall fulfil this final wish!  
 I am, you see, a girl of little strength,  
 And I could never lift into its grave  
 My brother's corpse! And no one in this court  
 Dare help me, standing so in fear of you.  
 But still by all the Gods 'tis recognised  
 As burial, when one of kindred blood  
 Casts o'er the dead a handful of loose earth!  
*(She takes up a handful of earth from the Temple.)*  
 So mark you, I, with this thrice-sacred earth,  
 From out the Temple, shall perform the rite!

CRÆON. It will mean death to you!

JOCASTA. No; glory! Go!  
*(Antigone goes, and Haemon looks after her. Then he turns to his father.)*

HÆMON. Though young in years, sire, I must speak to you,  
 And beg you to recall these bitter words,  
 And curb this anger, that would kill a girl!

CRÆON. I shall not bow before a woman's will.

HÆMON. But, sire, among all women there is none  
 So pure and gentle as Antigone!  
 Oh, her white bosom is the home of love,  
 Her heart the temple is of holiness. . . .  
 Soon every tongue shall praise this deed she does,  
 For they who would deny due burial  
 Unto the dead are guilty of a crime  
 'Gainst men and gods!

CRÆON. A greater crime it is  
 To break and mock the law a King has made  
 For all his country's good!

JOCASTA. No, not for Thebes,  
 But for your own insatiable mad thirst  
 Of mastery, most cunningly you act!  
 Too well you knew Antigone and I  
 Could never leave unburied there the corpse,  
 The pitiful pale corpse of him we love!  
 And well you know that in my veins and here  
 Still runs the last blood of a royal line,  
 The last life of the house of Œdipus!  
 So you, beneath this mockery of good  
 Unto the state, two helpless women kill!



HAEMON. 'Tis thus I thought Stop, Father, in this act  
That heaps on Thebes such shame, such villainy—  
For never shall I sit upon a throne  
So fouled with blood!

JOCASTA. Cease, Haemon; speak no more.

'Tis madness quite. Your father, see, is blind  
With fear and anger. But his foolish threats  
Will end in words, for I myself shall shield  
This brave young girl, and every citizen  
Of Thebes will rise against such tyranny  
As Creon's, and obey the truer King!

CREON. Fools! Thebes and all her people cry for peace;  
And well they know that I alone can give  
The thing they ask; and not a thought they waste  
On whether King or Tyrant rules o'er them  
So long as they have peace and profit by it!

*(Little by little the twilight has been growing darker. It is almost  
night by this time. Two foot-soldiers, carrying torches, bring in  
Antigone, a prisoner.)*

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS. We hold a captive here who disobeyed  
The King's command!

ANTIGONE. *(Defiantly.)* I disobeyed the King  
And his command! So quick, the punishment!  
For months, for years, my soul within me here  
Has been quite dead, and this poor husk of me  
Is homesick for the grave and for the ghosts  
Who once on earth knew great unhappiness  
And sorrowed not at death!

HAEMON. *(Intervening.)*

O Father, still  
Have pity on this woman, and on me  
Who loves her more than life.

CREON. *(Amazed.)*

Who loves her!  
No . . . love in youth is changing as the wind.

HAEMON. But well I know my heart. It changes not.  
It goes out to this woman as the flame  
From temple altars seeks the open sky;  
It waits upon her as the waters wait  
Upon the evening wind; it seeks her out  
As undiscouraged rivers seek the sea;  
It knows her beauty and her tenderness;  
It knows her stainless honour, and it needs  
The solace of her soft and pitying eyes—  
And if I cannot save her, I at least  
Shall die the selfsame hour that she must die!

CREON. You plead for her, for her who hates your race,  
Who hates your father. . . . Yet you are my son,  
And it is hard to wound a child you love. . . .  
Yes . . . since you ask it, she may still be saved,  
If she this very hour becomes your bride!

HAEMON. My bride? This very hour? . . . with all this hate  
 Still huddled on her heart . . . with all this blood  
 Still running like a river here between  
 Her anguished eyes and mine! This hour? No! No!  
 Some time, when months and years have passed away,  
 And these old wounds have slowly healed again,  
 I might, in reverence then ask her hand!—  
 But now? No, no . . . not now!

*(Night has fallen.)*

CREON. To-day or never!

ANTIGONE. Then . . . never!

JOCASTA. Daughter!

HAEMON. *(To Antigone.)*

May the Gods forgive

Your lips for such a word! See, on my knees  
 Before you here, most humbly I implore  
 If not your love, your pity! For the sake  
 Of Œdipus, your father, who once linked  
 Our hands together! For the sake of each  
 Soft word you murmured once to me to-day,  
 For your deep eyes that looked down into mine,  
 And will remembered be into the grave,  
 Recall this cruel word, Antigone!

ANTIGONE. Oh, how this poor proud heart of mine still stirs  
 And throbs and wakens at your merest touch—  
 And at your voice's music seems to break!  
 But far away, beyond the valley's gloom,  
 I see my father's spirit watching me.  
 Its sightless eyes are bent upon me now.  
 I see my brothers rising from the earth,  
 All flaming with their pitiful red blood.  
 I love you. . . . Oh, I love you more than life.  
 But you are still the son of him, the man  
 Who made them perish, and I dare not bring  
 The curse of all the dead and all the Gods  
 Down on my people!

CREON. Stop! Enough of this!  
 Take her to Dirce's Cave and bury her  
 Alive!

HAEMON. And bury her alive?

JOCASTA. No! No!

O Thebans, help us!

HAEMON. Bury her alive?

*(Some citizens enter hurriedly, carrying torches.)*

CREON. *(To citizens.)*

Quick, what is your desire? Foot-soldiers there,  
 Stand close and guard me!

*(The soldiers close in about him, while the stage is filled more and more with the noisy crowd.)*

HAEMON. *(Apart.)* This shall never be!  
 Such things, while still I breathe, shall not be done!

JOCASTA. O citizens of Thebes, still save her! Friends!

CREON. Enough of this! You know her punishment!

Away with her!

ANTIGONE.

And I at last shall walk

With peace!

*(Haemon snatches out his sword and confronts the soldiers.)*

HAEMON. Stop! Death to him who touches her!

*(Turning to Creon.)*

Hear what a son in desperation dares:

If this girl dies, you, you die, at my hand!

ANTIGONE. *(Catching at his arm.)*

No! No! O Gods on high, keep back from him

This destiny of Œdipus himself!

I who was born for love and not for hate,

I still shall save him! I shall stand between

This awful end and one that I have loved!

*(Stabbing herself, she falls at his feet.)*

JOCASTA. My daughter! O my child!

CREON. *(To the soldiers.)*

Let none come here!

HAEMON. *(Kneeling over her.)*

See, from the wound, her blood, her precious blood

Is flowing!

*(Antigone, making an effort to rise, gazes first at her mother and then at Haemon, tenderly. She then falls dead.)*

HAEMON.

Dead!

JOCASTA.

Dead! She is dead!

CREON *(Approaching the distraught Haemon.)*

My son!

*(The stage is almost in darkness.)*

HAEMON. No son of yours! You have no more a son!

*(He catches up the dagger and stabs himself, falling dead over the body of Antigone. . . . Then enters the Spirit of Œdipus, looking down on them from the steps leading into the Royal Palace. A light surrounds him.)*

ŒDIPUS. Beware! Seize! Seize!

CREON.

His ghost!

*(Lightning flashes, thunder rolls, and out of the distance sounds the voices of the Furies.)*

FURIES.

Beware! Seize! Seize!

CREON. *(Trembling, realising his doom.)*

O Furies, who have hounded me to this.

Who howl and scream like buzzards for my heart—

My carrion heart, I, too, here come to you!

*(He flings himself towards the Gate Electra, and passes, cowering, out into the night. The screams of the Furies rise above the sound of thunder. The crowd draws back in terror, letting him pass.)*

QUICK CURTAIN.

THE END.



# MAURICE CULLEN: A PAINTER OF THE SNOW

BY NEWTON MAC TAVISH

A PARISIAN artist of distinction and sane vision expressed the opinion not long ago that Maurice Cullen is the only painter in Canada who is painting anything worth while. He purposely expressed an exaggeration in order to emphasise his belief that Mr. Cullen is one Canadian in particular who is taking advantage of his opportunity and interpreting in an individual manner his impressions of what he sees around him and that his interpretations, while not ultra-impressionistic, are modern enough in style to interest even modern Frenchmen. The words "style" and "impressionistic," although much used in the studios, might benefit by some amplification here. Tendency might be a better word than "style," and "indefinite" more to the point than "impressionistic." In modern art the tendency in whatever appeals to the sense of sight is rendered in brilliant colours, or at least in colours that are high in key. This does not mean that all or even the best modern painting is keyed high, although some of the most modern fairly screams from the canvas, while to understand the motives of some of the impressionists one has to go into training. Between these two extremities of brilliance and indefiniteness there seems to be an understandable mean distance where paintings of sanity and intelligence find a place. It is in this place that we

should like to put the work of Maurice Cullen.

I shall not here consider the whole range of Mr. Cullen's art, but I shall rather confine my observations to his work as a painter of the snow, because it is a remarkable fact that in Canada we have only a few artists who paint well this phenomenal adjunct of nature. One almost takes a risk in making the number plural. But for years Mr. Cullen has rendered snow upon canvas studiously and consistently, until now we regard him as the interpreter *par excellence* of what is pre-eminently a glorious contribution to the Canadian winter. And he has carried on this work in spite of popular and official prejudice against it, because it is a singular notion among persons in high positions in Canada that the Canadian winter season is something of which the rest of the world should be kept in ignorance. Of course, that prejudice has not interfered with Mr. Cullen's artistic sense, for as an exponent of beauty and an interpreter of nature in her most majestic moods he has gone on without realising, no doubt, that others have been discouraging or tabooing the very thing that he has been at great pains to preserve. For only the artist of indefatigable temperament could ever impart with paint a fine impression of the Canadian winter, because oftentimes notes have to be taken and



✓ IN LOWER TOWN, QUEBEC

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

sketches made in the face of wind and snow and frost, and it is not always that one can find a warm room with a window overlooking the motive that one might wish to define.

Mr. Cullen's long residence in the Province of Quebec has given him his opportunity. The Quebec winter is ideal. Snow falls in abundance, oftentimes in superabundance, but it is generally a dependable element, and one can anticipate it with a degree of surety. The season lasts long enough and the temperature is rigid enough to induce the people to dress in keeping with the requirements of the weather. So that in the streets of the cities of Montreal or Quebec, for instance, from November until March, a feeling of the winter season is given by the garments the people wear. A discerning artist could give a sense of winter even if there were

no snow on the ground or in the air; but undoubtedly the picture would be more beautiful with the play of light and colour upon snow. At any rate, Mr. Cullen has shown that snow is beautiful and that it can beautify the thing upon which it falls, be it field or tree or hillside or house or bank of rushing stream. There is beauty, too, in frost in conjunction with snow. It is perhaps more difficult to add to snow a feeling of crispness in the air and the creak that frost gives to moving sled or crunching hoof. But in some of Mr. Cullen's pictures you can divine a low temperature, as, for example, in the one entitled "In Lower Town, Quebec," and again in the one entitled "Early Spring" you know that the snow is soggy and that in the air there is the first breath of winter's dissolution.



THE STREAM

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

Although Mr. Cullen lives in Montreal, he has a real fondness for the ancient capital of Quebec. Everyone who has visited Quebec and crossed the river to Levis remembers the imposing spectacle from that

point, even in summer. But look at Mr. Cullen's rendition of the same place in winter. It was imposing in summer; now it is beautiful, and the small ferry-boat crossing amongst the broken ice, leaving its trail of smoke,





OLD MONTREAL

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

is an important contrasting line in the composition and therefore of more importance as such than as an actual fact in the everyday life of the people, which it really is.

Mr. Cullen is an unusually studious and contemplative painter, and his results are achieved by dint of keen thinking first and deft execution afterwards. Some painters paint what they see with a fidelity that is praiseworthy merely as such. But what they do is not an essay in art; it is a practical and oftentimes valuable transcription. But art in painting consists in large measure of admitting into the composition only the features that are essential to the motive, fortifying the structure with the artist's conception of beauty and impregnating it with his own sense of the fitness of things. And on one's ability to discern the fitness of things depends one's success in any of the arts. A horse standing attached to a sleigh in a storm is not of itself, most persons would grant, a very

beautiful spectacle; yet look at Mr. Cullen's painting with an object of this kind as one of the chief points in the composition. Hundreds of times the artist and the people of Montreal have seen horses standing like the horses stand in the painting; but neither he nor they ever saw these very horses in this actual setting. For the artist has selected here and rejected there until he has produced a well-balanced, rhythmical conception of a familiar aspect of the Montreal winter.

Mr. Cullen constantly refreshes his art by sketching in the open, with the result that his more deliberate work displays the charm that is a result of zest and renewed inspiration. His canvases reveal what artists term "painting quality." The paint is not simply swiped on with a brush, but it is built up until it attains a loose, open, vibrant texture. This textural quality in paint makes possible the absorption and radiation of light and suggests the pres-



WINTER IN BRITTANY

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

ence of atmosphere, without which no picture, however clever the draughtsmanship or complementary the colours, can become a real solace to the beholder. Tone in colour values is well displayed in the painting entitled "In Lower Town, Quebec." The air is keen with frost, and one almost rubs one's ears while looking at the smoke rising straight up into the

air. This aspect of nature is not necessary to the chief motive, but its revelation is evidence of the artist's keen perception and of his ability to conform these natural lines to the artistic requirements of the picture.

While Mr. Cullen paints mostly in oils, he sometimes uses pastel, a medium whose subtleties he has realised

to an unusual degree. In pastel he has developed some large and important motives and achieved a depth of tone and breadth of technique that one would scarcely attribute to so delicate a medium. "The Stream" is a good example of the pastel, but the reproduction on page 539 loses the colour scheme, which is very important in the picture, especially in the water, which gives forth opalescent qualities from its limpid depths.

Arts School in Montreal. Having learned there the first principles of drawing, composition and colour, he went over to Paris and worked under Delaunay at the Academie des Beaux Arts and as well at other schools. This was in eighty-eight. Six years later we find this young painter exhibiting for the first time at the New Salon, which in those days was regarded as a comparatively exclusive exhibition. A year still later he



✓ QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

Maurice Cullen is a Newfoundland-er by birth, but his parents took him when still a child to Montreal, where a destiny as a merchant prince was mapped out for him. But like many others who have succeeded in the arts he was obliged to defeat the purpose of his parents by taking up the study of wet paints instead of dry goods. His first observations in art were made as a pupil at the Council of

was elected an associate of the Société National des Beaux Arts and had the satisfaction of having an example of his work bought by the French Government. Within the same year he returned to Canada, and a few years later he was elected a member of the Royal Canadian Academy. Three years ago he became a member of the Canadian Art Club, which has been the most exclusive and





✓ THE BEND IN THE RIVER

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN



✓ EARLY SPRING

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN



THE ICE HARVEST

PAINTING BY MAURICE CULLEN

the most promising organisation of the fine arts in the Dominion.

Canada is frequently reviled as a country naturally unsuitable for the development of the art of painting. Mr. Cullen's work exposes the fallacy of this opinion, and no one is more enthusiastic than he over the paintable qualities of Canadian scenery. Of course, he has more than justified his belief. For the sake of comparison, we reproduce a winter landscape painted by Mr. Cullen in Brittany. The difference between it and the others is obvious, and we feel that the Canadian subjects do not suffer by the comparison. Of course conditions

vary so much in Canada that one cannot make a sweeping statement. The atmosphere and colour in Northern Ontario, for instance, are different from the atmosphere and colour on the shores of the Bay of Fundy. It is possible that the Canadian conditions are not generally sympathetic with the painter. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that an increasing number of Canadian artists will have the courage of their convictions and paint from the suggestiveness of their surroundings motives that will be worthy of artistic treatment and of a style that will be, if not Canadian, at least distinctive.

# THE OTHER BROTHER

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

AUTHOR OF "ON THE IRON AT BIG CLOUD"

THE dusk of evening was closing down on an early October day. Atop the ridges of the hills the crackle of musket-fire from the skirmish lines was slackening. Along the parched and dried-up bed of Doctor's Creek the Federal advance had paused, while brigade after brigade coming up behind was deploying into position to await the morrow and the general engagement that seemed inevitable.

Nearer Perryville, and just within the Confederate position, amidst fields once cultivated but now sadly trampled and torn up, the fences hanging and dismantled, stood one of those mansions for which Kentucky is justly famous. Low and spacious, it was built in the old colonial style, with wide, pillared, hospitable verandas, facing a sweep of lawn and a tree-fringed driveway that stretched down to the edge of the turnpike.

Within the house, in the great, oak-panelled dining-room, a silver candelabra in the centre of the table lighted up a snowy damask covering, flickered on the quaint old silver tea service and fell softly on the bowed head of a girl kneeling upon the floor, her hands clasped over the knees of a stern-faced, grizzle-haired elderly gentleman, who sat with hard-drawn lips staring straight before him. By the window, his back to the others, stood a young man in the uniform of a Confederate captain; while behind Colonel Helder's

chair an aged negro shuffled nervously from foot to foot.

Suddenly, with a quick, impatient movement, the colonel beckoned to his servant, and, aided by the negro and his own cane, rose stiffly to his feet from the pillows that had been used to prop him up, pushing the girl almost roughly away.

"I forbid you ever to mention his name again, Dorothy," he burst out passionately, looking down at his ward. "He has chosen his own way; chosen to fight against the cause that has left me a wounded cripple, against his brother Forest there—against—against—" the colonel raised his cane and shook it fiercely. "I tell you that from the day he joined the Yankees he was no longer a son of mine!"

Dorothy Madden's face was very white, her dark eyes were brimming with tears, her voice faltered.

"Dad!"—she had always called him dad, all through the years that she had lived with him and Forest and John, ever since, almost, she could remember. "But, dad, he only did what he thought was right—just as you did. Can't you see that, dad? So many have taken different sides in Kentucky. You—you know General Bragg; he is a friend of yours. Surely you——"

The old colonel interrupted her harshly. "Be silent, Dorothy!" he cried. "I will hear no more. Sambo, help me from the room."



She followed the limping figure to the door with her eyes, and then, still kneeling, covered her face with her hands and bent forward over the chair. For a moment she crouched there until at a touch on her shoulder she looked up. The young Confederate officer was bending over her.

"Dorothy," he said gravely, "I have only a few hours' furlough, and the time is short if I am to take you to Perryville."

"To Perryville?" she glanced up at him quickly. "Is—is John there?"

Captain Helder shook his head and turned abruptly to the window.

"I came to take you to Perryville because it is not safe here," he said presently, coming back to her. "I spoke to father about it and he agrees. I did not know anything about John, as I have told you, until I met Colonel Callingsse coming through the lines."

She rose impulsively to her feet and both hands clasped his arm. "Forest, Forest," she pleaded, "will you do nothing? It's a pitiful thing to talk of my safety and possible danger when John is to be shot at daylight. Oh, you must, you shall, you will do something, because—because——" her voice broke.

He leaned suddenly toward her, lifting her face, searching her eyes. "Because?" he questioned. "Because you love John—is it that, Dorothy?"

A flush sprang to her cheeks and she drew quickly back, averting her head.

"Forgive me, Dorothy," he said in quick contrition. "It was a brutal thing to say, but ever since you came to us—it's a long, long time ago now, isn't it, Dorothy?—when we wore knickers and you were in short skirts, I've known the day must come when your choice would be made. And now I know that it is John you——"

"You've no right to say that," she said steadily. "If you were in

John's place I would have pleaded with your father for you as I have for him; I would have pleaded with him for you. I love you both."

He laughed a little shortly. "Only in a different way, Dorothy," he said in a low voice.

"Forest," she put out her hands imploringly, "I—I—you must not talk of such things now. I—I cannot bear it."

He did not answer for a moment, then abruptly, irrelevantly: "We must start at once for Perryville. There is certain to be heavy fighting to-morrow, and, win or lose, the old place here will be pretty well in the thick of it."

"And—and—then you will do nothing for John?" she was clinging to him tightly, wildly. "I knew it was useless to talk to your father, but—but I was sure you would be different and that between us we could save him. You—you will, won't you?"

"You don't understand, Dorothy, I am afraid," said Captain Helder gently. "There is nothing that I can do. Ever since we entered Kentucky the Federal troops have been able to forestall nearly every move we made—to-day they caught John, the man who is mainly responsible for it. A spy's life is forfeited in any case, and John, above all others, has been too dangerous a man to the Confederate cause to look for any mercy."

"But, but," she cried, "perhaps it is all a mistake. John might have become separated from his men in the fight this afternoon and then he could only be held as a prisoner of war, couldn't he?"

Captain Helder hesitated a moment, drumming in indecision with his fingers upon the window to which he had again turned, then he faced full upon the girl.

"Look at me, Dorothy," he commanded.

She raised her face to his, a little surprised, and looked at the sharp, clean-cut features, the firm mouth and

chin, the clear, steady blue eyes—in the half-light it was John's face, line for line. The resemblance between the twin brothers, always startling even to her who had known them all her life, seemed now more pronounced than ever. She dropped her eyes, a tinge of pink dyeing the ivory of her cheeks.

"You are very beautiful, Dorothy," he said involuntarily.

She put out her hand in quick protest.

He smiled a little. "Listen," he said. "I will answer your question. There is no mistake. For several weeks the headquarters' staff have known that it was John. Previous to that I was suspected, and narrowly escaped a court-martial."

"You! I—I do not understand."

"Look at me again, Dorothy. You understand now, don't you? John joined Buell's forces when they entered Kentucky. He knew I was with General Bragg's command. He knows Kentucky as few men know it, and I suppose he volunteered for duty as a spy. More than once he has been mistaken for me within our lines and that has saved his life. To-day, this afternoon, and in this you are right, he was with his men and cut off in a skirmish at the creek. He was wounded, how badly Callingsse did not say, brought in, recognised, given a drumhead court-martial, convicted and——"

"To-morrow morning," she said with a half sob, and swayed a little.

Captain Helder caught her, and, bending, kissed her forehead. He smoothed back the brown locks tenderly. "I do not know what to say to you, dear," he said huskily.

"But, you — you — he is your brother. 'Won't you——'"

"I do not know," he said, his voice taking a harder ring. "Father is right; John chose his own road—to fight against us. But why discuss that? Granting that I would, there is nothing to be done. Come now,

Dorothy, you must get your things on quickly, while I see to the horses."

Mechanically she allowed him to lead her from the room out into the great, wide hall, where a huge log crackled in the fire-place. The colonel was sitting before it, propped up again with pillows, smoking, a stern, grim figure in his uniform of butter-nut gray. She did not speak to him. At the foot of the staircase Captain Helder left her. Halfway up, she halted and looked back. It seemed incongruous, the peaceful scene. The old colonel in his chair, the candles on the mantelpiece, the crackling fire, the square, spacious hall—incongruous, unnatural, like irony too bitter, too cruel to be real. A dull, muffled boom from some far away gun came to her faintly, and she started. Forest still lingered at the foot of the stairs. She smiled at him wanly—and went on again.

In her room she threw herself upon her knees by her bed. Her head throbbed fiercely as she tried to think. "*To-morrow morning*"—the words, beat upon her brain. It seemed there was nothing else, no other thought—just those words with their awful meaning. She cried aloud. Then, striving to compose herself, she tried to pray. After a few moments, she rose and walked to the window, standing there with clenched hands, looking out into the night that had now shut down inky black. Away in the distance tiny points of light scintillated through the darkness, a long, long series of them at irregular intervals—the Federal campfires. Back somewhere behind the ridges and ravines lay the lines of gray—and John, a prisoner, sentenced to death. Nothing, Forest had said, nothing could save him. There *must* be something! She, too, knew General Bragg. If she could only reach him, plead with him, go on her knees to him, surely, surely he would hear her prayer. John's life was so little for him to grant; to her it was—her heart

for an intant seemed to stop its beating. She covered her hands with her eyes. Forest's words were ringing in her ears: "Because you love John." She did not know. Some day, perhaps, as he had said, she too had felt that she might come to care for one of them in a different way. Had that day come, or was it only the dread peril in which John stood, the danger—the word roused her again to the immediate present. She crossed the room swiftly in sudden decision. Instead of Perryville she would go herself to General Bragg's headquarters—she reached out for the door latch, and then, with a startled gasp, drew back her hand and stood still. Some one was rapping very softly and the door was being noiselessly opened.

"Who is there?" she called sharply.

"Ssh! Ssh! Missy, missy, foh de Lord's sake his am only ol' Sambo. Don't yoh make no noise, missy."

"What is it, Sambo? What do you want?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, missy," whispered the negro breathlessly. "I done see Massa John."

She sprang forward. "John! Where? Speak, speak quickly, Sambo! Do you know what you are saying?"

"I done see him, missy, sure 'nuff. I'se down in de kitchen wid Martha an' I hears something a-fumblin' outside like it was tryin' foh to open de door, den I says: 'Who is yoh out dar?' an' he says——"

"Yes, yes," broke in Dorothy frantically. "It was John. I understand. Where is he now?"

"Why, missy, he's down dar ob co'se. He done told me I was to find yoh an' told yoh, as if ol' Sambo an' Martha didn't know dat was de thing to do. I'se 'fraid, missy, he's pretty bad hurt. He said something 'bout makin' his 'scape an' tryin' foh to get ober to de Union lines, but couldn't get no further, an' den when

I got him inside he just done fainted away."

Hardly waiting for Sambo to finish, Dorothy ran along the passage and down the back stairs that opened into the kitchen, with the negro following her. On the floor, motionless, lay the figure of a man in Federal blue, and bending over him, crooning and flapping her checkered apron as a fan, was the buxom form of Martha, her old mammy nurse. In an instant, Dorothy was upon her knees, her face close to the one upturned and white, calling his name over and over in a low fierce whisper: "John! John! John!"

There was no answer. Her eyes fell suddenly upon a dark blotch on the blue uniform just below the shoulder. She put her hand upon it. It was moist, and her fingers as she drew them back, looking dumbly into the faces of the two servants, were tinged with a crimson stain.

"Now, chile, don't yoh go foh to take on dat away," comforted Martha. "He just done faint, dat's all. You leab him to yoh ol' mammy."

A sound outside caught her ear and stirred her into action. For the moment she had forgotten about Forest and the horses. If he entered the house by the back door—he was coming! "Quick, quick!" she cried, imperative now. "Sambo, you and Martha must try and carry Mr. John up the back stairs and put him to bed in his old room at the end of the wing. No one will go there. Oh, hurry, hurry, I am afraid Captain Forest is coming now. I'll bring some brandy. Lift him gently."

She stooped to help them as she spoke, and together they carried the wounded man to the stairs. She watched them anxiously as they went up, staggering under the dead weight that, careful as they were, they were almost obliged to drag. Then, just as they reached the top, she turned with a suppressed cry, closed the door



of the back staircase hurriedly and faced into the kitchen. Footsteps were upon the stoop. Her face, already white, went suddenly gray. A dark, tell-tale stain on the white-scrubbed floor where John had lain seemed to spring up and mock her. The door was opening. She flew to the centre of the room and stood there covering the spot with the sweep of her wide skirts.

A second later Forest stepped inside. "Why, Dorothy!" he cried, halting abruptly. "What are you doing here? And you're not ready to go!"

"No; I—I am not going," she stammered.

"Not going!" he crossed the room to her side. "Not going, Dorothy! But, you must! Come!"—he took her hand to lead her to the hall, then lifted it quickly. "Why, you're hurt, you've cut yourself," he exclaimed.

She snatched her hand quickly away and hid it behind her, her cheeks crimsoning. She had forgotten that. "It—it is nothing," she said hastily. "Please, Forest, I—I want to be alone."

He looked at her closely. "Dorothy, let me see your hand," he commanded gravely.

But now she laughed. "Don't be silly, Forest. It's nothing but a scratch," she pushed him playfully away.

He hesitated a moment, still looking at her curiously. "Have you told father that you do not intend to go to Perryville?" he asked.

"No; not yet," she answered.

"Then," said Forest firmly, "if I have no authority, I'll see that father insists upon it."

"And I," she returned with quiet determination, "shall insist on staying here, Forest."

"But I want you to go. Father will not need you, and there's no reason why you should stay."

"A woman's reason is generally her will, isn't it?" she smiled at him;

then, almost shortly: "You mustn't interfere, Forest, my mind is quite made up."

"Interfere!" he caught up the word and flushed hotly. "You may be sure I wouldn't if it were not for your safety. As it is, Sambo can take you to Perryville as well as I, of course. I shall see father about it." He turned sharply and walked from the room.

Dorothy watched him go, her heart beating quickly, the tears starting to her eyes. She had not meant to hurt him. She opened her lips to call him back and with a little sob resolutely closed them again. As his footsteps died away, she followed him as far as the butler's pantry, secured a bottle of brandy, retraced her steps to the kitchen, and, with a shudder, as her glance fell upon the spot on the floor, blew out the lamp as the best means of hiding it; then she felt her way to the door of the back staircase.

Reaching the landing above, she turned, ran swiftly down the hallway and entered the, now candle-lighted, room at the end of the wing. The faithful old servants had made good use of their time, for the unconscious man's uniform lay across a chair and he was already in bed. Dorothy smiled gratefully at them both, as, taking a glass from the table, she passed to the bedside and began to pour out some brandy into it.

"Dorothy!"

She started back, terrified. The brandy spilled on the counterpane.

"Dorothy!"—it was the old colonel's voice, insistent, impatient, from the hall below.

She pushed the bottle and glass into Sambo's hands, and ran for the stairs. "Yes, dad," she called; "I'm coming."

The choleric old gentleman, still in his chair, was banging with his cane on the floor. "What's the matter with this infernal household?" he demanded.

"Why, dad," she said soothingly, dropping on her knees beside him, "there's nothing the matter, is there? What is it?"

"Hump!" grunted the colonel. "I've rung for Sambo and I've rung for Martha, and I might as well have rung for the devil; and I've shouted myself hoarse for you. Where is——"

"Can I get you anything, dad?"

"Presently, presently. What's this I hear about you refusing to go to Perryville? Forest has gone off in a huff; but I suppose Sambo will do as well."

She took his hand, patting it, as she shook her head. "No, dad; I am going to stay here. Now please, you must let me have my way. I—*listen!*" she interjected suddenly, her hand tightening over his. "What is that?"

From the turnpike to the left came the dull beat of horses' hoofs, growing louder and louder.

"What is that?" she cried again, and springing to her feet rushed to the window to press her face against the pane.

"A mounted patrol," snapped the colonel testily.

"But—but they are coming here," she faltered. She could see nothing through the darkness, but her ears told her the horses had swung from the turnpike into the driveway leading to the house. "What is it?" she cried out for the third time—but intuitively she knew.

White with terror, her hands were tightly clasped across her breast. The troop had halted now before the house, and footsteps and clanking sabres mingled on the veranda, followed on the instant by a series of sharp knocks upon the door.

"Sambo!" shouted the colonel. "Hey, you black rascal!" Receiving no reply, he screwed around in his chair to Dorothy. "Open the door, Dorothy," he ordered.

She looked at him piteously, but did not move. Without, they were

pounding heavily upon the panels.

"Dorothy, do you hear me! Open the door!" repeated the colonel sharply.

She moved forward mechanically, undid the fastenings with trembling fingers and stepped aside. A half-dozen troopers in gray brushed by her into the hall.

With the help of his cane, the colonel rose to his feet, as, saluting curtly, the young officer in command of the detachment approached him.

"You have an escaped Federal spy in the house," said the officer, with scant ceremony. "Where is he?"

Dorothy shrank back into the deeper shadows by the wall and groped weakly at the wainscoting for support.

For a moment the colonel stared in blank amazement, then his face coloured to a mottled purple and he shook his cane irascibly at the other. "Do you know what you are saying, sir?" he thundered. "A Federal spy in *my* house! Do you know who I am that you accuse me of treason to the uniform I wear? I am your superior officer and I order you to be gone! I will see that this is reported in proper quarters."

"You are Colonel Heldar," replied the officer coolly. "Your son John, captured and convicted as a spy, escaped from the guard-tent an hour or so ago."

"And what has that to do with me?" roared the colonel. "He is no son of mine, and this is the last place you need look for him."

"Nevertheless," retorted the officer, "he is in this house."

"And I tell you he is not!" shouted the colonel, rapping angrily on the floor with his cane. "I pledge you my word as a Confederate officer and a Kentucky gentleman that he is not in this house. I have not seen him since the day he saw fit to defy me and throw in his lot with the enemy."

"He has been traced here, and it is my duty to search," declared the

other doggedly, as he turned to his men.

"This is the first time, sir," exclaimed the colonel, drawing himself up, "that my word——"

A wild cry burst from Dorothy's lips. Across the hall, the door leading from the butler's pantry swung wide open and there, thrown into relief by the flickering flames from the fireplace and the soft light of the candles, framed like an apparition in the doorway, a half smile playing over the pale features, stood a figure in Federal blue, the dark blotch, that she knew too well, standing out on the faded tunic just below the shoulder. Wild-eyed, terrified, she gazed for a moment spellbound. The colonel, with face rigid and hard as though turned to stone, grasped, swaying, at the back of his chair; the men and their commander, in their sudden surprise, seemed rooted where they stood. The tension that seemed ages long held barely a second.

"John! John!" screamed Dorothy frantically, starting forward. "John, run, run, run! They are here for you—run!"

He seemed to smile at her reassuringly as he jumped back and slammed the door behind him. She heard the quick-shot bolt go home, then shouts and a pistol shot as the troopers leaped for the pantry door. She flung herself in their way only to be thrust roughly aside, and sank to her knees, clasping her hands in any agony of apprehension. Her keen ears caught the sound of running footsteps through the pantry and across the kitchen, then the kitchen door banged and the next instant came the clatter of horse's hoofs.

The troopers, too, had heard it, and, with a sharp-flung order, their commander turned and led them on the run through the front door to where they had left their own horses. Like one in a dream Dorothy listened to the excited voices of the men, the rattle of sabres, the creak of saddles

as they mounted, the sharp, quick pound of the hoofbeats as the cavalcade swept around the house to take up the pursuit in the rear. She rose weakly to her feet, and, with outstretched hands as one feeling through the dark, moved slowly across the room. The colonel had sunk into his chair, the gray shoulders bent forward, hands tightly clasped on the chair-arms, the hard, iron face gaunt and strained now as he stared into the fire.

"Dad!" she called softly. He did not answer. She laid her hand over one of his. "Dad!" she pleaded again.

He turned for a moment and looked at her. "Go to your room, Dorothy, and get your things on," he said hoarsely. "You are to go to Perryville at once. Send—Sambo to—me——" he lurched weakly in his chair.

"Dad, dad!" she cried, catching him in her arms. "What is it? You are ill—this has been too much for you."

The grim old colonel straightened. "Do as I bid you," he said sternly. "I am all right."

She hesitated, still lingering beside him; then, as he raised his hand imperatively, she turned and walked slowly upstairs, glancing anxiously backward at the bowed figure from step to step. At the top, she halted uncertainly. "Sambo! Martha!" she called. There was no response, and, hardly knowing why, she ran down the passage. "Sambo! Martha!" she called again. "Where are you? You must go to your master at once. I——"

She had pushed open the door at the end of the wing, and with a choking cry started back. *John's white, pallid face with closed eyes, unconscious, still lay upon the pillow as she had left him!*

Sambo's form rose from the bedside. "Is dey done gone, missy? Is dey all done gone?" he whispered.



"I don't dares answer yoh call till I makes sure, missy. And Martha she's down in de kitchen."

Dorothy stepped unsteadily into the room, straining unbelieving eyes from the negro to the form on the bed. She answered mechanically: "Yes, they've gone, Sambo." Then wildly: "What—what does it mean? What has happened?"

"Now, missy, don't yoh go foh to disnerb yohself 'cause it's all right," smiled Sambo. "After yoh went out, Martha done went to de kitchen foh some hot wattah. I reckon de light must hab got blowed out foh it was all dark, so she lighted it again, an' den in come Massa Forest on de way to get his horse. Massa Forest he's see dat spot on de floor whar Massa John lay, I 'speat, an' Martha done get flustered when he ask her 'bout it. Den Massa Forest's 'spicions bein' 'roused he make Martha bring him up here. Massa Forest hadn't no more'n just stepped into dis room when all dat racket begin downstairs. He went out into de passage an' listened, den he come back quick an' look at Massa John on de bed, den he look at Martha and den he look at me, and den he laugh kind ob hard. 'Yoh disappear, you ol' rascals!' he say, an' push Martha out ob de door. Den he pull off his clothes like lightnum an' put on Massa John's, do his own up in a roll an' run foh de back stairs. Bimeby I hears another racket down in de hall an' den Massa Forest gallopin' away, an' den dis ol' niggah

jus' feels good all ober foh dar ain't no one gwine to cotch Massa Forest when he's ridin' ol' Bess."

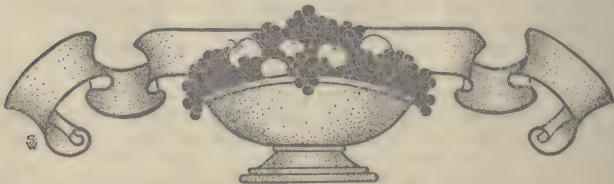
It was a long time before Dorothy spoke. "Sambo," she said brokenly at last, "get Martha and go to the colonel. I am afraid he is worse again. You must get him into bed, and he is not to know that Mr. John is still here. If he says anything about my going with you to Perryville to-night, you must humour him, do you understand, Sambo?—and to-morrow we must get Mr. John away."

"Yes, missy."

"Then go, Sambo; and close the door."

She went to the bed and dropped upon her knees beside it. The minutes passed, many of them, and she knelt there motionless. John's face on the bed she saw as through a blur; she heard the slow, heavy steps of Sambo and his master come up the stairs and go down the hall to the colonel's room at the other end of the house—but still ringing in her ears was the beat of horse's hoofs, and through the blackness of the night, in fancy, she saw a rider racing madly for his life. Then, suddenly, a cry escaped her. She started up, her lips parted. It had come, as he had said it would, the day of choice—no, not choice, for now it seemed that it must always have been just him—only she had not known before.

"*Forest!*" she whispered in shy self-surrender—and buried a hot, crimsoning face in her hands.



# THE GOSPEL OF FLOWERS

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

MEN unconsciously radiate their personality. They influence others not so much by what they do as by what they are. Flowers "toil not, neither do they spin," yet all down through the ages they have been influencing mankind just by what they are and not by what they do.

Look upon them with the eyes of the poet and call them the dream-smiles of the sleep-like life of plants; or regard them from a strictly utilitarian point of view, simply as instruments for the propagation of their species—it does not matter. Their influence upon the human race is indisputable. The graciousness they radiate has ever made for sweetness and light, for right living and wholesome thinking, for cleanliness and order.

Civilisation owes much to flowers. Of this truth Canada is to-day giving the world the most striking object lesson that it has ever seen. For a huge experiment in the gospel of flowers is being tried in the Dominion. From the Atlantic to the Pacific flowers are being dotted over the country by a single agency. And to lonely places, to harsh, forbidding places, to places raw with the wounds inflicted by a people engrossed in a stern fight with the wilderness for subsistence and for wealth flowers are bringing the sweetness of home.

I have a friend who is fond of telling how in a mining camp in the deserts of Australia one of the miners

discovered an onion among his baggage. He stuck the onion in the neck of a bottle filled with water and had the pleasure of seeing it sprout into green shoots. It was the only green thing in the whole of that sterile region, and while it lived rough miners used to come for miles on Sundays just to feast their eyes on this living plant.

The story seems far-fetched, but I believe it. Some time ago I alighted in North Bay, after spending weeks in the savage surroundings of mining and railway construction camps in the Porcupine and Abitibi regions. No women had got so far north at that time. I had lived among rough men, engaged in rough work, and living in tents or in rough shacks situated in clearings slashed out of the riotous, appalling tangle of the primeval forest.

There was no thought there for any of the niceties of civilisation, no time for them. Puny man, as savage as his surroundings, was fighting a grim fight with a world of rock and swamp and overshadowing forest.

From this savage world I came down to North Bay, and the first person I saw there was a woman, daintily dressed, and carying in her hand—what do you think? A bunch of flowers.

Back there grim utility dictated every action. Here a woman had spared the time to gather a bunch of flowers, and was carrying them with her as a treasured possession. What for? They were utterly super-

fluous things—nay, they were utterly useless things—as far as the utilities of life go. What need of human nature was it to which this little collection of frail, fleeting blooms ministered?

has awakened—since he is deliberately cultivating beauty for beauty's sake.

Inevitably is this beauty reflected in his life. With a flower garden attached to it, the merest shelter from



FLOWERS IN THE PRAIRIE COUNTRY

THE STATION GARDEN AT MOOSE JAW

Coming from beyond the confines of civilisation—from life in the raw—I viewed civilisation with fresh eyes. And that bunch of flowers flashed before me as the symbol of all the sweet and gracious things by which civilisation surrounds us.

Flowers tell us that after all nature is not all red in tooth and claw. From them there emanates an intangible influence that is reflected in our hearts. No man can gather flowers about him and remain a savage. Let a man cultivate flowers around his habitation, and civilisation begins to smile even where savagery reigned. Cultivated flowers mean that man has risen superior to his environment—that wholesomeness and order have evolved from chaos. They mean that the spiritual part of man

wind and rain and sun becomes a home. A garden means pride in orderliness, in wholesomeness, in cleanliness. It ministers to the finer instincts and to the best attributes of higher civilisation.

Now this, as I have said, is being illustrated in a striking way in Canada.

Some years ago the Canadian Pacific Railway Company started to preach the gospel of flowers.

There certainly was need of it. In the constructive years of that railway the company and the men employed by it had too big a task in conquering space and wilderness to give any time to the embellishment of the steel pathway from ocean to ocean.

The path of the pioneer is inevi-



tably marked by desolation—especially when the pioneer is a railway. Thus it is no reflection on the pioneer transcontinental railway of Canada to say that in its course the forest growths were slashed and burned, that hideous scars were blasted across the hills and mountains, and that the green prairies were gashed into bare and dusty pathways. To travel across the continent was to travel along a pathway of desolation. Where sta-

would thus ultimately prove a profitable investment.

So the word went forth from headquarters that stationmasters, sectionmen, and all other employees living on the company's property anywhere along the trunk line or branches could have free of all cost all the flower seeds they wanted for any of the land they cared to cultivate. There was nothing compulsory about it. They could make whatever kind



ANOTHER BEAUTY SPOT ON THE PRAIRIES

THE STATION GARDEN AT REGINA

tions occurred the desolation became an abomination of ugly buildings and depressing grime and ashes.

Then the company brought flowers to the rescue. There was nothing altruistic about its scheme. The management of the company, in a far-seeing moment, recognised that flower-gardens around its stations would make Canada look inviting rather than forbidding to the traveller, and that money spent on flower gardens

of garden they chose, and do whatever they liked with the produce.

There were many applications for seeds in the first year, and with every package of diversified varieties that went out there went also a kindly-worded message and some advice.

Some wonderful transformations were effected that first year. Along the forbidding pathway of the trains there sprang into being oasis after oasis of pure delight. Ugly, grossly



A COMPARISON

A WORKMAN'S DWELLING UNADORNED WITH FLOWERS

A SIMILAR DWELLING TRANSFORMED BY FLOWERS

utilitarian section-houses became standing advertisements for the neighbourhood in which they were situated. Stations, from being depressing and repellent, became charming, enheartening portals to the towns and settlements they served.

Decidedly the flower scheme was worth while.

The joys of gardening spread along the lines. Those employees who at first were apathetic became interested. There were more applications for seeds the next year, more the year after, and still more the year after that. Now the flower movement has reached such proportions that last spring no fewer than 125,000 packages of seeds were sent out, representing the choicest varieties of garden flowers that the world produces.

In addition to the free distribution of flower seeds many thousands of shrubs, plants, and perennials are annually distributed, while every fall about half a million bulbs are sent out free, comprising such varieties as tulips, hyacinths, daffodils, narcissuses, snowdrops, crocuses, and lilies. The distribution of bulbs is a splendid idea, for they spring up year after year in ever-increasing numbers. Where they can be made use of, grass seed for lawns, as well as lawn-mowers, garden hose and other implements are supplied free.

Wonderfully repaid is the company for its expenditure. From one end of the continent to the other its lines run through a continual succession of gardens. They have come into existence by the thousand. There are gardens on the lines in New Brunswick, gardens to be seen from the train on the journey through French-Canadian Quebec, gardens in the wild forest country north of Lake Superior, gardens on the once bald prairies, gardens amid the stern, awe-inspiring wonders of the Rockies, gardens amid the romantic scenes of the Fraser Canyon, gardens right to the very lip of the Pacific Ocean.

The solace and joy that these gardens have been to many living in lonely places can never be estimated. Think what they have meant to the women. I have seen in the floral department of the company many really touching letters from the wives of employees on the subject of their gardens.

Here is a letter that came to the head of the floral department from the wife of a sectionman living at a lonely spot away in the heart of the Rocky Mountains:

"Dear Sir—I am sending you a snapshot of our garden. I hope you will like it. I would have done more, but I have a dear little baby girl to look after, so she takes up my time a wee bit. We have named the baby Pansy Verbena.

All my girls are named after flowers, so if you have anything you can send to help make this place pretty I shall be thankful. I love my garden, and often when I feel tired and out of sorts I go into my garden and work awhile and it soon passes off. I do not do it all myself, for I am teaching my boys and girls to help in the garden. I think it so nice to see children caring for flowers and taking an interest in them."

This is only one of countless testimonies to the brightness that this gospel of flowers has brought to the wives of railway employees—and be sure

What has been done at the station has been repeated by the settlers themselves. Pride of home has been the result, and civic pride has followed that, until we find municipal authorities in the new towns of the West setting out deliberately to spread the gospel of flowers by offering prizes that are charged to the local taxes for the best gardens, by laying out public gardens and parks and by beautifying the streets.

No one who has gone into one of



BEAUTIFYING THE BROOKSIDE

C. P. R. STATION AT PETERBOROUGH

that brightness has been reflected in the men and in their work.

But here is another thing that has been noticeable. Coincident with the growth of this gardening movement has been a marked improvement in the home life of the people. The homes themselves have been made prettier and more attractive and have been kept cleaner.

The influence of the flowers has not stopped here. A pretty garden at the station has often aroused the emulation of a whole community.

these communities before and after the gospel of flowers has reached it can fail to appreciate the tremendously potent civilising influence that flowers exercise.

Of course, this great experiment in flowers has its particular enthusiast behind it. Mr. N. S. Dunlop is the man to whom it is due. He is the claims adjuster of the system, as well as the director of the floral department.

Though he spends many hours in his office every day, and is never



without a big load of legal difficulties to disentangle, Mr. Dunlop does not look like an office man. He dresses invariably in tweeds, and his sturdy figure, rosy cheeks, clear eye and

and giving them to various station-masters. Gradually in this way he interested the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now there is no more enthusiastic advo-



BETWEEN EAST AND WEST

STATION GARDEN AT KENORA

hearty manner would seem to betoken a gentleman farmer of considerable leisure, the world "for to behold and for to admire."

"It is all due to flowers; they are my only tonic," is the way he explains his fresh and rosy appearance. To emphasise the point, he invariably wears a buttonhole, talks on the psychologic influence of gardens, and—when work is over and nobody is around to listen to the gospel of flowers—reads poetry.

Mr. Dunlop started the movement eleven years ago on his own account. He began by saving the flower seeds from his own garden when he worked in the company's offices in Toronto

and giving them to various station-masters. Gradually in this way he interested the management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and now there is no more enthusiastic advo-

cate of the work of the floral department than Sir Thomas Shaughnessy himself. Every year the scheme is developing. First little gardens, then larger gardens, then demonstration gardens, then lawns and shrubberies. Now a beginning has been made in beautifying the lines between the garden oases. On certain portions of the line such showy blooms as poppies have been scattered broadcast along embankments and fillings, while in various portions of the Rocky Mountains such blooms as the Swiss mountain flower eidelweiss have been introduced.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has



FLOWERS AT BROADVIEW, SASKATCHEWAN

been boasted of as the All-Red Route to the Orient. By continuing to encourage this gospel of flowers it bids fair some day to merit the title of the All-Flower Route. And it is the gardens that adorn it—with the flowers showing the wonderful luxuriance and beauty that comes from the clear air and brilliant sunshine of Canada—that give the traveller a new revelation of this country. Such sights

linger in the memory, even as the sight of daffodils fluttering in the wind did in the memory of Wordsworth, when he wrote:

"I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.  
For oft when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils."



# THE CULT OF THE BOMB

BY FRED K. JARMAN

THERE is a sombre street of evil repute in the Montemarte district of Paris that is called the Rue des Loups.

As if to justify its name, here one can find congregated the *crème* of the underworld of Paris. The low, timorous pickpocket and sneaking thief—the savage Apache, with knife and revolver, and the Terrorist, with his more terrible bomb, have each and all made it their haunt.

But of all the houses there, No. 9 was perhaps the best known, for it sheltered Auguste Bernet, the acknowledged head of the destroying brotherhood of Paris.

The police knew him for the instigator, if not the perpetrator, of several bomb outrages, but so cleverly had they been engineered that he had never, so far, been brought to book.

Quite recently the Brotherhood had been at their murderous work. An attempt had been made on the life of a criminal judge, but though the attack had been planned with consummate daring, it had failed in its object. The judge had escaped, but the infernal machine, in exploding, had literally blown to pieces an inoffensive private citizen, named Le Gallien.

The senseless murder had aroused the greatest indignation amongst all classes of society in Paris, and the police had been spurred on to do something, but their efforts to bring the crime home proved fruitless. After a week or two the affair began to lose interest, and outside police

circles was almost forgotten, except by two people—Le Gallien's beautiful daughter Julie and the perpetrator of the outrage, Auguste Bernet.

It was about three weeks after Gallien's death, when Bernet was returning home from a cabaret, where he had drunk very freely of absinthe, that in turning the corner of the Rue des Loups, he blundered against the slight figure of a young girl and nearly lost his equilibrium.

Bernet was in an ill-humour, so he turned on the girl with a coarse oath, but it died away before it left his lips at the sight of her refined and beautiful face. Bernet, though an Anarchist, was a Frenchman, and possessed, in common with his countrymen, the instincts of courtesy, so in a moment he was bowing his apologies for his clumsiness.

To his surprise the sweet face smiled very kindly at him, and the girl graciously accepted the proffered *amende*.

"It is nothing, Monsieur Bernet, please forget it."

To be called so glibly by his name by this charming stranger was a second surprise, which went a long way to sober Bernet.

"Mademoiselle honours me greatly by knowing my name," he said, in a puzzled way. "May I not claim the same privilege of one so beautiful?"

"Monsieur is gallant," the girl laughed. "But surely it is not very surprising that I should know one so celebrated as the chief of those



who wish to free our country. One who is so brave and resourceful in his service to the cause."

It was only the bare truth that the girl spoke, and he had heard it many times before, but it seemed especially sweet coming from her lips, and it pleased him greatly—pleased him almost as much as the shapely form and lovely face, that he was gazing at with growing admiration.

"You are one of us, then? Good! Very good. We shall be firm comrades—you and I. You have some wrong to avenge on society—yes? I thought so. I knew by your face that something had driven you to us. Well, you're welcome. You shall come to my rooms and tell me all. I can help you—perhaps."

"You will? You will help me?" She spoke so eagerly that he eyed her suspiciously for a moment. The police set queer traps for such as he. He knew that. But her face was open as a book, her voice rang true, her clear eyes met his searching look without a flicker of the lids. They spoke for her sincerity. She was a woman with a wrong to revenge—he read it there.

"Ah, no," she continued, when he did not answer. "Of course, it is not your business. Mine is a private wrong. You work only for *La Patrie*, I know."

"Yes, for my country, but there might be circumstances that would induce me to diverge a little from my rules in order to help so sweet a suppliant as Mademoiselle."

"What are they?" she asked quickly. "I cannot give you money."

"Money!" he laughed mockingly. "Money! Bah! You have that, Mademoiselle, which in my eyes is worth all the gold in the universe."

A shiver ran through her frame, but he did not notice it. As she did not reply, he leaned towards her, and sinking his voice, asked:

"Does not Mademoiselle know that

she is superbly beautiful? That I am but a man, and would be less than that—her slave."

A deep flush mantled over the girl's face, and involuntarily she half turned as though to flee from him. He put his hand on her shoulder and gently detained her.

"I was too abrupt—forgive me," he said, quietly; "I was carried away with admiration for you. Surely 'tis a pardonable sin I have committed? I have never met a woman quite like you before. I will be more guarded with my tongue if you will forgive me."

"Oh, yes, Monsieur," she said, apparently reassured by his manner, "and to-morrow, if I may bother you, I will tell you my story. I must go now. Where can I see you again?"

"Will you come to my apartment at No. 9?" He pointed up the street, but seeing she hesitated, he continued: "I shall treat Mademoiselle with every courtesy. You believe me?"

"Yes, Monsieur. I will come to-morrow night at ten o'clock. *Au revoir*, Monsieur Bernet," and with a bewitching smile she left him and hurried away.

He did not attempt to detain her longer. He was a student of human nature and knew that a woman of her temperament likes to be believed and trusted. Besides, there was a something in her voice that assured him that she would come. He never doubted but that they would meet again, and then——

Ah yes, it was necessary that they should. He felt it was fated to be so. He had never met a woman like her before, with such glorious eyes that seemed to reveal her soul and radiate in turn all shades of passion, from the coy glance of love to the burning glint of vengeance. He smiled as the thought crossed his mind. He would gratify the latter at the price of the former.

"What a superb mate for a man like myself," he muttered as he entered his apartment. "Yes. She is the embodiment of my ideal woman—beautiful and intelligent—fierce yet loving; one in whom the gentle fire of Venus glows side by side with the rage of a tigress. Ah! I love that. 'Tis a rare combination. True love and true hatred. I must not miss it—she must be mine."

Could he have seen the girl's face and heard her words, his satisfaction would have been short-lived.

"To-morrow night I will have the truth from him somehow, and if 'twas he who murdered my father, God grant him mercy, he'll get none from me."

\*

In an ill-furnished room at No. 9 Rue des Loups the mellow light of a lamp spread its beams around, and lighted up the faces of Auguste Bernet and Julie le Gallien—seated *vis-à-vis*.

She had just finished the story of her wrongs. Not the true story, but one concocted for the furtherance of the purpose she had at heart. She had given him a detailed recital of a great wrong done to a parent—now dead. She had told him of a great betrayal and desertion, followed by a life of hardship and misery, and an untimely death. And how the craving for revenge had brought her to beg his assistance in the accomplishment of her task.

Bernet had listened to her story, but the fascination of the presence of this delicate, well-bred girl had so played upon his imagination—so filled his mind with thoughts of the future that he had given but scant attention to the details of her past.

One thing he noted, however, that she had so far carefully avoided the mention of her name.

"Will Mademoiselle permit me to remind her that in spite of her story I am still ignorant of her name."

"I suppressed it purposely, Monsieur," she replied, her clear, frank eyes looking firmly into his. "I wanted to tell you all first."

"Ah! Then now I may know?"

"Yes. My name is Marie Godin. And the man who brought this wretchedness into my life is Gabriel de l'Orme, the criminal judge."

With a bound Bernet was on his feet—his face twitching, his eyes aflame with excitement.

"What! The criminal judge who sent my two poor comrades to New Caledonia. The man—for whom in mistake I killed old Le Gal——"

He stopped abruptly—the name only half spoken on his open lips. Fool! He was betraying his secrets to a stranger. Pish! He was losing his head as well as his heart. She had bewitched him with her beauty. For a few seconds he stood regarding her with mixed feelings, then giving an impatient gesture he turned away, with a frown on his handsome face.

And the girl—she sat still in her chair, outwardly unmoved, but mentally a tumult of emotion. The trap she had so carefully planned had succeeded beyond her best hopes. Under the spell of her beauty he had betrayed his secret—had told her the one thing it was necessary she should definitely know—that he had murdered her father.

The road was clear before her now.

"Did you understand what I said?" he asked, returning to her side.

"Yes. You said that you killed Le Gallien in mistake for the—the other. I'm glad you told me. I know now that you are the man of all others in the world who can help me to my revenge. And you *will* help me—of that I am sure."

"You are very confident," he laughed. The determination of her tone pleased him. "I shall want a big price for my assistance."

"I am prepared to pay you any price when the man who wronged me is dead."

"Even the price of your love?"

"Yes. If you will help me to accomplish my task, you may then claim me for your slave."

"Say rather for my sweet mate."

"What you will—then, but not till then."

"How do I know you'll keep your word?" he asked.

"Look in my eyes," she cried, rising and facing him. "Am I speaking the truth?"

"Yes," he answered after a pause. "No lie could lurk in those clear blue orbs. I trust you, Marie."

"I will keep faith with you. I swear it." Then, with a light laugh, she ran to the sideboard, where she had noticed he kept a bottle of absinthe and some glasses. "We'll pledge our faith to one another in the green fluid—the liquor that fires the heart to deeds that make our tyrants quake and tremble."

As she filled the glasses she emptied the contents of a small blue phial into one of them. Her back was turned to him, and so adroitly was the addition made that he never noticed it. Then she brought the two glasses forward and handed him the one that was drugged.

"Here, give us a toast. I will drink to it, whatever it be."

He smiled at her enthusiasm, took the proffered glass, and, raising it on high, cried:

"To our future, Mademoiselle, and death to the man who wronged you."

"Amen!" she murmured, with an earnestness he didn't understand.

"And now," she said, when the glasses had been emptied and replaced, "we'll hasten the consummation of your toast. You shall instruct me in the use of a bomb."

"To-night! Why such haste?"

"Has love turned laggard?" she asked a little mockingly. Then notice-

ing an angry flush on his face she quickly added: "Besides, there is another reason why I should be prepared. I have obtained an interview with my enemy. He has seen me, and, ignorant of my identity, has, I believe, fallen in love with me."

"That is not surprising," replied the other gallantly, "but it is all the more reason why I should instruct you to give him a warmer embrace than he desires. I'll have no rival in your love. We'll get to work at once."

Removing a mat from the floor near the sideboard, he lifted a couple of boards and took from the hole a thin box about a foot square. Handling it with great care, he placed it on the table and unlocked the lid.

"This," he said, with a dramatic gesture, "is what the press call—not inappropriately—an infernal machine."

The girl shrank back involuntarily. The action was purely instinctive. The womanly dread of violence asserted itself in her nature, but in a moment she had mastered the weakness and steeled her nerves for the coming ordeal—from which they never flinch again that night.

She approached the table and looked at it calmly.

"That's better," he said, encouragingly, having noticed her momentary fear. "Those who mean to play with death must keep cool heads and strong hearts."

"I am all right now. Tell me how to use it."

"This chamber, which you see is sealed, contains the explosive, enough to wreck this room and send us both to eternity. It is fired by a detonator, which, in its turn, is exploded by the clockwork you see and which can be set to go off at any time, before it is wound up."

"Show me how to wind it."

"Very well, but first I'll disconnect the striker."



She laid her hand on his to stop him.

"Is it necessary?"

"It is safer," he answered grimly.

"I am not afraid. See, let us set it for midnight. There! Is that right? Good. Now wind it up. It will school my nerves to pass the minutes with death creeping on me, second by second. You can stop it, can't you?"

"Oh, yes, any time during the next half-hour; after that——"

"We should be killed? You are sure?"

"Absolutely. Why are you so eager?"

"It seems strange to be so near death. No, don't stop it yet. The thing fascinates me. Come and sit down for a few minutes. I want you near me, I'm not quite sure of myself yet."

Nothing loath, he led her to the couch and sat beside her, with his arm around her quivering form. He knew there was plenty of time, and familiarity with his weapons had bred a certain contempt for them. They were his slaves—deadly to others, but to him mere playthings—toys. Besides, the girl's moods pleased him, she was so different from the common type—quite an original creature, and he admired originality. She was beautiful, too, and as he sat beside her with his arm around the dainty waist, he drew her to him and pressed her young, lithe body, and felt the warmth of it against his own. It thrilled him and filled him with ecstatic feelings. The magnetism of her presence seemed to spread out till its subtle force permeated and dominated his own. It was rapture—sweet and soothing rapture—through every fibre of his being, rapture that mastered his will and subdued his senses. It robbed him of all power of action; he could not move, he was chained by the spell of it. Once he tried to rouse himself, for the time

was passing, but he had no power, he was held helpless, bound, as in a dream—a dream so sweet—that——

So it seemed to Bernet, but the real power that held him was the opiate she had mixed with the absinthe, and before ten minutes had passed he was asleep.

For another five minutes the girl sat motionless as a statue, noting the man's steady breathing. Then, satisfied that he slept, she gently disengaged herself from his encircling arm, rose from the couch, and crept to the table to look at the clock.

"I've only a quarter of an hour left. I must be quick."

Unfastening the band of her skirt, she unwound from her waist a length of broad silk ribbon. Frail looking stuff apparently, but strong as a hempen cord. With it she proceeded to bind the sleeping man's arms behind him, and then strap him securely to the woodwork at the ends and back of the sofa. She next gagged him with his own silk handkerchief, and then, being satisfied that he could neither move nor cry out, she wheeled the couch nearer to the table—and the bomb.

"Five minutes more," she said, after a glance at the clock. "Only five minutes."

She crossed the room to the washstand, and dipping a towel in the jug, she placed it on his face, at the same time trying to rouse him by calling his name aloud.

For a moment it seemed that he would not awake, but she persisted, and after a minute he opened his eyes sleepily.

"Wake up, Bernet. Wake up, for you have only a few minutes to live. Remember the bomb."

The last word roused him, and with an effort he succeeded in throwing off the soporific effects of the drug and tried to rise.

"Oh! you needn't get up. I want to speak to you, that's all. To tell you

that I've tricked you—trapped you—your vile murderer.”

He looked at her with inquiring eyes and tried to speak, but the gag was effectual.

“As I told you, I came to you to avenge a parent's death—my father's. You murdered him, Auguste Bernet. Yes, I see you understand. I am Julie le Gallien.”

As he listened the man's face had turned ashen pale, and his fierce eyes gleamed with the mingled rage and fear of a trapped lion. He was no coward, but his look was turned towards the little box that stood so near him on the table.

“Yes, I've not touched it,” the girl said, with pitiless deliberation. “The clock is still going, and it is but three minutes from twelve. Make the most of those three minutes, 'tis all that is left you in this world.”

Then, without another word or look, she passed quickly out of the room, locking the door behind her.

Three minutes only—three minutes of life left him. It was true—he knew it. He, Auguste Bernet, the Terrorist, was to die the death he had meted out to others. Tricked by a girl, too—caught in the toils by a pretty face—sent to his death. Not without a struggle, though. He was made of fighting stuff. Scarcely had the door closed on her when he was at it, tugging with the strength of despair to break the silken bonds that held him, struggling till the straining muscle on his arms stood out like wire ropes and threatened to break through their fleshy covering.

Second after second ticked away into the gulf of time.

He could hear the infernal horror on the table dragging on to midnight, and he could not free himself and stop it. A minute passed, but the

silk held firm; a second minute went. He knew it, he had counted every beat. There was but one left now. Sixty seconds more of life. Now—now—he must do it now, if ever. He put forth his remaining strength into one great effort, and broke the ribbon that held his arms. His hands were free. He tore off the gag, but did not call for help. He knew it would come too late. He must save himself. There were other bonds to break, the ones that held him to the couch, and he had no knife. Would there be time? But thirty seconds remained now, and they were ticking away so quickly. He tried to snap the ribbon that held his legs, but his strength was spent. There were but twenty seconds now. He gnashed his teeth, for he felt his time was come. He put out his hand in the endeavour to snatch the box and stop the clock—it was just beyond his reach. He howled out curses low and deep. Ten seconds were left him, only ten. What could he do? Ah! turn the couch over—a poor chance of life, but it might save him. He threw his weight forward till the old sofa tottered and all but fell, as he wished. Still fate fought against him—it righted again—and the last ten seconds were gone. With the baffled howl of a wild savage he prepared again—he gathered his weight—he hurled it forward.

Too late. There came a blinding, lurid flash, a tearing, wracking roar and—

At the corner of the Rue des Loups a girl with strained and staring eyes saw the flame burst from the window of No. 9. For a moment she was rooted to earth. Then, with a shriek of horror, she clasped her hands over her eyes and staggered blindly away into the sheltering darkness of the night.

## INTERLUDES OF LABOUR

By INNIS STEINMETZ

"After all, it is good to be alive ; neither to think nor to dream :  
but just content to be."—F. M.

WE swing down long, straight roads  
Bordered with sturdy weeds whose golden ranks  
Flame out beneath the rays of morning light ;  
By green woods breathing sweet of woodland life,  
With sunbeams sifting down long aisles of pines,  
Scattering the shades beneath with shimmering gold ;  
Through deep-grassed thickets waked by morning's dawn ;  
Along old ways to those familiar haunts  
Where gray-birds sing the morning's lyric hymn,  
And kitti-tinnies bloom in tangled masses  
Of delicate pure white, like ocean spray.

We lie full-stretched upon the sandy beach,  
Drowsing in heat poured from the golden sun ;  
The water ripples, foaming on the sands,  
And purls and splashes, ebbs and flows  
About the stones and divers-coloured shells.  
We feel the clear, cold water, the warm earth,  
The ocean breeze, the mid-day's soft content.

As the sun sets, we climb the steep hill-road,  
Past the long line of poplars on the brow  
Like sentinels that guard the evening's calm,  
And come upon a long and shadowy plain,  
Strewn with great trees, shrouded in amber dusk.  
The city rests against the misty slope.  
Beyond, the deep, blue waters of the bay  
Stretch to the distant, solitary heights,  
Whose lonely summits meet the quiet sky,  
Soundless and colourless.



# THE BETROTHAL

BY ALBERT ALEXANDRE METCALFE

HE used to sit in front of the entrance to the cemetery and see that no one trespassed on the grounds. Sometimes he fell asleep in his chair, and then the children would steal past his motionless form and make for the nut groves, to fill their sacks. His hair was very white, his back quite stooped from age, and when he walked a twisted cane supported his body. Usually a clay pipe stuck from his mouth, and he smoked in long puffs. In the winter a little house that was set aside for use protected him from the cold. By means of a rope he could open and shut the gates from the inside in bad weather. When a funeral party approached he would examine the permit through the glass, and, if it was all right, nod for them to enter. On Sundays and holidays, when the people came to Calvary in great numbers to look to their lots, he would put on a white shirt and a silk cravat and guide them around, talking about first one thing, then another. Such was Carl as I remember him.

One day, I think it was the end of November last year, at least the trees had shed their leaves and birds there were none, except a few jays that fluttered about among the branches. They are never in a big hurry to migrate. The wind was bitter cold and sent the dead leaves flying through the air this way and that until they banked up against the farmers' fences in high piles. On the road a man was walking by the side of his cart and making his arms

go to keep warm. A boy was kicking his toes against a fence-post to take the numbness out of them. A party of mourners wrapped in warm coats were filing slowly down the path that led to the church, the women weeping, the men bowing their heads with grief. One of the party (she may have been the mother, I don't know) walked in the rear, often pausing to look back at a grave that some men were filling in, their spades ringing against the hard earth and their bodies bending backward and forward as if worked by a spring. A hound, hot on the trail of a fox, bayed in a nearby wood.

Smoke was pouring from the chimney of the old keeper's house, and glad I was to enter and share the comfort of his fire. With his usual greeting, "Good evening, neighbour," he pushed a stool toward me and with it his tobacco-box.

We talked of the weather and the chances for a long, severe winter. Then there was some news of an uprising against the church, which we both thought disgraceful. I remember that Carl was for having a collection taken up for a poor woman in the neighborhood who had just lost her husband. The constable was sickly and could not serve a warrant on a trespasser, and the quarries were filled with water, which was a bad thing for the workingmen's families with winter coming on.

Carl began talking about this and that happening here in seventy. "It was not like that in seventy-six," and

so on. Once he pointed to a large oak and said, "That tree is just forty years old, St. Valentine's."

"Friend Carl," said I, "how comes it that you are here for so long, you who have travelled, who are a scholar, how is that, neighbour?"

He only puffed at his pipe the harder and looked out of the window—at nothing, of course, while I sat there turning the logs with the toe of my boot, thinking a great deal to be sure.

Not a man in the whole province was as deeply loved as the old keeper of Calvary, except among the poachers, who now and then received a caning at his hands. The boys, however, rather relished being caught and thumped by him, because it always meant a pocketful of cookies from the shop of the baker who could never quite understand why Carl punished the boys at all if it cost such a round sum to ease his mind afterward.

One night it came to pass that the notary, whose word is as gold, chanced to see on the table in the keeper's house a mysterious book.

"Now what is that, Master Carl?"

"It is nothing but a Greek testament."

This and much more reached the ears of the people. It was not so clear in their minds how one who had the markings of such a grand gentleman would open gates for undertaker's men and give chase to stray dogs for the twenty dollars that came to him quarterly over the registrar's desk and paid by the good people for forty years.

These things all came to my mind one after the other until the fire burned quite low and my pipe went out of itself.

Outside it was growing dark. You could no longer see the hands returning from the fields. Sometimes they shouted at a passing neighbour, sometimes they sang, happy because of going home to their families. The

north wind howled down the chimney top and around the eaves of the house as if the devil himself wanted in. The dog in the corner—a fine mastiff—raised his head and growled, then as if to make sure that no one was prowling about, he paced the floor and sniffed the air before stretching himself out again. A lonely wayfarer swore at his horses and cracked his whip loudly, then as if by magic everything was quiet. Even the curses had an end, for over the air there came the notes of the Angelus, and as bad as a man may be there's no disrespecting that.

When I put on my coat and cap, making as if to go, Carl took a lantern from the wall and led me out of doors and up a patch between the graves. The dog trailed at our heels.

Over rocky bypaths I followed his limping form. Now and then a stone unseen in the feeble light sent me stumbling to my knees. As if he knew every inch of ground, the old keeper led me on, not once making a false step and he an old man.

Suddenly the light from the lantern splashed the walls of a tomb. Ivy overhung the entrance. About the ground a score of lizards raced to and fro. The heavy iron door squeaked on its hinges as Carl pushed it open after unlocking it with a great brass key.

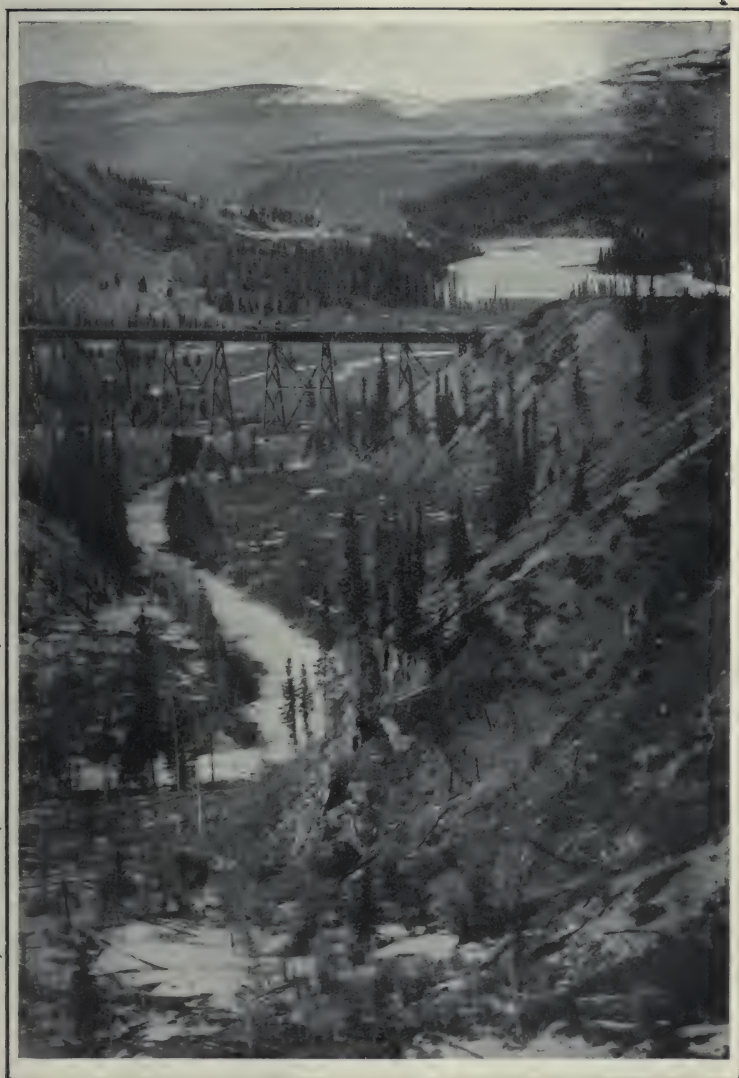
While I stood there as one paralysed, little knowing what to do or say, the old keeper approached the centre of the tomb and knelt before a marble casket, dimly and yellow.

When I stepped nearer his hunched form this is what I dimly saw chiselled in the stone:

Louise, the betrothed of Carl.  
Died March 15, 1860.

Beneath this inscription was another one, done by a rough hand, which you may see there to this day if you choose:

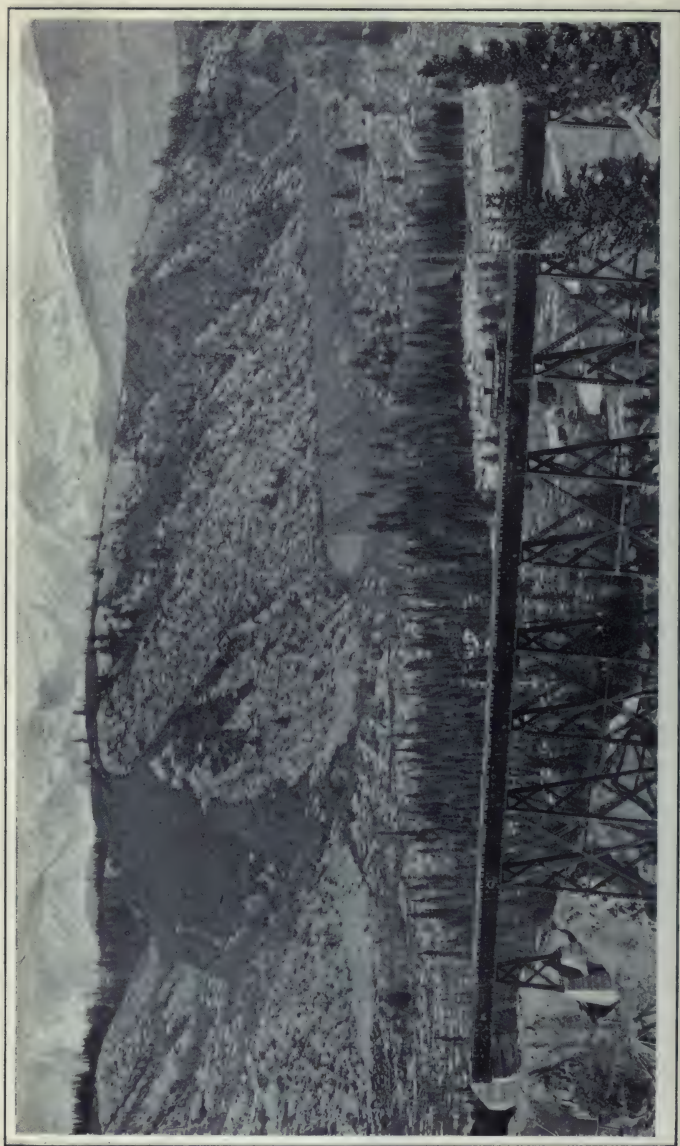
Carl, the betrothed of Louise.  
Died March 15, 1860.



JUNCTION OF PRAIRIE CREEK AND ATHABASCA RIVERS

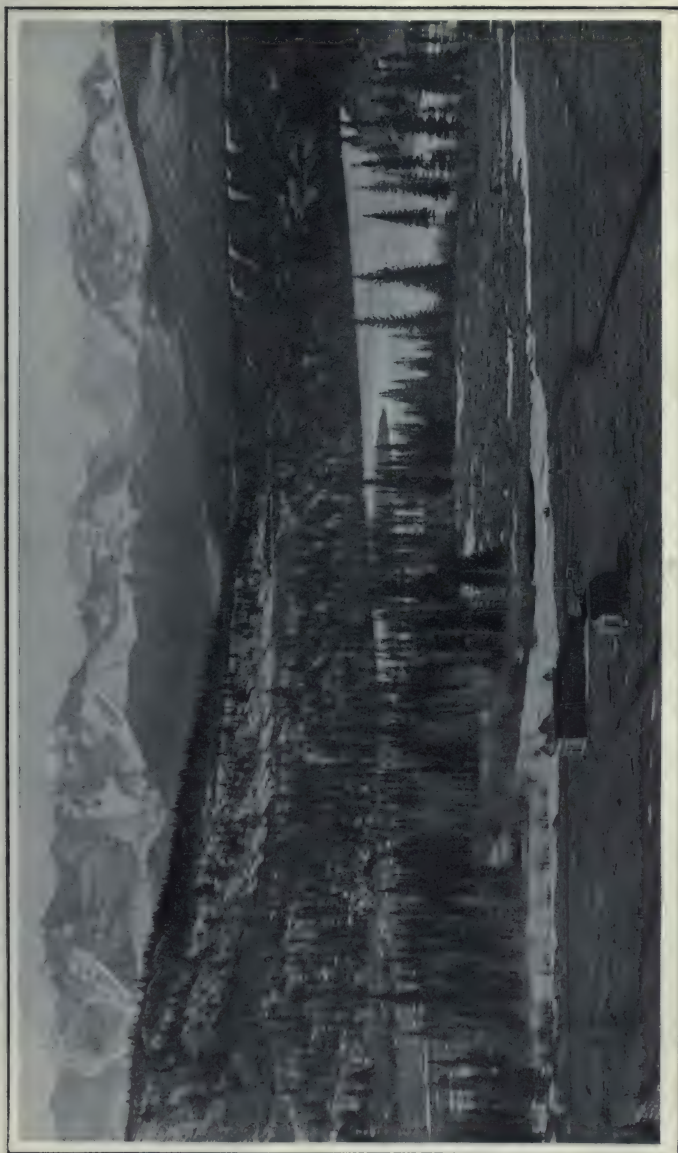
GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY





BRIDGE OVER PRAIRIE CREEK

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY



CANADIAN MOUNTAIN SCENERY

ALONG THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY



A MOUNTAIN STREAM

ALONG THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY



# JOHN BY: FOUNDER OF A CAPITAL

BY CHARLES S. BLUE

IF ever any man deserved to be immortalised in this utilitarian age it was Colonel John By." So wrote Sir Richard H. Bonnycastle more than half a century ago. Unfortunately, however, immortality has a wayward habit of evading some of its creditors, and the claims so generously urged by the author of "The Canadas in 1841" have not received from posterity the recognition they appeared to merit; indeed, but for stray references in the pages of Canadian history and for a tardy proposal to erect a memorial at Ottawa it might almost be supposed that they had been entirely forgotten. Unquestionably the services rendered to Canada by John By deserve to be remembered, for if there be any meaning in the term empire-building, so often used nowadays, it is applicable to just such work as he accomplished.

Compared with more modern and more pretentious undertakings of the kind, the Rideau Canal may now appear to be of little significance; but few can conceive of the difficulties which had to be overcome in the course of its construction, and only those familiar with the conditions that prevailed in the earlier part of last century can adequately realise the importance attached to its completion. Regarded as an almost essential step to secure Canada from attack in its most vulnerable spot, the canal was constructed primarily for

military purposes, but, while it undoubtedly strengthened the colony's defences, where strengthening was needed, it did more—it opened up a rich stretch of country to navigation and furnished a transportation route that was at one time of inestimable advantage, and is still of appreciable value. As a feat of engineering, the Rideau Canal was on its completion regarded as unique. Described at the time as "one of the most extraordinary existing specimens of human ingenuity and perseverance," it set a standard for canal construction that even modern experts hold in high respect, and it had the distinction of having the first river-bed to be used for the purpose of canalisation.

But it is not alone upon his services as the engineer who designed and built the Rideau Canal that Colonel By's claims to distinction rest. What lends lustre to his name and ought to secure for it a permanent place in Canadian history is the fact that he was the founder of the city which to-day occupies the proud position of the capital of the Dominion. The ruler of an empire merely dedicated what John By had created. He selected the site, planned its streets and spaces, and supervised the early stages of its construction; he first had the vision of its great destiny, and with rare energy and foresight directed his efforts towards the fulfilment of that destiny.

Well may Ottawa purpose honouring his memory.

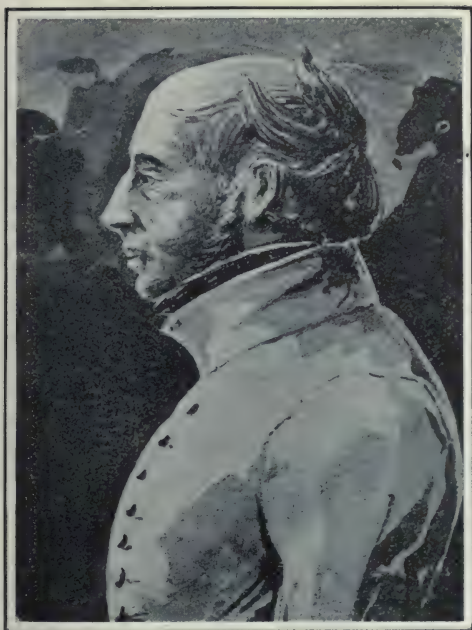
It was in 1802 that John By, then a young lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, first came to Canada. Born in England in 1781, he had passed successfully through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and had obtained his commission in the Royal Artillery, being shortly afterwards transferred to the engineering branch of the service. At Quebec, where he remained for nine years, he appears to have devoted a good deal of study to the fortifications made famous by Wolfe's successful campaign, one result of which is preserved in the Dominion Archives in the shape of a remarkably fine model of the fortress and its surroundings, including the battlefield on the Plains of Abraham. This and another model in the possession of the Royal Engineers at Chatham—that of a bridge on the truss principle—are interesting as early manifestations of that ingenuity which was to be turned to such practical account in later years.

During the nine years he was stationed at Quebec, young By must have acquired a valuable knowledge of the military needs of Canada, and had he remained to take part in the War of 1812 he would doubtless have cut a considerable figure. But the commencement of that campaign found him in England performing what must have been to an ambitious and active young officer the uncongenial duty of superintending ordnance works. Indeed, it is rather singular in view of his subsequent services, that By's talents seem for some time to have met with little appreciation on the part of the British military authorities. Hurried to Portugal in 1811 to join Wellesley's forces in the Peninsular War, he took part in the Siege of Badajoz and was afterwards recalled to England, where he did unimportant work, and was eventual-

ly placed on the list of unemployed.

In the spring of 1826 he was still "waiting for something to turn up" when the call came to return to Canada on the great mission of his career. In a letter, dated April 3rd of that year, from the Colonial Office, transmitting to Earl Bathurst papers relating to the Rideau Canal, it is mentioned that Colonel By, of the corps of the Royal Engineers, "is under orders to proceed to Canada to superintend the construction of the canal." The project about to be undertaken had been under the consideration of the British military authorities since the War of 1812-14. That campaign had shown the necessity for secure inland communication between the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, not only as an additional line of defence, but as a safe and convenient means of military transportation. "It is a fact not generally known," wrote one authority while the canal was in progress of construction, "that during the late war the transport of naval and military stores and goods of all descriptions from Montreal to the Upper Lakes, tended generally to amount to, and in some cases to exceed, their original value, to say nothing of the danger and risk attending on the navigation of the St. Lawrence in consequence of the rapids, and the grievous delays in the transporting of the stores." It is said that it cost five dollars to send a single shell for a mortar from Quebec to Montreal.

These difficulties had so impressed the British authorities that they had come to regard the construction of a system of canals as essential to the proper defence of Canada. The question of ways and means, however, delayed operations for some years, and it was not until 1825 that a decision was arrived at to proceed with the scheme. In that year a commission sent out to survey reported in favour of the Rideau route; orders were at



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN BY, ROYAL ENGINEERS,  
FOUNDER OF BYTOWN (OTTAWA)

once given to have plans prepared, and Colonel By found himself in charge of a work that required all the qualities of a master mind to accomplish. "Difficulties which no man can form any idea of, excepting those who knew him well and watched his progress, were continually in his way," writes Bonnycastle, who, himself a military engineer, could speak with some authority. With a department to organise, detailed surveys to make, civil engineers to instruct, workmen to advise, Colonel By had to cut his way through a country, to again quote Bonnycastle, "where fogs and flood, silence and shadow had before reigned undisturbed; a country the seat of pestilential fever and ague, of water snakes and reptiles, of mud and marshes—where the best or, indeed,

the only mode of progress was in the bark canoe of the Indian, and where even that dangerous vehicle was continually subject to be torn asunder in its march over the silent waters."

The task, however, had no terrors for By, and he entered upon it with all the confidence of one determined to succeed. His surveys rapidly completed, he arrived in the village of Hull in September, 1826. Tradition has it that while out walking one day with Lord Dalhousie, Colonel By pointed across the river to where Ottawa now stands and remarked, "Some day there will be a great city there." Whether the story be true or not, it is certain that the situation on the southern bank of the Grand River, as the Ottawa was then called, strongly appealed to him, and it was





ENTRANCE TO RIDEAU CANAL AT OTTAWA

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ON THE HEIGHT

there that he decided to form the entrance to the canal, and to commence the work of construction. At that time the site of what is now the capital of the Dominion was in what a writer of the period described as "a state of nature covered with bush." Within the present limits of the city not a building was standing save one log dwelling, where what is known as Upper Town has since been erected, and several houses on Nepean Point. The hill now crowned by the magnificent pile of buildings which form the seat of Government was then a thickly-wooded eminence. Beneath lay a beaver meadow, intersected by a creek, and beyond stretched a dense cedar swamp.

Into this solitude came Colonel By with a squad of sappers and miners in May, 1827, and immediately it sprang into life. The bush disappeared; barracks and a hospital were erected where the Parliament Buildings now stand; houses, we are told, appeared "as if by magic," and soon "nothing was to be heard but the

clanking of hammers, the noise of drills boring rocks, and a perfect cannonade of blasts." The Colonel built for himself a residence on what is known as Major's Hill, but, unfortunately, it was destroyed by fire some years later, and even with the aid of the description penned by Bouchette, who waxed so eloquent over the view to be had from the verandah, it is difficult to fix exactly its location. That authority informs us that the house stood nearly on a level with the barracks on their eastern side, so that the site must be a little to the north of the new hotel, the *Chateau Laurier*. Local guides sometimes point out the house, now a ruin, which stands in a ravine opposite the canal locks, with its back cut away by the railway embankment, as that of Colonel By, but the truth seems to be that that interesting landmark was the residence of some of the members of his staff.

In its immediate vicinity, the corner-stone of the canal locks was laid on the 18th August, 1827, the ceremony being performed by the ill-

fated Arctic explorer, Sir John Franklin, who was returning from one of his northern trips, and Bytown, the future capital of Canada, came into being. Colonel By was founder, not merely in the sense that he selected the site and erected the first buildings; to him belongs the credit of having planned its formation, portioned out its streets and spaces, and generally arranged its form. That Ottawa is the beautiful city we know it to be to-day is in no small measure due to the foresight and taste displayed by its founder. We certainly owe it to his prevision that the Parliament Buildings occupy the present magnificent site, for one of his first acts after obtaining the permission of Lord Dalhousie to lease the Government lands for the laying out of the town was to make a reservation of the hill, confident in the belief that some day it would be utilised for the erection of public buildings. That intelligent anticipation of events which is supposed to be one of the qualities of greatness was surely never more strikingly demonstrated.

From the meagre information available, let us now try to form an estimate of this remarkable character. Old inhabitants of Bytown describe him as a man of fine soldierly appearance, five feet, ten or eleven inches in height, rather portly in figure, with dark hair and a florid complexion—a typical specimen outwardly, one would judge, of the British officer of his day. The description would not be complete, however, without mention of his black charger, for the horse seems to have become as familiar to the inhabitants of the village as the figure of the Colonel himself. It is said that he administered affairs by military rule, but, though a rigid disciplinarian, he had a kindly heart, and, according to all stories, a most charitable disposition. With the instincts of the English squire, he

seems to have regarded Bytown as a kind of estate whose moral, as well as material, welfare was under his particular care. He constituted himself the chief authority in the village, listened to the complaints of the people, attended to their wants, settled their disputes, superintended the erection of their houses, and generally “ran” the place.

Always ready to do anything calculated to advance the interests of the community, he was equally prompt in dealing with abuses. Thus when he found that a liquor store was playing havoc with his workmen, he gave the proprietor twenty-four hours to procure a license or quit, and when the latter refused to do either, he raided the premises and closed them, regardless of threats. Evidently he could be severe when occasion demanded, but tradition is equally positive in asserting that he was always fair. It is on record that when disputes arose as to the terms of land purchase and so forth, the decisions of the court were invariably in his favour.

Though animated by a strict sense of duty, he is said to have been a man of enlarged views: his integrity was beyond suspicion, and he had a philosophical temperament that was proof against trouble, so long as it did not affect his honour. “Colonel By was a very good-natured man,” wrote his friend Colonel Durnford, and it was his good nature that triumphed over innumerable difficulties and disappointments. The reputation he left in Bytown after his five years’ administration is summed up in the lines of a local laureate:

“A man who knew not how to flinch,  
A British soldier every inch  
Courteous alike to low and high,  
A gentleman was Colonel By.”

To appreciate at their true worth the qualities of Colonel By, however, it is necessary to turn to his great work—the construction of the Rideau

Canal. The story of that undertaking is a story of engineering skill and resource amounting almost to genius, backed by amazing fortitude and determination. From first to last the progress of the work was marked by a series of trials and disappointments which would have spelt failure to most men. Disaster menaced the engineer at the very outset. Recognising the importance of having communication between the two provinces divided, at the place selected for the entrance of the canal by the Ottawa (or Grand River, as it was then called), Colonel By proceeded to construct a bridge at the Chaudiere Falls. It was characteristic of the man that he should choose the most dangerous part of the river for his purpose, for the force of the cataract precluded any possibility of support by means of piles or piers. But By was nothing if not ingenious, and the methods he adopted not only illustrate his resource, but afford a curious glimpse of the science of bridge building at an early stage of its development.

First a rope was fired from a cannon from one bank of the river to the other, and then a chain cable was attached and stretched across. Upon this a series of trestles were placed, and the work of spanning with timber commenced, the crown of the arch being secured by a strong framework erected on a barge firmly moored in the middle of the torrent. Misfortune was lying in wait for the daring engineer, however. In 1828 the advent of spring was accompanied by unusually heavy floods on the Ottawa; and in one of these the bridge, then almost completed, was swept away, and three of the workmen were drowned. The blow was a severe one, but it did not deter Colonel By from making another attempt, and soon he had the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of the first bridge ever thrown across the Ottawa, and the first link of union between the Provinces of

Quebec and Ontario—a union, the political consummation of which he was among the first to foresee.

The fall of the Chaudiere bridge was followed by another disaster even more serious in its effects. At Hog's Back, a few miles distant, a large dam within sight of completion was destroyed by an ice jam. Setting to work with renewed vigour, Colonel By had it nearly finished a second time, when the spring floods again caused it to give way. A third time the task was undertaken, and at last perseverance and industry had their reward.

Meanwhile, difficulties were surrounding the engineer on every side. The construction of the canal was proving infinitely more trying and much more costly than had been anticipated. The route lay through a country which offered all kinds of obstacles to rapid progress, the snows of winter and the blistering heat of summer adding to the discomforts and dangers of life in the bush. The men employed at the work suffered tremendous hardships, and Colonel By himself contracted a fever from which he never fully recovered. But in spite of all harassments he stuck grimly to his task, determined that what he had begun he would finish, no matter what the cost might be. The original estimate had provided for locks of 180 x 20 feet to be built of wood. By insisted that the dimensions should be enlarged to 133 x 30 feet, and the locks constructed of stone. In view of the fact that the expenditure in other directions had far exceeded expectations, it required some courage on the part of the Colonel to suggest these important improvements, but he utterly refused to have his name associated with work that would not stand the test of time, and he gained his point. As Kingford well says:

"We should never forget the debt we owe Colonel By for the stand he



made on this particular occasion."

At last, after five years of the most arduous labour, performed under conditions of extraordinary difficulty, the Rideau Canal was completed, and on May 29th, 1832, amid fitting celebrations, the first steamer, called the *Pumper*, passed through the locks. Bonnycastle, with an expert knowledge of engineering, testified a quarter of a century later that the canal was "perhaps one of the finest works of the kind in the world," and that opinion was shared by many others competent to judge. Alike from a military and a commercial point of view, Colonel By had rendered an important State service, which entitled him to honour and reward. He had accomplished in a remarkably short time an almost insuperable task, and had displayed qualities that ought to have marked him out for a career of even greater usefulness. But he was to learn that it is one thing to deserve commendation and another to command it.

The canal had no sooner been opened than he was recalled by the home Government, not to receive the recognition, which was his due, but to stand an investigation by the House of Commons on a charge that he had exceeded his authority and had been guilty of extravagance. Nobody disputed the excellence of the work or questioned its necessity or utility, but it was complained that the outlays had been excessive and that he had proceeded in the later stages of the undertaking without the necessary Parliamentary grants. Though the evidence taken fully acknowledged the difficulties under which he had laboured, and was really in the nature of a tribute to his skill and workmanship, the committee saw fit, no doubt for political reasons, to include in their report an expression of regret that he had not more carefully controlled his expenditures.

Conscious that he merited treat-

ment very different from this, Colonel By felt the slight deeply. "The present Government," he wrote to his friend Colonel Durnford, "throw blame on me for not waiting for Parliamentary grants, forgetting that it was ordered by his Grace the Master-General and Board that I was not to wait for Parliamentary grants, but to proceed with all despatch consistent with economy, and the contracts were formed by the Commissary-General at Montreal accordingly, by which the engineer department was bound to pay for the works as they progressed, which precluded the possibility of stopping the works or laying the Government open to pay heavy damages for so doing. I was never ordered to stop the works until I was so unjustly recalled, when, thank God! they were all finished and the canal had been opened to the public for some months, or I should have been robbed of the honour of building the magnificent erection." Colonel By had obeyed orders without a thought of political exigencies, but the Government of the day had been attacked on the ground of spending public moneys without the constitutional authority of Parliament; a scapegoat had to be found somewhere and Colonel By was the victim chosen. It was a blow to his pride from which the gallant Colonel never recovered. "I am much plagued with ague and low spirits," he wrote in 1833, and death followed three years later at Sussex, England.

Ottawa has a duty to perform to his memory that has been too long delayed, and it may be hoped that the proposal to erect a statue will be realised. But after all the capital of the Dominion itself is John By's finest monument. "There," in the words of one who knew him well, "if you desire to know his talents and his genius, as is written in St. Paul's Cathedral of a greater man, "Circumspecte."

# PSHAW

BY ASHBY FORD

MANY years ago there lived at a village in Shantung, China, a poor widow and her young son. The name of these two, like that of nine out of every ten of the villagers, was Wang, and to distinguish him from the others this boy was called Little Wang. He was a very dutiful son, and as his mother was alone in the world but for him, he made a living for both by selling bean curd.

Little Wang and his mother lived together in a house of one small room. The house was built of mud bricks, and the floor was of stamped earth. There was only one small window, and as this was covered with dirty paper instead of glass it was very dark even when the door was open. The only furniture was two rough beds and a very rickety and dirty table. I am afraid that Little Wang put under the bed every night the bean curd which he would sell the next morning.

One day the rain fell so heavily that Little Wang could not go out to sell his curd. It rained all day till nearly evening, but before it was quite dark the rain stopped, so Little Wang started out in the hope of yet selling a little.

As he went along he saw, lying in the road, evidently washed from somewhere by the rain, a small Chinese coin. He picked it up and putting it in his pocket carried it home. Next morning, starting on his rounds, he met a stranger who said to him:

"You are Little Wang, are you not? Yesterday you found a coin

on the road. Will you sell it to me? I will give you ten cash for it."

Now Little Wang knew from the stranger's speech that he came from the South, and every child in Shantung knows that a Southerner must not be trusted, for most of them know too much. Besides, he saw that the coin must have some value, for why should this man wish to buy it? So he answered:

"Yes, I found a cash and gave it to my mother. I will ask her whether she will sell it."

He went back to his home and told his mother. She at once said:

"If the man wishes to buy it, here it is; let him have it."

Little Wang put the cash into his pocket, and returning to the stranger he said:

"My mother gave me the cash, but I do not wish to sell it."

"I will give a hundred cash for that one," said the stranger, but Little Wang refused to sell, though the offer was raised to a thousand cash, then to an ounce of silver.

At last the stranger said, "How much do you want for that cash? Tell me and I will give it to you."

But Little Wang only answered that he would not sell it at all.

"Are you sure you will not sell?" said the stranger.

"Certainly I will not," answered Little Wang.

"Very well," said the stranger, "I will tell you something useful. That cash is a magic charm. Go home and ask your mother to make a long strong

thread of hemp, such as is used for sewing shoes. Tie the cash to one end of this thread, and then go to the sea shore and fish with it."

Next day Little Wang went to the sea shore, as the stranger had told him, and standing on a rock he let the magic cash down into the water at the end of the string.

He had not been fishing in this way very long when a merman came swimming to the surface and said:

"Little Wang, my master has sent me to ask you to come and dine with him."

When he heard this, Little Wang stopped his fishing, and plunging into the water, followed the merman to the bottom of the sea.

The merman led the way to a house larger and finer than any Little Wang had ever seen. The master of the house welcomed him, and showed him the different rooms, after which they sat down to a magnificent dinner.

When they had eaten, the host said:

"Little Wang, what of all that I own do you wish to have? If you wish for coined money, or silver or gold, I will give it to you. I must give you what you wish before you go home."

Little Wang was surprised at this, and said:

"Let me go outside and think, then I will return and tell you what I wish to have."

So he went to walk up and down by the front gate of the house. Here he fell into conversation with the merman who had fetched him. He was a Chinese merman and therefore quite willing to gossip about his master's affairs.

"I will give you some advice, Little Wang," said he. "My master has three daughters, but the eldest has the form of a donkey, the next has the form of a cat, and the youngest has the form of a dog. When my master asks what you will have to take away

with you, take nothing but the little dog."

"Thank you," said Little Wang, "I had seen them, but I did not know they were your master's daughters."

After he had talked for some time Little Wang went back to his host, who again asked him whether he wished to take with him gold or silver.

"I do not want silver or gold," said the dog that follows you everywhere."

"That I cannot part with," replied the merman. "I will give you anything but that."

"If I cannot have the dog I will take nothing," said Little Wang, and he began to make preparations to depart.

"Then I see that I must let you have it," said his host. "But you cannot take it with you now. Go home, and I will send it to you to-night."

So Little Wang went home, and in the evening a beautiful maiden in most costly clothes was brought to his house by attendants who went away at once, leaving her to tell him that she was the merman's daughter come to be his wife.

At first Little Wang was very delighted, but when he had brought the maiden into the house and introduced her to his mother a thought came to him which made him sad, and he said to her:

"What can we do? I did not think of this before. Surely you cannot live here in this tiny, dirty little hovel after being used to all the luxuries of your father's mansion. Even your beautiful clothes will all be spoiled in a single day."

But she said to him:

"Do not trouble yourself, Little Wang. It will do very well for one night; by to-morrow I will put everything right. Only now take this money and buy me some paper and some flour, and bring back with you some hot water."



Little Wang did as he was told. When he came back his new wife made paste from the flour and hot water. She set to work on the paper; out of it she cut and pasted till she had made little paper figures of a house, and horses, and oxen and donkeys and pigs, poultry and dogs. Then, while her husband was asleep, she set a charm over them and they became all large and real, so that when Little Wang and his mother woke in the morning they found themselves in a house just as fine as the one belonging to Little Wang's father-in-law.

Now it happened that day the district magistrate had to pass through the village where Little Wang lived. As he was being carried in his sedan chair he caught sight of this fine new house and told one of his attendants to inquire to whom the place belonged and bring the owner to him. When Little Wang was brought up he said:

"Is that mansion yours?"

"Yes," replied Little Wang, much frightened at being suddenly brought before an official.

"How is it," asked the magistrate, "that yesterday when I passed by there was no such house in the village? You cannot have built it all in one day."

"Yes," Little Wang returned, "I made it in a single night."

"You are lying," said the official.

"Now I shall return to-morrow morning. By then you must make two springs of water, one at each side of your gateway. Growing out of each spring there must be a large tree, and standing under each tree, there must be fifty donkeys; on the back of each donkey there must be a large bundle of ripe millet. If you built the house in a day you can do this also; if all is not ready when I come, I shall know that you have lied to me and you shall be severely beaten."

Then the magistrate gave the signal, and he was carried on in the midst of his retinue.

This tyrannous order from the district magistrate troubled Little Wang very much. He went home saying nothing, but his wife noticing his demeanour, asked, "Husband, why do you look so sad?"

"Because the district magistrate has taken a spite at me," and then he told her the whole story.

"Do not be troubled," she answered. "I can attend to this. Only bring me the paper and scissors and paste."

So she made what was necessary and at night when there was no one to watch she went outside the front gate. Here, at each side, she planted a little paper tree. Around each tree she drew a circle in the ground with one of her hair ornaments and at once the trees sprang up and water gushed out all around them. Then she put the paper donkeys in place with their paper burdens, and by saying a spell over them made them just as the magistrate had demanded.

When the latter arrived in the morning Little Wang was there to receive him. He looked over everything, but found to his amazement and disgust that there was no fault to find.

"Very well, you can go now, all is correct," he said to Little Wang, who had been sullenly watching while the donkeys were carefully counted.

Little Wang turned on his heel and, annoyed at the useless trouble to which he and his wife had been put, muttered, "All is correct. Pshaw!"

"Come back," cried the magistrate; "what is that you said?"

"I said, 'All is correct. Pshaw!'" answered Little Wang as sulkily as he dared.

"Oh, indeed," was the reply. "Pshaw! Pshaw! What is that? Make me a pshaw by to-morrow morning and bring it to my yamen (official residence) or it will be the worse for you;" and the official

moved off thinking that he had at last cornered his man.

Little Wang went home feeling that he was indeed cornered this time.

When his wife saw him she asked, "What is the matter now? Was not everything in order?"

"Yes," said Little Wang; "but when I was going away the old tiger called me back and ordered me to make a pshaw and carry it to his yamen to-morrow for him to see."\*

"Cheer up," answered the wife. "Bring the paper again; we will soon arrange this," and she laughed with delight at her idea.

When the paper was brought, she cut off a little piece and shaped it with her fingers into the form of a small Chinese wine-cup. Then she wrapped this carefully in another piece of paper and gave it to her husband with instructions as to what was to be done.

Next morning when Little Wang arrived at the yamen in the district city not many miles from his home, he was brought into the Justice Hall. Here he found the magistrate sitting in his chair, behind a large table, waiting for him.

After making proper salutation, he advanced to the table, solemnly unfolded the parcel, and placing it be-

fore the magistrate stepped back deferentially.

The magistrate glanced curiously at the object on the table and said, "That is very small, can you make it bigger?"

"Certainly," replied Little Wang, and as he spoke the two pieces of paper, both the wine-cup and the wrapper, began to expand slowly. They grew and grew till in a few moments the large table was completely covered by them.

The magistrate's eyes also began to grow wider as he saw this wonder and he leaned forward to get a better view and try to observe how this could be, but as he was doing so the whole mass of paper suddenly burst into flames.

The magistrate's face was so close that his precious moustache, of which he was immensely proud, also caught fire and he sprang back, exclaiming in his surprise and anger, "Pshaw!" "Pshaw!" as he pressed his hands to his scorched cheeks.

"Now I have made you a pshaw and you see how you like it," coolly remarked Little Wang as he turned on his heel and walked home. It is not on record that any official ever again tried to bully Little Wang and his fairy wife.

\*It may be explained that a district magistrate is in theory the father of his district. In practice the people under him commonly refer to him as "The Old Tiger"—and he as commonly deserves the title.



# A COLLECTOR OF INGRATITUDES

BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW

MY son, have you any common-sense, d'you think? Come, tell me!"

The speaker was Father Pierre, an old priest, tall and stout, his merry face seamed with wrinkles, and tanned brick-red by forty years of strenuous work at Quimper. He addressed his friend, Antoine Ridel, who, in a tiny shop of *bric-à-brac*, hidden away from the market-place, waited for little waifs of profit on a sale every now and again.

"Tell me, Antoine," the priest insisted, "if you sit still and dream, a foolish hermit in your trade of odds and ends, how in the world can you walk through life as a man?"

"A man?" repeated Antoine, smiling. "But I'm an artist, nothing more, and I fear to hunt after my ambitions, because hunted things run away, like those thoughts that poets want to put down on paper. Poor souls! And, besides, am I not happy? It amuses me to sit still, waiting in expectation for good luck to find me out, just as little shy animals come to me in my beloved woods when I do not move."

Father Pierre shook his head vigorously. "Death is very active, my son, and life should be active also. Believe me!"

But Antoine went on dreaming, year after year, till at last, one morning, he had a brisk quarter of an hour.

An Englishman entered the little Breton shop as if he intended to hoist the Union Jack above the tiled

roof. With his stick he tapped an old silver coffee-pot in the window, and said:

"I want this thing. But I can't pay for it in money. Why? Because I've only money enough to take me home. Extravagance!" he exclaimed curtly. "But if you accept this Paris lottery ticket in exchange, I think we shall be all right. A lucky thing for you, of course, but that doesn't matter." And the tourist laughed, while Antoine pulled a wry face.

"And what should I gain?" said Ridel. "You get my silver coffee-pot, while I——"

"Oh, you," said the Englishman, "you get sport—an excellent thing, too. Is it, then, a bargain?"

Second thoughts coming to Ridel, "Ah, well," said he, "trade creeps from bad to worse, and perhaps any bargain is better than no business. Agreed, then." But he sighed heavily.

And for a month he continued to sigh, and Marie, his servant, was very much troubled. It seemed to her that nothing except love could make a man so happy, and there was not room in the house for two women. But just when Marie felt sure that her master meant to take a wife and get rid of a servant, Antoine's manner changed, for his lottery ticket had won the first prize—two hundred thousand francs.

This occurred in 1850.

Ridel, of course, was amazed. And what could he do with his godsend?



That question revived early tastes. A wish to be an art patron kindled into a passion, and with care he elaborated a plan for his future, and then went to talk about it to Father Pierre.

"My one wish is to spend the money well," Ridel began.

"There are charities," hinted the priest.

"Yes, father, and so I intend to be a collector of ingratiitudes."

"Collector of ingratiitudes?" the priest echoed, evidently puzzled; but his face brightened as he weighed the phrase.

"You understand, father?"

"Yes, Antoine. You believe that charities provoke resentment because they ask us to admit that we are helpless, and that confession is infinitely painful to make public. We feel then that we are slaves to indigent humiliations, and freed slaves are likely to hate the past necessity of release and the present burden of their new and doubtful lot."

Antoine assented. "But," said he, "though I don't count on gratitude, there's no need to invite ingratitude by a parade of vanity in my acts of giving. Many kick the unfortunate into success and then ask for thanks. Others, while doing good, cannot help boasting over their own good fortune, so that their charities wound like smiling taunts. Such wrong-giving is horrible—above all, I think, when a successful knave or fool wants to be a lordly Santa Claus to unpopular men of great talent, artists, or authors, or inventors. Oh, why is it that wealth is seldom, if ever, earned by the finest minds?"

"Antoine," cried the priest, "let us not find too much fault with human nature. *Le bon Dieu* knows best."

"Yes, yes," said Ridel. "I don't find fault; my one wish is to guard my plan."

"What plan, Antoine?"

Ridel with ostentation began to unroll a big sheet of paper.

"What's that?" There was a note of assumed alarm in the priest's voice.

"My plan, nothing more," answered Ridel simply.

"Indeed, Antoine? That paper is covered with figures, and I—I'm too old for confessions of arithmetic."

"But, father, may not I arrange to give in charity a big sum once a year for forty years?"

"Why forty years, Antoine?"

Ridel laughed cheerily. "Can't you guess, old friend?" he asked.

"With my poor health I can't hope to live longer than that, my present age being thirty-six."

"What next, my son?"

"This. As I have invested my two hundred thousand francs at three per cent., my interest is six thousand francs a year, and with that sum I can't live and do much in charity also. You understand?" He spoke anxiously, as if he feared to be contradicted.

"True, Antoine. There's much poverty in France."

"The very point," said Ridel excitedly. "And now listen to my scheme. From this year, 1850, I shall deduct annually from my capital a fortieth part, five thousand francs——"

"Rogue!" cried Father Pierre. "Away with your calculations! Speak to my heart; it is younger than my head."

"Thanks to Heaven," Ridel answered meekly. "But yet you see that, as my capital will diminish every year by five thousand francs, it will vanish in forty years, while my interest will get less by a little annual decrease of one hundred and fifty francs. That's clear, eh?" And Antoine beamed happily at his friend. "Yet you don't look pleased, somehow, father," he added in surprise.

"Pleased?" grumbled the priest.

"Is there nothing but arithmetic to-day?"

"You shall judge," replied Ridel. "Apart from my own expenses, which I put down at two thousand five hundred francs a year, I shall give my all in charities."

"In that, my son, there is hope and faith; but if you tell your neighbours——"

"Oh, my plan's a secret—a confession to you alone."

"Good," said the priest. "You are wise, Antoine. It is so easy to be thought mad if we do unusual things. And you may survive your last charity! Take warning, Antoine."

But Ridel, laughing, shook his head.

Time ran on, and Ridel spent each year on charity the allotted sum of money, showing great care in his choice of subjects. He rescued a great artist from starvation, he helped to pay the debts of a famous politician, he bought a farm for a writer on husbandry, encouraged musical composers, and educated Madame Silva, the best soprano of his time. These are just a few of his charities, and his dependents were all charmed by his modest behaviour to them.

Most philanthropists give money in small sums, and look for a thousand thanks after each little act of kindness. But that was not Ridel's method. To divide a favour into many parts, he thought, was to wound a man's natural pride as many times, and, as failure and poverty were very sensitive, Ridel gave money all at once and in large sums, very often by letter; and his tact was always accompanied by an appeal. "I am a lonely man," he wrote to his dependent, "and beg of you to grant me a favour. Will you drink with me here at dinner a bottle of rich old wine?"

It was easy to say "Yes" to that question, and the invitation was never declined.

His visitor having gone, Ridel wrote out the history of his new ad-

venture, with its date and the money he had spent upon it. After that he gummed the manuscript around the empty bottle, and felt that sudden elation of heart which only a collector knows.

He kept his empty bottles with care, and none knew of their existence.

But at one time Ridel felt doubtful on that point, knowing that his old servant, Marie Dupont, had suspicions; but suspicions are one-eyed, if not entirely blind. Marie believed that her master had untold wealth, and hid a good part of it in a tall, lockfast cabinet. How much gold did it contain? Would the gold rattle if she moved the cabinet? Or was the money in paper? Who could tell?

But if the good woman could have seen the cabinet open, her surprise would have been unbounded; for the interior was filled with empty bottles neatly arranged in forty niches.

In 1889 only one niche was vacant. A year later, and the last empty bottle was put away, and Ridel came to the end of all his money.

Yet the meaning of the fact did not come home to him at first, so happy was he that his collection was complete. There were forty charities, and not one example of gratitude. Thus far he had foreseen the end of his collecting. His goodness had never once returned with gratitude from the world of ambition.

"That poor dear Ridel!" said Madame Silva, the great soprano. "He gave me a birthday present years ago, when I was a child, and I bought with it such a pretty frock. They said he was in love with me, the dear Ridel—old enough to be my grandfather!"

With that birthday present she had completed her musical education. At first she wrote several impulsive letters of thanks, very much underlined; and Ridel, smiling, put them

with the empty wine-bottle, and told himself that the girl's genius would be selfish, like the bees, which never returned to empty flowers. And charity—was it not like the corn-fields, which received no gratitude from their harvests?

These quaint maxims consoled Ridel for some weeks after all his money had gone. But practical matters soon pressed in upon his mind. He was seventy-seven, yet his health was excellent, and might last for ten years and more. Over this possibility the old man worried. How could he buy food, having no money? And why had he outlived his charities? To be delicate at the age of thirty-six, and strong at seventy-seven! How could that be explained? . . . So Ridel fretted, provoked by his good health.

But that mood passed. Hunger must be appeased, and he could not accept charity after all his alms-giving. How could failure dine with the successful without resenting their little airs of patronage? But, happily, he could live for a time by selling his furniture.

What then, though? The furniture gone, he would starve, for there was no profession for men of seventy-seven, worse luck. A thousand thunderclaps! What could he do? Ridel consulted Marie.

"Women are practical," he began. "They love common-sense, so I want your advice."

Marie beamed with pride.

"I'm in a fix," continued Ridel, smiling grimly. "All my money's gone. How are we to live?"

This shock was too great for Marie; it literally stunned her like a blow on the head.

"Come, then!" said Ridel kindly. "We won't gasp over it, or whimper, or throw aprons over our faces; we'll talk like old friends, eh?"

"I don't know," said Marie. "I'm—that—upset, to be sure, that all our

life seems wasted. No more fine dinners, no more nice buttered toast! . . . Ah!" And the poor woman wept.

"Good kind soul!" cried Ridel, greatly moved.

"But if one mouth is bad to fill with nothing," Marie went on, "two mouths must be worse, and so I'm thinking of my poor dear mother, who'll be glad to have me near her. That will relieve *you*, master."

And Ridel was now the astonished person. "You leave me," she stutted, "all alone? How am I to cook my food?"

Marie thought for a moment. "Not much cooking in bread and cheese," said she at last, "and milk needn't be boiled."

"Oh, ah, indeed!" cried Ridel with joy, for here was another example of ingratitude.

The woman looked at his smiling face and wondered. Perhaps the master was still rich, and had just tested her fidelity. So she said: "Do you wish me to stay? I will, of course, if you don't *mind* sharing your crusts with me." She paused, and for a moment the two faced each other, the man looking into his servant's eyes.

"*Blague!*" said Ridel, laughing. "Go! Leave me at once!"

While packing up her things, Marie whimpered; but in passing through the village she covered her own retreat with strange reports about Ridel's sanity.

"He is mad!" she blubbered. "His money is all squandered, and I, his faithful servant, am sent away." Quimper sympathised, gossiped, hummed with rumours; and presently Ridel had visits from half-frightened tradesmen who brought accounts to be settled.

As Marie had done all the marketing, Ridel knew nothing about the accounts; but he did know that Bretons are keen at a bargain.



"My friends," said Ridel, "prove to me that Marie hasn't paid you. All receipts are kept in that cabinet. Shall I get the keys?"

The tradesmen frowned at the great cabinet, then grumbled and hesitated, spoke of persons who were not gentlemen, and went away.

"Of course," mused Ridel, "twice-paid bills make an easy fortune. But the future? What of that? And how the days slip away!"

They did indeed. The furniture was sold piece by piece, till at last he had nothing more than his cabinet, two chairs, a small table, and one gold piece. That was something, to be sure, but rent day was near.

As to his neighbours meanwhile, they were not all unkind. Some came with good words, but others brought humble charities—bread and cheese, cups of milk, vegetables, and the like—but Ridel refused all help.

"Have I done anything for you?" he asked.

"Why, no! What should you have done?"

"Then why offer me charity?" he went on. "Am I to receive when I have not given? Leave me!" And the old man turned away.

Then the neighbours said: "'Tis true what Marie believed—he's mad!"

Quimper buzzed with excitement, and at last the news of Ridel's troubles got into the newspapers. Even Paris heard with interest of the broken-down philanthropist in a remote Breton village. The gay city was not depressed by the rumours of Ridel's poverty and madness, but one able journalist there, Léonce Alexandre, fancied that they might be made into a big popular sensation, as certain persons then high in the life of Paris owed much to the good man of Quimper. Alexandre decided that he would see Ridel; and as copy was in the air, he went immediately.

To Ridel he behaved with great

tact. "I don't come to offer sympathy," said he, "because genius has to bear poverty. You know that. The peculiarity of your case is that poverty has come to you at the close of your life. What then? It's never too late to win victories!"

Ridel laughed. "My friend," said he, "it's a victory to see you. I've drawn you here, and I accept courage from you. That's charity, and charity hurts. Tell me, then, what can I give you in return?"

"News," said Alexandre—"the story of your life."

"That's my all," growled Ridel.

"Well, tell me as much as you think fit," returned the other.

But the old man hesitated. "*Eh bien*," said he at last, "I've been a collector of ingritudes."

"*Diable!*" said Alexandre.

"You shall see the result," continued Ridel. "Ingratitude fills empty bottles, you know," the old man added, and he laughed harshly as he moved to the cabinet.

Alexandre looked on surprised, copy of this kind being unusual. But when the cabinet was thrown wide open, and the forty bottles were disclosed to view, he was bewildered.

"My life's written on those bottles," said Ridel.

The journalist ran forward, took out the first bottle within his reach, and read the manuscript pasted around it. "A Cabinet Minister . . . and seven thousand francs! *Hein!*" he muttered.

Rapidly he passed from niche to niche, studying the story of each bottle, till at last he was satisfied. "The best collection in France!" he cried. "A haunted bureau, my friend! *Diable!* Will the ghosts ever come out?"

Ridel shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he replied. "The bureau will be sold—*must* be sold; how else am I to live?"

"To be sure," said Alexandre, his

eyes brightening. "And what price do you expect? Would you take a hundred gold pieces?"

Ridel shook his head gloomily. "No such price could be got at Quimper," said he.

"You deceive yourself," said Alexandre. "I'll buy the collection just as it stands—a hundred louis d'or. Is it agreed?"

Ridel's astonishment was boundless. "What a sum!" he shouted. "My neighbours will say I've robbed you!"

"The offer was mine," replied Alexandre, as he shut the cabinet doors and locked them carefully.

\*

On turning from the bureau, they found to their surprise that their business had had a spectator. "*Sapristi!*" cried Alexandre, "Who's this?"

"My little god-child," answered Ridel, smiling.

"Im Héléne," said a small voice.

"And a very pretty Héléne, too," laughed Alexandre.

"Sweetheart," said Ridel, "it's weeks since we met. You remember me, then?"

The old man sat down, and the little girl came nearer, smiling at him with bright blue eyes. In her hands she carried a piece of bread, showing nibbled marks of her teeth. "I love you," said she—"I love you 'cause you gave me pretty things, and I've been ill, and couldn't tell you, and mummie says you are hungry, and so I came wid this . . ."

Héléne settled herself between Ridel's knees, and held to his lips the piece of bread. "Eat, Grandpa Ridel," the child whispered softly, as though speaking to a doll. "It's quite good," she continued. "Only a little, little bit is eaten. Look!"

Alexandre moved uneasily, and Ridel, overcome, drew in his breath quickly.

"Love Héléne!" the child cried,

half afraid; and the old man gathered her into his arms and wept. "Gratitude is here! Gratitude has come," he cried, "and it is young—it is still a child!" His voice faltered, then broke into a sob, while Héléne clung to him.

Three days later the cabinet left Quimper for Paris, and Ridel heard nothing about it for several months, when a score of newspapers arrived from Alexandre.

The old man opened them negligently, and found a column in each paper marked with blue pencil. Then he began to read, and, behold, Alexandre had turned all the bottles into copy, omitting no detail, not even the names of those whom Ridel had befriended at so much cost to himself. The articles were admirably written under such titles as the following: "The Cabinet of Ingratitudes," "The Haunted Bureau," "Ghosts of Great Reputations," and "A Collector's Adventures in Human Nature."

Ridel had never boasted about his hobby, and as the newspaper articles implied that he wished to take revenge in a bragging fashion, the old man was unhappy, almost panic-stricken.

Yet he had no time to worry over that matter. Important letters began to arrive, some from Paris, others from smaller cities, and each of these letters contained money. "Ah," said Ridel to Héléne, "they remember me at last! *Merci!*"

For his sometime dependents were not happy in their excuses. The men spoke of their busy lives, while the women were frankly indignant. Alexandre was an ogre, and his articles were abominable. On that point they all agreed. And Ridel was pretty much of the same opinion, but he valued the money.

"*La petite Héléne,*" he chuckled, "this will be her *dot*—her whole fortune. *Bon Dieu!* There's justice in this world, after all."



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

### A PILGRIM

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

Across the trodden continent of years  
To shrines of long ago,  
My heart, a hooded pilgrim, turns with  
tears—

For could I know  
That in the temple of thy constancy  
There still may burn a taper lit for me,  
'Twould be a star in starless heaven, to  
show  
That Heav'n could be!

Bent with the weight of all that I de-  
sired

And all that I forswore,  
My heart roams, mendicant, forlorn and  
tired,

From door to door,  
Begging of every stern-faced memory  
An alms of pity—just to come to thee,

No more thy knight, thy champion no  
more—

Only thy devotee! —*The Smart Set.*

**M**RS. EDITH L. KIRBY, of Win-  
nipeg, who is doing a great deal  
for the Northwest settlers, has writ-  
ten an account for us of the work  
being carried on, backed by the  
Government, to meet the literary  
needs of new settlers. Mrs. Kirby has  
diplomatic finesse, inherited from her  
illustrious father, Monsieur Gautier,  
and to her much of the success of  
the organisation, which is affiliated  
with the National Council of Women,  
is due. Mrs. Kirby writes:

I have been asked to write a short ac-  
count of the beginning at Winnipeg in  
November, 1890, of "the Aberdeen As-  
sociation." In the autumn of that year,  
three years before coming to reside at  
Ottawa, Lady Aberdeen made a visit to  
Canada, taking a trip through the West,  
during which she noted with keen sym-  
pathy scattered settlers needing especial-  
ly in winter occupation and amusement.  
Returning from the trip, her Ladyship  
told a meeting of ladies in Winnipeg what  
she had seen, and made some sugges-  
tions towards improving the condition  
of things. As the result, at a meeting  
of ladies, called soon after, by Mrs. (now  
Lady) Taylor, wife of the then Chief Jus-  
tice of Manitoba, the suggestions of  
Lady Aberdeen were considered, and it  
was decided that the only work which  
could then be undertaken was sending  
literature, magazines, illustrated papers  
and the like in monthly parcels as the  
means of cheering hearts, brightening  
lives of lonely settlers and shortening  
long winter evenings. Thereupon the as-  
sociation was formed, at first as "the  
Lady Aberdeen Association," though af-  
ter Lord Aberdeen became Governor-  
General, at his and Lady Aberdeen's re-  
quest, the "Lady" was dropped. Names  
of settlers likely to appreciate literature  
came from land companies, railway offi-  
cials, but chiefly from missionaries of the  
various churches, while requests came  
from settlers themselves. Soon a band  
of willing workers, drawn from churches  
of all denominations, were busy month  
by month sending out parcels.

In April, 1891, a meeting was held in  
the City Hall to give the public an op-  
portunity of learning the need for this



work. The expressions of appreciation and gratitude contained in letters from recipients of literature were most encouraging. Many wrote that for weeks they did not see a line of printed matter, and that long hours of darkness and obligatory inactivity were most depressing. Others, with large families, said they had no means of educating them, living as they did in outlying districts, and that the books sent by the associations and the pictures helped the parents, making homes more cheerful than they had ever been.

From the first, Lady Aberdeen took the deepest interest in the association, not only securing for it large supplies of literature from Britain, but also free transportation of it across the Atlantic by the Dominion and Allan steamers, then on by the Canadian Pacific Railway, so that it was received in Winnipeg free of all charges for carriage. After coming to reside in Canada her Excellency also obtained from the Government the privilege of free postage for the parcels of the association. But for several years all the cost of postage within Canada, often over \$18 a month, was, with the exception of a subscription from Lord Aberdeen and another from Mr. Carnegie, met by the liberality of Winnipeg citizens, so much interest did they take in the work.

Early in 1892 a branch of the association was formed in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and during the summer another in Toronto.

So the work waxed strong and flourished, and I was whirled into its vortex. I can assure those who read this account of "beginnings in Aberdeening" that we all worked like blacks. Our President, Lady Taylor, had no use whatever for drones, and a drone under her vigilant eye quickly transformed itself into a busy bee. I must have got badly on the nerves of my President, for I had never "worked out" before and was green in its vividest shade. That verse in the apocrypha, which says something along the lines of "a load of wood" being burdensome and "a sack of salt" heavy, "but a fool intolerable," must often have rung true to her, poor dear, in those early days. But by degrees we all became quite creditable soldiers of our great General, and were imbued with her spirit, and keenly interested in our labours, which we learned to love.

The letters brought us so close to the lives of these people, and, oh! the tragedies and comedies that unfolded before



LADY GIBSON

us! "Our families," as we called those on our special lists, grew very near and dear to each one of us. Whether a lonely bachelor forgotten by his kin, pathetically appreciating the best literature we could collect, often walking miles and miles for his parcel when he thought it would be due; or families of many children running out to meet "father," who, returning with the mail, would hear from afar shouts of, "Have you brought Aberdeen? Have you brought Aberdeen?"

Perhaps the need is not so great now as it was twenty years ago, but the need of wholesome, clean, interesting reading matter is still felt, and the influences for good of the Aberdeen Association is limitless.

\*

Lady Gibson, daughter of the late Judge Malloch, of Brockville, has been ever since her marriage in 1881 a well-known personage in the social and public life of Hamilton and Toronto. While Hamilton has held and always will hold first place as the home, Toronto has claimed much of

Lady Gibson's time, especially since she became mistress of Government House, where in a sumptuous, yet homelike, manner the honours of our province have been maintained.

Through her husband's many interests in law, military and political affairs, Lady Gibson's life has been made up of varied interests; her recreation has been always in music and outdoor life, making a charming balance when the demands of a social public life have been urgent and where the home life has been her first thought.

Children have always appealed to Lady Gibson, and it was greatly due to her influence and persuasions that the Act for the Better Protection of Children was passed in 1892, whereby a provincial superintendent was appointed and many Children's Aid Societies formed throughout the province, with ample machinery provided for rescuing children who from neglect or evil surroundings were likely to drift into crime or vagrancy, and also for placing them in homes where they would be under the surveillance of visiting committees and live amid wholesome surroundings, thereby tending to develop into good and useful citizens.

This law has been highly eulogised by men of prominence as being one of the most beneficent and enlightened statutes to be found in the laws of any country, and it is a well-recognised fact that Lady Gibson's sympathies were behind the movement.

Of a very reticent temperament, it is only when one has the privilege of knowing Lady Gibson's home life that one fully realises how the duties of motherhood and the exactions of the social leader can go successfully hand in hand. As Vice-President for Ontario in the National Council of Women, Lady Gibson's opinions concerning various aspects of social reform have been very much valued.

At the time of the late Queen Victoria's Jubilee the Honourable J. M. Gibson was selected by the Department of Militia to attend the Jubilee in a representative capacity. He was also Ontario's representative at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary. He was accompanied by Mrs. Gibson. Knighthood came with the new year. It was generally respected by citizens at large as a well-merited honour.

\*

An anxious little woman has written to me to know if the proposed Old-age Pension System brought forward in Parliament recently by Mr. Burnham from West Peterborough is to interfere with or take the place of the Government annuities. I find that such is not the case. The annuities and the Old-age Pension System are independent of each other.

True, it is well to live up to the high ideals of Sir Richard Cartwright and prepare for the rainy day by buying an annuity, which is so cheap that old-line companies do not attempt to compete with it in any way. It looks as if our future years would have assured comfort if we would but look a little ahead and at present take advantage of the Government's offer of a cheap income.

Sir Richard Cartwright acknowledges no submerged tenth, while Mr. Burnham feels indeed that our country is not as young as it used to be and that there are many deserving people in need who ought to receive Government aid.

The object of the Old-age Pension System is to do away with promiscuous poor relief and work on the principle of rescue. The intention is to raise the people of the poorest and least provided for to the status of independent citizens and to bring them into some reasonable and proper condition by a system of relief such as is contemplated by the Old-age Pension, for these are the days when we

must pay attention to the great movements of the development and reclamation of the people, providing a basis upon which they may continue their own existence in their own way otherwise than houses of refuge or things of that sort, even though they do not come under the head of promiscuous charity.

Mr. Burnham's speech in the House was of such a brilliant and forceful character that the Government granted him a committee which will meet in the regular way, like a commission for the management of waterways or anything of that sort.

\*

The eyes of the world are turned upon Canada, particularly upon British Columbia, and trade conditions are sounding a timely warning to her to get ready for the opening of the Panama Canal in 1913, by which Vancouver will reap untold benefits. She will be recognised not alone as one of the gateways to the Orient, but to Latin-America, and is sure to reap additional prosperity from the new commercial and economic life that will come to the whole western coast of the Americas from Prince Rupert south ten thousand miles to Valparaiso, in Chile.

As the men are truly alive to the great possibilities of their city, the women do not take second place by any means. The local Council of Women, with their fifty affiliated societies, representing over ten thousand women, with their nineteen departments of work, is doing a wonderfully good work for the city and its women.

A new department is called "Beautiful Vancouver," in which a systematic work is being carried on in all parts of the city, doing away with unsightly fences, unkempt lawns, billboards, perfect cleanliness being the keynote.

Another commendable undertaking is a "women's club-house," much on the same plan as the one in Victoria, where the different organisations banded together for public good can meet and hold entertainments. Archbishop McNeil is taking great interest in the matter. He suggests better provision for a residence for young women coming from the East and from the old country, and warmly praises the work being done by the Young Women's Christian Association in that line.

In the matter of a school trustee Vancouver has not failed to appreciate the benefits accruing from school boards composed jointly of men and women. It is a recognised fact that much has been lost through over-conservatism in this direction.

Victoria has elected a woman trustee for years; so have Toronto, Ottawa, London, St. John (by appointment), and other cities. Great Britain and the United States have recognised the advantage of school boards composed of men and women for so long that the principle of mixed boards is never questioned.

Legislation for better laws for women and children is being agitated, especially in the amendment of the "Legal Profession Act" in the province; also the laws of inheritance and those relating to the custody of children, and by the efforts of the local Council of Women, for the first time in the history of the city, women property-holders were allowed to exercise their franchise at the polls.

The development of imaginative qualities and artistic temperament in children is another branch of the new work undertaken, as it is believed that by attention to aesthetics—pictures and other works of art—noble ideals are inculcated and nobility of character built up.





## The WAY of LETTERS

IN his volume entitled "The Story of Tecumseh," Norman S. Gurd has made a praiseworthy attempt to remove from the realm of romance the figure of this great Indian warrior and place him before us so that we might visualise his person and esteem him as a savage endowed with keen perception, lofty motives, and great physical endurance. But Tecumseh is still a subject for the romanticists and the poets, and it is doubtful whether any historian will ever go more intimately behind the screen and reveal the mysteries that for a hundred years have surrounded the memory of this savage ally of the British forces in Upper Canada. Nevertheless, Mr. Gurd has written an admirable, consistent and satisfactory story, and if at times it was necessary to balance the narrative with conjecture, the conjecture is made with judgment following a good knowledge of the circumstances. Mr. Gurd begins his book with the childhood of Tecumseh, which, of course, he describes as one would describe the everyday life of Indian children in general in the United States. Following the progress into manhood, we catch glimpses of the warfare that went on incessantly between the settlers and the Indians. This constant strife led Tecumseh to plan a federation of all the Indian

tribes of the Ohio Valley, in the hope of thus resisting the predatory and land-grabbing practices of the whites. But he was frustrated by the superior forces of the Americans, especially the forces under General Harrison, and was at length constrained to abandon the cause, particularly in view of the great scattering of the Indians following their defeat at the Battle of Tippecanoe. This battle was momentous, inasmuch as it now appears to have been the engagement that demonstrated the domination of the whites. Mr. Gurd's account of it differs from the accounts given by Drake and by Eggleston. But no authority is quoted. It is understood, however, that the author has based his account on a despatch signed by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amherstburg, to General Brock, describing the battle in accordance with the account given to Colonel Elliott by a Kickapoo chief, who took part in it, and also upon documents preserved in the archives at Washington. About this time (1812) the United States declared war against Great Britain, and began at once to take Canada. We are not sure whether it was love of the English or hatred of the Americans that led Tecumseh to rally his followers under the Union Jack, but at any rate he thereafter became

a staunch and invaluable ally, and in the end died on the field of battle during the encounter at Moraviantown. Mr. Gurd emphasises the indomitable and lofty character of Tecumseh, whether as a warrior or a statesman, and one readily concludes that had it not been for the assistance and sagacity of this Indian chief Hull never would have surrendered Detroit to the British. The retreat of the British forces from Amherstburg up the Thames River to Moraviantown is not a pleasant episode of the war. The entire odium of this disaster Mr. Gurd places on General Procter. Tecumseh knew that his former arch-enemy, General Harrison, was in pursuit, and it was his wish to crush him before it would be too late. But Moraviantown meant the end of Tecumseh, for it was there that he fell at the head of his men. His body was taken from the field by some of his own followers, carried through the wood and secretly buried. To this day no one is able to say where rest the bones of this famous Indian warrior.

This book is the second of "The Canadian Heroes Series." The first was "The Story of Isaac Brock," by Walter R. Nursey. These books are sure to interest young Canadians in the history of their country. They are copyrighted by the Deputy Minister of Education. The second volume is illustrated by reproductions of drawings by C. W. Jefferys, Fergus Kyle, L. C. Smith (some in colours), and a number of other drawings and photographs. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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**J**EFFREY FARNOL, author of "The Broad Highway," one of the most successful novels of last year, is taking advantage of his popularity by issuing two new books. The first of these to appear is entitled "The Money Moon," and if one is

looking for a sweet little love story one need go no farther. This tale has much of the sentiment that encumbers the "Dora Thorne" type, but it is redeemed from condemnation by its atmosphere of Arcadian wholesomeness and delight, its description of the simple life at Dapplemere, a rural spot in England, and its freedom from anything sordid or besmirching. For girls of about twenty this book would have a keen fascination, but for others who have read "The Broad Highway" it is not what they would like to have from the same author. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

**T**HE other recent volume (dainty in both binding and material), by the same writer, is "My Lady Caprice!" It was written by Mr. Farnol before that gentleman made a popular success of "The Broad Highway." Now, it seems rather like an after-math than a foretaste. The book may be read in an hour, and you will be sure to enjoy every one of the sixty minutes. The heroine is a coquette of the good, old-fashioned, high-spirited type, who torments the unfortunate hero through many chapters until she finally becomes altogether gentle and gracious. *Lisbeth* is a delightful girl, the hero is a youth of romantic charm, while "The Imp" is a curly-headed young scamp who deserves to live on raspberry tarts. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

**B**EGINNING with the assumption that writers of history have neglected æsthetic development and "that resolute spirit of thrift and industry that makes nations respected" and concluding with the statement that the "American workman, of whatever profession or trade, should be regarded as the greatest figure in history," James Cooke Mills, in

"Searchlights on Some American Industries," has produced a book that is illuminative, instructive and fascinating. We think we know something about lumber, salt, sugar, paper, rubber, leather, moulding, graphite, but the chapters on the production of these necessities of daily life, as written by Mr. Mills, are a revelation. The volume is profusely illustrated by reproductions of photographs and is a notable achievement in the history of industrial progress. (Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Company).

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A GREAT amount of needless fuss and ill-feeling has been aroused by what is supposed to be an attempt by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec to enforce the so-called *Ne Temere* decree, but surely the limit has been reached when consequent exaggerations inspire the publication of Henry Milner's novel, "The Lad Felix," which is described as a tragedy of the *Ne Temere*. If it were a skilful novel one might be fearful of the animosities that it would arouse, but as it is there are many chances of the reader not taking it seriously. (Toronto: William Briggs).

\*

THE name of Algernon Blackwood on the cover of a new novel is assurance of an unusual production which will never belong to the ranks of the best sellers, but which, nevertheless, will prove treasure trove to such as have preserved a belief in "the things which are unseen." In "Jimbo," Mr. Blackwood gave us a remarkably sympathetic interpretation of child fears and fancies; in "The Education of Uncle Paul," he entered a still more remote realm and endeavoured to show that Death itself is not a gateless barrier for those to whom friendship is spiritual. His latest book, "The Centaur," is not

so exquisite as "The Education of Uncle Paul," but goes farther in philosophic grasp of the question of cosmic consciousness or sympathy. Some will describe the book as "unhealthy" because it deals with worlds not recognised by what we are pleased to call the five senses. There are many who will realise its poetic power, its yearning towards those

first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,  
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing."

As a "story," this book can hardly be said to possess a plot. The narrative of *Terence O'Malley's* "great adventure" is told by an English friend who appears to be in doubt as to the sanity of the Irish dreamer. *O'Malley* meets on a Mediterranean tour two Russian travellers, whose difference from their fellow tourists is felt almost as a discomfort. Through an unspoken acquaintance with them, *O'Malley* becomes aware that they are "super-human" in their sympathy with Earth and its primal joy. His own entrance upon the raptures of a communion with the great unspoiled forces of Nature is described with an eloquence such as few writers of our commerce-stained age could command. To those who revel in the problem novels of David Graham Phillips or Robert Chambers, this book will be transcendental folly. To those who have not lost the "primal sympathy," of which Wordsworth was so fully possessed, it will be a revelation. It is usually the musician who opens the ivory gates of the world where Algernon Blackwood wanders at will. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

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"LOVE'S PURPLE," by S. Ella Wood Dean, reveals the soul of a woman in quest of love. The woman is of a certain American type—



impulsive, emotional, but she has high ideals and ambitions. This novel has much spirit, and is extremely intense and unconventional. (Chicago: Forbes & Company).

\*

TO many readers it will be a pleasant exercise to read Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "The Case of Richard Meynell," even if only to be reintroduced to the *Elsmere* household and to some of the persons who appeared in this author's notable novel, "Robert Elsmere." But this new novel has two disadvantages: it is a sequel and a novel of purpose, perhaps more of purpose than of novel. But, after all, it is pleasant to meet old friends, even if now and again they do seem to be platitudinous. In the third chapter *Richard Meynell* meets *Robert Elsmere's* daughter *Mary*. From certain indications we gather that he is about to fall in love with her. The same idea striking *Mrs. Flaxman*, we are not surprised to find that her smile was almost immediately drowned in real concern. "Oh! my poor Catherine! What would she—what would she say!" she exclaims; and we realise that, like ourselves, she represents the fact of history repeating itself quite so flagrantly as this. What the lady in question did say under similar provocation twenty years ago received at that time our most respectful attention. But even then it left us older. And so on. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

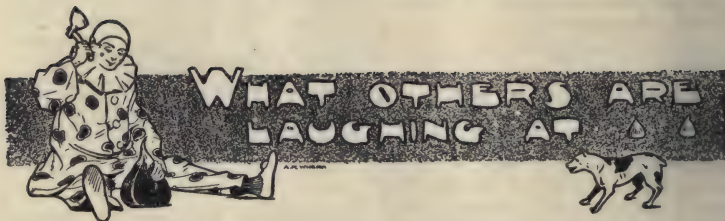
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MR. ARNOLD BENNETT sometimes uses the pure dialogue form of the play in order to serve his literary purposes, it would seem, more than to produce a drama suitable for presentation upon the stage. A good example of this form is "What the Public Wants," which is

a travesty on modern newspapermen and methods. The leading character is a man who has made a financial success of the newspaper business by printing what he thinks the public likes to read. This man has no fine ethics of journalism, but he is like most men in most walks of life. The dialogue is sparkling, and it contains excellent humour. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

\*

LOVERS of Tennyson will welcome as authoritative the volume of reminiscences edited by the great poet's son Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and entitled "Tennyson and His Friends." The volume is arranged in distinctive chapters, each one treating of some especial aspect of the laureate's life, character, or work. The first chapter (written in 1896) is written by Emily, Lady Tennyson, and is entitled "Recollections of My Early Life." Each chapter is written by some person pre-eminently qualified to write it, as, for instance, "Some Recollections of Tennyson's Talk from 1835 to 1853," by Edward Fitzgerald. There are chapters by Sir Henry Craik, Dr. Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, and now Professor of Poetry; Lady Ritchie, Margaret L. Woods, Professor Jowett, Henry Graham Dakyns, the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; Wilfrid Ward, Sir James Knowles, Arthur Coleridge, Sir Charles Stanford, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Norman Lockyer, the Bishop Ripon, Louisa E. Ward, Aubrey de Vere, Arthur Sidgwick, Sir Alfred Lyall, and Professor Henry Butcher. There are also a large number of poems by Tennyson, mostly addressed to some friend, besides some miscellaneous letters. The whole, with the illustrations, makes a volume of surpassing interest and importance. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).



### EASIER

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."—*Argonaut*.

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### A SAD MEETING

"I think we met at this café last winter. Your overcoat is very familiar to me."

"But I didn't own it then."

"No; but I did!"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

\*

### TRUTH WILL OUT

As an illustration of great devotion to truth, would-be M.P. told his auditors that he "underwent a severe thrashing when a boy for telling the truth." Imagine the sickly feeling which came over him when a gruff voice called out from the centre of the audience: "I guess it's cured yer, guv'nor!"—*Christian Life*.

\*

### ON THE TRAIL

"Does your fiancé know your age, Lotta?"

"Well—partly."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

### TAKING CHANCES

An aviator descended into a field and said to a rather well-dressed individual: "Here, mind my machine a minute, will you?"

"What?" the well-dressed individual snarled. "Me mind your machine? Why, I'm a United States Senator!"

"Well, what of it?" said the aviator. "I'll trust you."—*Argonaut*.

\*

### ON THE JUMP

One of Lord Charles Beresford's tenants who conducted a small undertaker's establishment in Waterford was one day asked how the business was getting along.

"Grand, me lord!" he exclaimed. "I now have the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness, it was never a day idle since I got it."—*Tit-Bits*.

\*

### AFTER THE CAMPAIGN

Once, at the height of the Civil War, two men at a railway station saw a cartload of wooden legs depart for a military hospital.

"Those wooden legs," said the first man, "are a rather eloquent protest against war, aren't they?"

"Yes," agreed the other; "they are what you might call stump speeches."—*Sacred Heart Review*.



LADY—"Hullo, Neil; you've started a golf course here, have you?"

NEIL—"Yes, Mum, a fine new golf course." LADY—"How many holes are there?"

NEIL (Vague on the subject)—"Oh, there'll be a good few."

—Punch.

### A REAL MOURNER

Down in Georgia a negro who had his life insured for several hundred dollars died and left the money to his widow. She immediately bought herself a very elaborate mourning outfit.

Showing her purchases to her friend, she was very particular in going into detail as to prices and all incidental particulars. Her friend was very much impressed, and remarked:

"Them sho is fine cloes, but, befo' Heaven, what is you goin' to do wid all dis black underwear?"

The bereaved one sighed:

"Chile, when I mourns I mourns."

—*Harper's Magazine*.

✱

### AT THE FOOTBALL GAME

Michel—"Come away, wife, or else they will want us afterward as witnesses."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

### CANDID

"I am very sorry, Captain Snob, that circumstances over which I have no control compel me to say no."

"May I ask what the circumstances are?"

"Yours."—*Lippincott's*.

✱

### A NEW TITLE

"I beg pardon," said the reporter, "but are you Mr. Spudde, the Potato King?"

"Yes, but I don't like that term," replied the murphy magnate, testily. "Oil kings and cattle kings and the like are so common. Call me the potentate."—*Harper's Magazine*.

✱

### YEARLY

"George, dear," said the young wife, "you are growing handsomer every day."

"Yes, darling," replied the knowing George. "It's a way I have just before your birthday."—*Pick-Me-Up*.



## A CHASER

The Inquisitive Old Woman—  
“Guard, why did the train stop before we came to the station?”

The Guard—“Ran over a pig, mum.”

The Inquisitive Old Woman—  
“What, was it on the line?”

The Guard—“No—oh, no; we chased it up the embankment!”—  
*London Sketch.*

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## SOLUTION SIMPLE

A lady in the centre seat of the parlour-car heard the request of a fellow passenger directly opposite, asking the porter to open the window, and, scenting a draft, she immediately drew a cloak about her.

“Porter, if that window is opened,” she snapped testily, “I shall freeze to death——”

“And if the window is kept closed,” returned the other passenger, “I shall surely suffocate.”

The poor porter stood absolutely puzzled between the two fires.

“Say, boss,” he finally said to a commercial traveller near by, “what would you do?”

“Do?” echoed the traveller. “Why, man, that it a very simple matter. Open the window and freeze one lady. Then close it and suffocate the other.”  
—*Ladies’ Home Journal.*

## IN A GLASS HOUSE

Mrs. Brown—“Mrs. Jones has the worst habit!”

Mr. Brown—“What is it, dear?”

Mrs. Brown—“She turns around and looks back every time we pass on the street!”

Mr. Brown—“How do you know she does?”—*Judge.*

\*

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME

“It’s three months since I saw you last,”

The one who met her plainly states.  
Says she: “Can that be possible?

It’s awful how time aviates.”

—*Harper’s Weekly*

\*

## A SAD CASE

The greatest buttonholer in London, on his return from a winter holiday, was telling his acquaintances at his club that he had been occupying a house at Davos, not far from Mr. Labouchere, who, he added, was in a very melancholy state. “I am truly sorry for that,” said one of his hearers. “What is the matter with him?”

“Well,” replied the bore, “I was out walking one day, when I saw Labouchere coming down the lane toward me. The moment he caught sight of me he darted into a fir wood which was close by, and hid behind a tree till I had passed. Oh, very sad, indeed!”—*London Daily Mail.*



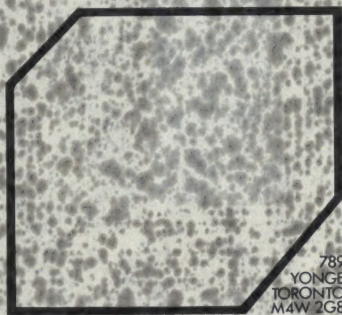
JONAH: “Well, ‘you can’t keep a good man down.’”







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